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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX  XX

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THE CAPITULATIONS IN EGYPT

DURING the six years which have elapsed since I left Cairo I have, for various reasons on which it is unnecessary to dwell, carefully abstained from taking any part in whatever discussions have arisen on current Egyptian affairs. If I now depart from the reticence which I have hitherto observed it is because there appears at all events some slight prospect that the main reform which is required to render the government and administration of Egypt efficient will be seriously considered. As so frequently happens in political affairs, a casual incident has directed public attention to the need of reform. A short time ago a Russian subject was, at the request of the Consular authorities, arrested by the Egyptian police and handed over to them for deportation to Russia. I am not familiar with the details of the case, neither, for the purposes of my present argument, is any knowledge of those details required. The nature of the offence of which this man, Adamovitch by name, was accused, as also the question of whether he was guilty or innocent of that offence, are altogether beside the point. The legal obligation of the

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Egyptian Government to comply with the request that the man should be handed over to the Russian Consular authorities would have been precisely the same if he had been accused of no offence at all. The result, however, has been to touch one of the most tender points in the English political conscience. It has become clear that a country which is not, indeed, British territory, but which is held by a British garrison, and in which British influence is predominant, affords no safe asylum for a political refugee. Without in any way wishing to underrate the importance of this consideration, I think it necessary to point out that this is only one out of the many anomalies which might be indicated in the working of that most perplexing political creation entitled the Egyptian Government and administration. Many instances might, in fact, be cited which, albeit they are less calculated to attract public attention in this country, afford even stronger ground for holding that the time has come for reforming the system hitherto known as that of the Capitulations.

Before attempting to deal with this question I may perhaps be pardoned if, at the risk of appearing egotistical, I indulge in a very short chapter of autobiography. My own action in Egypt has formed the subject of frequent comment in this country; neither, assuredly, in spite of occasional blame, have I any reason to complain of the measure of praise—often, I fear, somewhat unmerited praise—which has been accorded to me. But I may perhaps be allowed to say what, in my own opinion, are the main objects achieved during my twenty-four-years' tenure of office. Those achievements are four in number, and let me add that they were not the results of a hand-to-mouth conduct of affairs in which the direction afforded to political events was constantly shifted, but of a deliberate plan persistently pursued with only such temporary deviations and delays as the circumstances of the time rendered inevitable.

In the first place, the tension with the French Government, which lasted for twenty-one years and which might at any moment have become very serious, was never allowed to go beyond a certain point. In spite of a good deal of provocation a policy of conciliation was persistently adopted, with the result that the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 became eventually possible. It is on this particular feature of my Egyptian career that personally I look back with far greater pride and pleasure than any other, all the more so because, although it has, comparatively speaking, attracted little public attention, it was, in reality, by far the most difficult and responsible part of my task.

In the second place, bankruptcy was averted and the finances of the country placed on a sound footing

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In the third place, by the relief of taxation and other reforms which remedied any really substantial grievances, the ground was cut away from under the feet of the demagogues whom it was easy to foresee would spring into existence as education advanced.

In the fourth place, the Soudan, which had to be abandoned in 1884-85, was eventually recovered.

These, I say, are the things which were done. Let me now state what was not done. Although, of course, the number of Egyptians employed in the service of the Government was largely increased, and although the charges which have occasionally been made that education was unduly neglected admit of easy refutation, it is none the less true that little, if any, progress was made in the direction of conferring autonomy on Egypt. The reasons why so little progress was made in this direction were twofold.

In the first place, it would have been premature even to think of the question until the long struggle against bankruptcy had been fought and won, and also until, by the conclusion of the Anglo-French Agreement in 1904, the acute international tension which heretofore existed had been relaxed.

In the second place, the idea of what constituted autonomy entertained by those Egyptians who were most in a position to make their voices heard, as also by some of their English sympathisers, differed widely from that entertained by myself and others who were well acquainted with the circumstances of the country, and on whom the responsibility of devising and executing any plan for granting autonomy would naturally devolve. We were, in fact, the poles asunder. The Egyptian idea was that the native Egyptians should rule Egypt. They therefore urged that greatly increased powers should be given to the Legislative Council and Assembly originally instituted by Lord Dufferin. The counter-idea was not based on any alleged incapacity of the Egyptians to govern themselves—a point which, for the purposes of my present argument, it is unnecessary to discuss. Neither was it based on any disinclination gradually to extend the powers of Egyptians in dealing with purely native Egyptian questions.[1] I, and others who shared my views, considered that those who cried 'Egypt for the Egyptians' on the house-tops had gone off on an entirely wrong scent because, even had they attained their ends, nothing approaching to Egyptian

[1] It is believed that a proposal to reform the constitution of the Egyptian Legislative Council and to extend somewhat its powers is now under consideration. Any reasonable proposals of this nature should be welcomed, but they will do little or nothing towards granting autonomy to Egypt in the sense in which I understand that word.

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autonomy would have been realised. The Capitulations would still have barred the way to all important legislation and to the removal of those defects in the administration of which the Egyptians most complained. When the prominent part played by resident Europeans in the political and social life of Egypt is considered, it is indeed little short of ridiculous to speak of Egyptian autonomy if at the same time a system is preserved under which no important law can be made applicable to an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, without its detailed provisions having received the consent, not only of the King of England, the President of the French Republic, and the German Emperor, but also that of the President of the United States, the King of Denmark, and every other ruling Potentate in Europe. We therefore held that the only possible method by which the evils of extreme personal government could be averted, and by which the country could be provided with a workable legislative machine, was to include in the term 'Egyptians' all the dwellers in Egypt, and to devise some plan by which the European and Egyptian elements of society would be fused together to such an extent at all events as to render them capable of co-operating in legislative effort. It may perhaps be hoped that by taking a first step in this direction some more thorough fusion may possibly follow in the future.

As I have already mentioned, it would have been premature to deal with this question prior to 1904, for any serious modification of the regime of the Capitulations could not be considered as within the domain of practical politics so long as all the Powers, and more especially France and England, were pulling different ways. But directly that agreement was signed I resolved to take the question up, all the more so because what was then known as the Secret Agreement, but which has since that time been published, contained the following very important clause :

> In the event of their (His Britannic Majesty's Government) considering it desirable to introduce in Egypt reforms tending to assimilate the Egyptian legislative system to that in force in other civilised countries, the Government of the French Republic will not refuse to entertain any such proposals, on the understanding that His Britannic Majesty's Government will agree to entertain the suggestions that the Government of the French Republic may have to make to them with a view of introducing similar reforms in Morocco.

I was under no delusion as to the formidable nature of the obstacles which stood in the way of reform. Moreover, I held very strongly that even if it had been possible, by diplomatic negotiations with the other Powers, to come to some arrangement which would be binding on the Europeans resident in

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Egypt, and to force it on them without their consent being obtained, it was most undesirable to adopt anything approaching to this procedure. The European colonists in Egypt, although of course numerically far inferior to the native population, represent a large portion of the wealth, and a still larger portion of the intelligence and energy in the country. Moreover, although the word 'privilege' always rather grates on the ear in this democratic age, it is none the less true that in the past the misgovernment of Egypt has afforded excellent reasons why even those Europeans who are most favourably disposed towards native aspirations should demur to any sacrifice of their capitulary rights. My view, therefore, was that the Europeans should not be coerced but persuaded. It had to be proved to them that, under the changed condition of affairs, the Capitulations were not only unnecessary but absolutely detrimental to their own interests. Personally, I was very fully convinced of the truth of this statement, neither was it difficult to convince those who, being behind the scenes of government, were in a position to judge of the extent to which the Capitulations clogged progress in many very important directions. But it was more difficult to convince the general public, many of whom entertained very erroneous ideas as to the extent and nature of the proposed reforms, and could see nothing but the fact that it was intended to deprive them of certain privileges which they then possessed. It cannot be too distinctly understood that there never was—neither do I suppose there is now—the smallest intention of 'abolishing the Capitulations,' if by that term is meant a complete abrogation of all those safeguards against arbitrary proceedings on the part of the Government which the Capitulations are intended to prevent. Capitulations or no Capitulations, the European charged with a criminal offence must be tried either by European judges or an European jury. All matters connected with the personal status of any European must be judged by the laws in force in his own country. Adequate safeguards must be contrived to guard against any abuse of power on the part of the police. Whatever reforms are introduced into the Mixed Tribunals must be confined to comparatively minor points, and must not touch fundamental principles. In fact, the Capitulations have not to be abolished, but to be modified. An eminent French jurist, M. Gabriel Louis Jaray, in discussing the Egyptian situation a few years ago, wrote :

> **On peut considérer comme admis qu'une simple occupation ou un protectorat de fait, reconnu par les Puissances Européennes, suffit pour mettre à néant les Capitulations, quand la réorganisation du pays est suffisante pour donner aux Européens pleine garantie de bonne juridiction.**

I contend that the reorganisation of Egypt is now sufficiently

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advanced to admit of the guarantees for the good administration of justice, which M. Jaray very rightly claimed, being afforded to all Europeans without having recourse to the clumsy methods of the Capitulations in their present form.

In the last two reports which I wrote before I left Egypt I developed these and some cognate arguments at considerable length. But from the first moment of taking up the question I never thought that it would fall to my lot to bring the campaign against the Capitulations to a conclusion. The question was eminently one as to which it was undesirable to force the pace. Time was required in order to let public opinion mature. I therefore contented myself with indicating the defects of the present system and the general direction which reform should take, leaving it to those younger than myself to carry on the work when advancing years obliged me to retire. I may add that the manner in which my proposals were received and discussed by the European public in Egypt afforded good reason for supposing that the obstacles to be overcome before any serious reforms could be effected, though formidable, were by no means insuperable. After my departure in 1907, events occurred which rendered it impossible that the subject should at once come under the consideration of the Government, but in 1911 Lord Kitchener was able to report that the legislative powers of the Court of Appeal sitting at Alexandria had been somewhat increased. Sir Malcolm McIlwraith, the Judicial Adviser of the Egyptian Government, in commenting on this change, says :

> The new scheme, while assuredly a progressive step, and in notable advance of the previous state of affairs . . . can hardly be regarded, in its ensemble, as more than a temporary makeshift, and a more or less satisfactory palliative of the legislative impotence under which the Government has suffered for so long.

It is most earnestly to be hoped that the question will now be taken up seriously with a view to more drastic reform than any which has as yet been effected.

There is one, and only one, method by which the evils of the existing system can be made to disappear. The British Government should request the other Powers of Europe to vest in them the legislative power which each now exercises separately. Simultaneously with this request, a legislative Chamber should be created in Egypt for enacting laws to which Europeans will be amenable.

There is, of course, one essential preliminary to the execution of this programme. It is that the Powers of Europe, as also the European residents in Egypt, should have thorough confidence in the intentions of the British Government, by which

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I mean confidence in the duration of the occupation, and also confidence in the manner in which the affairs of the country will be administered.

As regards the first point, there is certainly no cause for doubt. Under the Anglo-French Agreement of 1904 the French Government specifically declared that 'they will not obstruct the action of government in Egypt by asking that a limit of time be fixed for the British occupation, or in any other manner.' Moreover, one of the last acts that I performed before I left Egypt in 1907 was to communicate to the British Chamber of Commerce at Alexandria a letter from Sir Edward Grey in which I was authorised to state that his Majesty's Government 'recognise that the maintenance and development of such reforms as have hitherto been effected in Egypt depend upon the British occupation. This consideration will apply with equal strength to any changes effected in the regime of the Capitulations. His Majesty's Government, therefore, wish it to be understood that there is no reason for allowing the prospect of any modifications in that regime to be prejudiced by the existence of any doubt as to the continuance of the British occupation of the country.' It is, of course, conceivable that in some remote future the British garrison may be withdrawn from Egypt. If any fear is entertained on this ground it may easily be calmed by an arrangement with the Powers that in the event of the British Government wishing to withdraw their troops, they would previously enter into communications with the various Powers of Europe with a view to re-establishing whatever safeguards they might think necessary in the interests of their countrymen.

As regards the second point, that is to say, confidence in the manner in which the administration of the country is conducted, I need only say that, so far as I am able to judge, Lord Kitchener's administration, although one of his measures—the Five Feddan law—has, not unnaturally, been subjected to a good deal of hostile criticism, has inspired the fullest confidence in the minds of the whole of the population of Egypt, whether European or native. I cannot doubt that, when the time arrives for Lord Kitchener, in his turn, to retire, no brusque or radical change will be allowed to take place in the general principles under which he is now administering the country.

The rights and duties of any such Chamber as that which I propose, its composition, its mode of election or nomination, the degree of control to be exercised over it by the Egyptian or British Governments, are, of course, all points which require very careful consideration, and which admit of solution in a great variety of ways. In my report for the year 1906 I put forward certain suggestions in connexion with each of these subjects, but I do

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not doubt that, as the result of further consideration and discussion, my proposals admit of improvement. I need not now dwell on these details, important though they be. I wish, however, to allude to one point which involves a question of principle. I trust that no endeavour will for the present be made to create one Chamber, composed of both Europeans and Egyptians, with power to legislate for all the inhabitants of Egypt. I am strongly convinced that, under the present condition of society in Egypt, any such attempt must end in complete failure. It is, I believe, quite impossible to devise any plan for an united Chamber which would satisfy the very natural aspirations of the Egyptians, and at the same time provide for the Europeans adequate guarantees that their own legitimate rights would be properly safeguarded. I am fully aware of the theoretical objections which may be urged against trying the novel experiment of creating two Chambers in the same country, each of which would deal with separate classes of the community, but I submit that, in the special circumstances of the case, those objections must be set aside, and that one more anomaly should, for the time being at all events, be added to the many strange institutions which exist in the 'Land of Paradox.' Whether at some probably remote future period it will be possible to create a Chamber in which Europeans and Egyptians will sit side by side will depend very largely on the conduct of the Egyptians themselves. If they follow the advice of those who do not flatter them, but who, however little they may recognise the fact, are in reality their best friends—if, in a word, they act in such a manner as to inspire the European residents of Egypt with confidence in their judgment and absence of class or religious prejudice, it may be that this consummation will eventually be reached. If, on the other hand, they allow themselves to be guided by the class of men who have of late years occasionally posed as their representatives, the prospect of any complete legislative amalgamation will become not merely gloomy but practically hopeless. The true Egyptian patriot is not the man who by his conduct and language stimulates racial animosity in the pursuit of an ideal which can never be realised, but rather one who recognises the true facts of the political situation. Now, the dominating fact of that situation is that Egypt can never become autonomous in the sense in which that word is understood by the Egyptian nationalists. It is, and will always remain, a cosmopolitan country. The real future of Egypt, therefore, lies not in the direction of a narrow nationalism, which will only embrace native Egyptians, nor in that of any endeavour to convert Egypt into a British possession on the model of India or Ceylon,

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but rather in that of an enlarged cosmopolitanism, which, whilst discarding all the obstructive fetters of the cumbersome old international system, will tend to amalgamate all the inhabitants of the Nile Valley and enable them all alike to share in the government of their native or adopted country.

For the rest, the various points of detail to which I have alluded above present difficulties which are by no means insuperable, if—as I trust may be the case—the various parties concerned approach the subject with a real desire to arrive at some practical solutions. The same may be said as regards almost all the points to which Europeans resident in Egypt attach special importance, such, for instance, as the composition of criminal courts for trying Europeans, the regulation of domiciliary visits by the police, and cognate issues. In all these cases it is by no means difficult to devise methods for preserving all that is really worth keeping in the present system, and at the same time discarding those portions which seriously hinder the progress of the country. There is, however, one important point of detail which, I must admit, presents considerable practical difficulties. It is certain that the services of some of the European judges of the Mixed Tribunals might be utilised in constituting the new Chamber. Their presence would be of great use, and it is highly probable that they will in practice become the real working men of any Chamber which may be created. But apart from the objection in principle to confiding the making as also the administration of the law wholly to the same individuals, it is to be observed that, in order to create a really representative body, it would be essential that other Europeans—merchants, bankers, landowners, and professional men—should be seated in the Chamber. Almost all the Europeans resident in Europe are busy men, and the question will arise whether those whose assistance would, on general grounds, be of special value, are prepared to sacrifice the time required for paying adequate attention to their legislative duties. I can only say that I hope that sufficient public spirit is to be found amongst the many highly qualified European residents in Egypt of divers nationalities to enable this question to be answered in the affirmative.

It is, of course, impossible within the space allotted to me to deal fully on the present occasion with all the aspects of this very difficult and complicated question. I can only attempt to direct attention to the main issue, and that issue, I repeat, is how to devise some plan which shall take the place of the present Egyptian system of legislation by diplomacy. The late Lord Salisbury once epigrammatically described that system to me by saying that it was like the *liberum veto* of the old Polish Diet, ' without being able to have recourse to the alternative of

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striking off the head of any recalcitrant voter.' It is high time that such a system should be swept away and some other adopted which will be more in harmony with the actual facts of the Egyptian situation. If, as I trust may be the case, Lord Kitchener is able to devise and to carry into execution some plan which will rescue Egypt from its present legislative Slough of Despond, he will have deserved well, not only of his country, but also of all those Egyptian interests, whether native or European, which are committed to his charge.

CROMER.

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THE REAWAKENING OF FRANCE

'Tis a comforting spectacle for some, a surprising spectacle for all. The decay of the so-called Latin countries, the idea of France especially as being in a state of senile decrepitude, were dogmas so universally current, notions so firmly anchored in the public mind, beliefs so unquestioningly accepted in St. Petersburg and in Vienna, in London and in Berlin, and in Paris itself, that their revision, necessitated by recent events, has caused no little flutter of disturbance in political and intellectual circles.

The impression in Germany has been a painful one. 'France no longer fears us, no longer acknowledges humbly the superiority of the Teuton, no longer loves peace at any price,' is the refrain of innumerable articles in the German Press. The German Chancellor, in his speech to the Reichstag on the 9th of April 1913, sought to justify the abnormal increase of the military strength of the Empire by pointing to 'the jingoistic spirit now prevalent in certain circles in France.' 'That which Bismarck feared,' continued Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, 'has now arrived; France no longer fears us, she believes herself to be equal if not superior to us.' The 'jingoism rampant in France,' the 'growth of the spirit of Imperialism beyond the Vosges,' were the favourite themes of the principal Reichstag orators in the course of the same debate. Herr Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals, developed them on behalf of the industry and commerce of Western Germany, which his party represents; Herr Erzberger, from the Centre benches, on behalf of the German Catholics; and Count Westarp, from the benches on the right, on behalf of the Prussian landed gentry east of the Elbe. Some time previous to the Reichstag debate in question, the *Cologne Gazette* had published a violent semi-official diatribe against the '*revanche* idea,' which it declared to be rapidly gaining ground, and it further asserted that never had the relations between the German Empire and her Western neighbour been more strained than at the present time. 'It has been stated,' observed the *Cologne Gazette*, 'that the increase in the German armaments is directed against Russia.' But this, continued the semi-official organ of the Wilhelmstrasse, does not correspond to the

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facts, which point to danger, not on the Eastern but on the Western frontier of the Empire, where ominous clouds are gathering. And it is useless to quote the lucubrations of the *Schlesische Zeitung*, or of Professor Schiemann in the *Kreuz Zeitung*, of the *Hamburger Nachrichten*, or of the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*.

In truth, for some time past, symptoms of a renascence of the national energy have not been wanting in France. Perspicacious observers have been able to perceive such symptoms since the fatal year 1905, which by general consent is admitted to mark a date in French history. It was the year in which the German Emperor landed in Tangier, in which M. Delcassé was compelled to resign the post of Minister for Foreign Affairs by reason of an order from Berlin. The humiliation then inflicted on French *amour propre* buried itself deep in the heart of the nation; but, like unto the grain of mustard-seed in the Gospel, it was destined to bring forth fruit abundant in due season. German aggression did for France what no amount of preaching by French crusaders of national regeneration would have done. The insult which the French nation had to endure in 1905 because the Combes Ministry had disorganised Army and Navy and paralysed the fighting strength of the country—this insult acted as a ferment, the working of which is accomplished in secrecy and silence. After the wine-growers' revolt in the South of France in 1907, the Post Office strike in 1909, the railroad strike in 1910, all Europe declared the days of France to be numbered; the most intelligent and far-sighted among Frenchmen were convinced of this. Then all of a sudden came 1911, the second epoch-making year in contemporary French history. The spectacle of calm determination, the unruffled *will* manifesting itself in the national resolution to uphold French rights and French dignity, the consciousness of strength, and the unflinching energy that backed up this will—all this was quite new to Europe, and not less new to Frenchmen. As typical of the pessimism prevalent among the most thoughtful of the latter in 1910 we may quote Dr. Gustave Le Bon's book *La Psychologie politique*, which appeared in that year, and M. Alcide Ebray's not less pessimistic work *La France qui meurt*. The two books are written from different standpoints; Dr. Gustave Le Bon approaches the matter from the standpoint of a biologist and a sociologist, M. Ebray from that of the professional student of contemporary diplomatic history; yet both arrive at a similar conclusion—namely that France is irremediably decadent, and that her prestige in the world is gone. And, in truth, it was scarcely possible to arrive at any other conclusion in 1910. For what did we then see? We saw a France convulsed by a

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strike of public servants that had disorganised the country and for a moment completely paralysed its means of defence; we saw a nation in which all notion of national solidarity and national responsibility appeared to be lost, a nation divided up into a number of warring factions, each bent exclusively on satisfying the narrowest corporative interests; we saw a nation without discipline and without authority, a prey to anarchy in all spheres of life—to intellectual, economic, moral, and political anarchy; we saw Governments at the mercy of a gang of political jobbers and adventurers, Governments unable or unwilling to assert their authority against the Confédération Générale du Travail, which constituted a State within the State. The organised brigandage covered by the specious name of Anticlericalism had been the sole policy of the Radical and Radical-Socialist majority since 1899, and this policy, by incessantly stirring up hatred and feud within the nation, by undermining (with its wholesale confiscation of private property) the fundamental principles of a society based on the notion of the legitimacy of private property, had done more to weaken France than even the crushing blows rained down on her in 1870. Apart from the two books above mentioned, he who would form an idea of the condition of France in 1910 has only to read the *Temps* of that year. Assuredly can the *Temps* not be suspected of 'clericalism' or 'reactionary leanings'—any more than the pronouncedly agnostic Dr. Gustave Le Bon.

And yet, even in this period of darkness, in this detestable year of grace 1910, we can trace symptoms, faint and hesitating it is true, of a revival—a faint streak of light breaks at intervals the monotony of darkness. This promise of dawn was furnished twice in 1910: firstly, by the General Election in the spring; secondly, by the Briand Cabinet in the autumn. The elections of 1910 manifested clearly the disgust felt in the country for a political system that represented nothing else but the organisation of jobbery and corruption—for a Parliament whose sole achievements were the hunting-down of defenceless nuns and monks, the confiscation and spoliation of ecclesiastical property, and the increase of the salary of deputies by 240*l.* per annum. Despite all the pressure brought to bear by the Administration, the Radical and Radical-Socialist parties suffered a net loss of eighteen seats, representing a diminution of their voting power in the Chamber by thirty-six votes. But even more significant than the marked regression of these parties, all-powerful since 1899, was the fact that the electorate returned no fewer than 207 new deputies out of a total of 597. Sick of the old time-worn jobbers and tyrants, the country swept them from the scene in packs. And the most significant phenomenon

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of all was the triumph of the candidates favourable to a reform of the electoral system, to the substitution of the *scrutin de liste* for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, and to the introduction of proportional representation. Over three hundred candidates thus favourable to electoral reform were returned; and such lights of the old Radical party, obstinately attached to the old system, as MM. Dubief, Lagasse, Henri Michel, Jacques Chaumié, Carnaud, were extinguished. In short, electoral reform, a hecatomb of the old jobbers and tyrants, a diminution of the Radical party significant enough to be the death-knell of the latter—such were the notable results achieved by the elections of 1910: results which show clearly that the universal suffrage was itself at last roused to indignation by the spectacle of the monster begotten of it in former years.

The second promise of better things was, we have said, furnished by the Briand Cabinet in the autumn of the same year. For the first time for many years—perhaps for the first time during the existence of the Third Republic—a French Government was in power which knew how to act, and to act vigorously. To-day, after the crisis of 1911 and the wise conduct of public affairs by M. Raymond Poincaré have produced their salutary effect on the nation, the part played by M. Briand in restoring confidence to a country bereft of all faith in Governments and rent asunder by apparently hopeless moral anarchy should not be forgotten. To M. Briand belongs the honour of having re-established the principle of authority and of having introduced the policy of *détente et apaisement* in religious matters so successfully pursued two years later by M. Poincaré. The way in which M. Briand crushed the railroad strike was magnificent. Magnificent were his words to the Chamber during the memorable sitting of the 29th of October 1910, and magnificent was his courage in uttering such words: 'Je vais vous dire quelque chose,' cried M. Briand to the infuriated Socialists who were howling, banging their desk-lids, whistling, hooting, gesticulating in front of him, 'qui vous fera bondir. Si . . . pour mettre nos frontières en état de défense, il aurait fallu que nous sortissions de la légalité, eh bien! nous en serions sortis.' These were a statesman's words! Here was a promise of better things, of a brighter future: France had at last found a statesman!

Then came 1911, and the German Emperor completed the work begun by M. Briand—and he completed it in such a way that all Europe and all France were astonished. The *coup d'Agadir*, by which France was to be intimidated, produced the diametrically opposite effect. The sagacity of M. Briand's policy of *détente et apaisement*, the supreme usefulness of his reassertion of the principle of authority, became plainly visible twelve

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months later, during those long and weary negotiations that rendered the intolerable atmosphere of that record summer still more sultry. The forces of discontent and revolution were checked, and the whole nation, sick of internal strife and anti-clerical bigotry, gathered round the national flag, emblem of solidarity and authority. No theatrical demonstrations, no sonorous and useless eloquence, no exaggerated patriotic effusions —but a cool, calm determination not to give way to threats, not to be daunted by bullying, not to allow the events of 1905 to recur. A new France emerged from out of the mists of anarchy and revolutionary demagogy, from out of the stagnant marshes of political corruption. And that the attitude adopted by the French nation during the crisis of 1911 was not due to an accident was shown by subsequent events. The enthusiasm for aviation, manifested alike by the heroism and contempt for death of so many 'heroes of the air,' and by the generous pecuniary sacrifices so willingly borne by the whole people; the re-kindling of the flame of love for the Army, the passionate devotion to the latter which shows itself on every occasion—think only, good reader who may have had the good fortune to witness these things in Paris, of the weekly *retraites militaires* in the capital, and of the magnificent popular demonstrations on the occasion of the review in Longchamp on the 14th of July 1912; the almost unanimous acceptance by the whole nation of the three years' service in the Army, despite the sacrifices imposed by such a service, sacrifices which no other nation has accepted[1]: all these events have confirmed the idea that there is something changed in France. But there are symptoms, less visible to the foreign observer, but of a deeper and more permanent nature, that tell the same story of a change, and of a change for the better.

II

In order properly to understand the France of to-day, the new France as we may fitly call it, it is necessary to bear two things in mind: firstly, to bear in mind what the France of yesterday and the day before yesterday was; secondly, to bear in mind that, when we speak—and we may speak—of a new

[1] The foreign observer must be warned against the danger of being led astray by what takes place in the Chamber or the Senate. It cannot be repeated often enough: the Chamber and the Senate do not represent public opinion in France. Never has the gulf separating them from public opinion been so manifest as it is to-day, when we see the Senate rejecting the Electoral Reform Bill and certain factions in the Chamber seeking to obtain rejection of the new Army Bill. There are many reasons why Parliament does not represent public opinion, chief among them being the terrible system of election of deputies by means of the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. But we lack space to go further into the matter here.

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France, we mean the new generation of French citizens—i.e. the youth of the country. And here again a restriction is necessary: we speak exclusively of the *jeunesse intellectuelle*, of the youth that is prepared for life by the Universities or by the various Ecoles Supérieures.

This restriction is justified. It cannot be denied that the *jeunesse intellectuelle* of a country, the 'thinking and studious youth,' is, among the various classes of the population, the one which best represents the ideological tendencies of the nation at large, its hopes and aspirations, its manner of thinking; and as our actions are shaped by our thoughts and desires and ideals, this 'studious youth' shows us the kind and degree of activity that may be expected from a nation. The 'studious youth' is the *élite* of a people, the crucible in which the unseen forces that will shape the national mode of thought, the national line of conduct fifty years hence, are at work.

Having said this, it remains for us to see what are the ideological tendencies, the hopes and aspirations, the manner of thinking, of the 'studious youth' of our times; and to appreciate these at their proper value, to grasp the originality of the present generation, to understand adequately the true significance of the renascence of the virile characteristics of the French nation that we witness to-day, we must recollect what the preceding generation was like. Only then, only after a comparison between the two has been established, can the merit of the youngsters be fully recognised. Assuredly did the relatively easy task of following in the footsteps of their elders, of marching along the beaten track of tradition, not fall to the lot of the present generation! Nay, to the latter was assigned a task of quite different magnitude—that of emancipating themselves from their traditions and from their education, of re-educating themselves so as to be able to throw off the shackles of intellectualism, scepticism, pessimism, and to rise beyond these to the heights of optimism and cheerful confidence in life.

Two main currents may be distinguished in the thought of the nineteenth century, the one mainly sentimental and the other mainly positive and scientific. Sentimentalism became the fashion after Rousseau and Bernardin de St. Pierre, and was raised to a system by the Romantic School. The *Rêveries d'un promeneur solitaire* and *Paul et Virginie* became the guiding stars of more than one generation. Vice and degeneracy were surrounded with a halo of sacredness, they became the favourite subject of glorifications adroitly concealed beneath the accents of tearful amazement and artful pathos. Who does not know the famous lines of Victor Hugo, begging our sympathy for the prostitute, 'victim of the gold of the rich'?

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Cette fange d'ailleurs contient l'eau pure encore,
Pour que la goutte d'eau sorte de la poussière,
Et redevienne perle en sa splendeur première,
Il suffit, c'est ainsi que tout remonte au jour,
D'un rayon de soleil ou d'un rayon d'amour.

Victor Hugo was a past-master in sentimentalism, and in sentimentalism of the worst kind. There are sentimentalists who are sincere and intelligent, others who are sincere and imbecile; Hugo was very intelligent and not less insincere—one need only bear in mind the *Art d'être grand'père*, or certain parts of the *Chants du crépuscule*. All the cunning artifices of transcendent genius are to be found here in the service of a sickly and hollow sentimentalism that distorts the most obvious facts and ignores systematically the relation of cause to effect. The logical outcome of sentimentalism was humanitarianism—the humanitarianism that glorifies the prostitute whilst turning its back on the honourable girl-mother, that sends missionaries to edify niggers on the Zambesi or the Congo whilst approving the acts of brigandage euphemistically termed colonial warfare, that prohibits alcoholic drinks and concubinage whilst tolerating the law of lynch. Of such humanitarianism Hugo was the genial representative, and the poet of *Les Misérables* did more to popularise humanitarianism, and the belief that misery is synonymous with virtue and happiness with vice, than any amount of folios filled with learned dissertations could have done. Humanitarianism has always a mystical aspect, the cloak of mysticism is its fitting garb, and it is only natural that Hugo, the prophet of the one, should have been also the apostle of the other. The lines

Reste à la solitude,
Reste à la pauvreté,
Vis sans inquiétude,
Et ne te fais étude
Que de l'éternité,

did but fittingly complete the doctrine which the poet of humanitarianism summed up in the words :

Toute larme, enfant, lave quelquechose.

And not only that. They could have served equally well as preface to the *Roman russe* or the *Sens de la Vie*.

We mention these two books because Melchior de Vogüé and Edouard Rod may be regarded as having given the chief impulse to the mystical movement that took its rise about 1886 and attained its maximum some fifteen years later. Victor Hugo can incontestably claim the honour of being one of the spiritual fathers of this movement, in many ways remarkable; but the mystical tendencies of the poet, expressed with such extraordin-

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arily persuasive force in certain parts of the *Chants du crépuscule* —who can read without being moved the exquisite *Prière de l'enfance*?—failed to exert their full influence at the time. The influence of the poet was great; but the admiration so freely lavished on him was lavished on the marvellous artist and on the undaunted champion of liberty. As a mystic, his influence was less great, for his words fell here on barren soil. From 1850 till 1880 the country was too deeply imbued with the scientific spirit, too profoundly convinced that the last word of truth had been spoken by science, to pay any heed to the claims of mysticism. And yet science had not fulfilled its promises, not justified the fond hopes it had raised. The destruction of the scientific illusion was bound to bring about a reaction. Either did Melchior de Vogüé admirably watch his opportunity or else was the ground marvellously prepared for him, when he published his *Roman russe*. The reading public could not have been better prepared than it was at that moment to appreciate the doctrine based on the supremacy of sentiment over reason which is at the bottom of the works of Tolstoi, of Dostoiewsky, of Tourgenieff. Reason had promised too much and fulfilled too little. A reaction against the exaggerations of intellectualism could not fail to set in. The enigmatical symbolism of Ibsen, impenetrable like the mists and fogs of northern climes, was revealed to readers and theatre-goers. The mysticism inherent to the fantastic and profoundly anti-intellectual mind of the Slav was made known to a people disappointed with science, irritated against the latter. De Vogüé, Desjardins, Rod became the prophets of the new age, even as Renan and Taine had been those of the old.

The mystical movement thus inaugurated knew at first only the joys of triumph. Borne on the crest of the wave of reaction against the abuses of intellectualism, its strength was made of the frantic longing of the human heart to escape from the shackles of a systematised positivism that dried up all the sources of action and paralysed all energy. But its very nature precluded this 'undogmatic mysticism' from being anything else than a passing phenomenon; as little as the scientific dogmatism of which it was the antithesis, could it claim to satisfy the permanent needs and desires either of the individual or of society. Precisely it lacked all discipline, for it hated dogmas. This state of mind was engendered by the excesses of the scientific dogmatism of the preceding era, but however natural it may have been, such a state of mind could not last long. The logical outcome of such mysticism, vague and unlimited and undisciplined, was anarchy. The mysticism of the end of the nineteenth century did not seek to accentuate differences of religious thought, thereby compelling each religious community to define its characteristic beliefs with

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greater rigidity and clearness; it sought, on the contrary, to efface entirely all religious frontier lines, and to unite all men in a vague 'religion of the human heart,' in a colourless idealism from whence revelation was banished and where the notion of Fate reigned supreme. The high-sounding catch-words of Justice, Truth, Fraternity, took the place of the Incarnation, the Redemption, and the Immaculate Conception :

> En avant vers l'oubli final de la colère,
> Des stériles combats pour de louches marchés !
> Vers la Bonté ! vers la Justice forte et claire !
> Vers un large pardon ! Marchez toujours, marchez
> Vers l'Orient ! vers l'Etoile ! vers la Lumière !

This sort of stuff, due to a poet whose fame was as ephemeral as the ideals celebrated by him, M. Emile Vitta, is eminently characteristic of the enthusiasm of the mystics who learned to know Russia through M. de Vogüé, Ibsen through Count Prozor, and who thronged round the banner unfurled by Paul Desjardins. Mysticism was the product, we have said, of a very natural reaction inspired by the unconquerable desires and aspirations of the human heart against a narrow materialism that would fain have stifled them; but it was not only an antithesis to the philistine optimism of science, but also the offspring of a deep-seated pessimism, and of the worst form of pessimism, of that form which is enshrouded in the veil of beauty created for it by Art, subtle and deceiving. Pessimism had seized hold of the French nation, which had seen the mirage of the scientific illusion vanish before its eyes, dispelled by the cold cruelty of facts. In his *Pages de critique et de doctrine* published last year—and which should be read —M. Paul Bourget speaks of 'la barbarie scientifique'—scientific barbarism—words that sound like a blasphemy to the professional worshippers of Science with a capital S, to those disciples of Haeckel that would fain see the riddle of the universe definitely explained in the tube of the physician or the crucible of the analytical chemist! And yet this scientific barbarism revealed its terrors in 1870! It was the barbarism of the 'scientific' pupils of the German schoolmaster, who carried fire and sword, devastation and desolation, into the heart of France, laying provinces waste and soaking the soil with blood. And it was the barbarism of the Commune—terribly scientific was the Commune! —that petrolised the buildings of Paris in a scientific manner, and sought to civilise humanity in the name of science by means of riot and arson. The words 'scientific barbarism' had a fearfully real meaning in 1870 and 1871!

The apostles of science, the protagonists of the infallibility of the new creed, had been serenely optimistic. Science was to bring the world release from its manifold sorrows and woes, was

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to destroy for ever the prejudices and superstitions that had up till then prevented man from fulfilling his glorious destiny. But the French, as far as 'progress' was concerned, saw only a mutilated country, a Fatherland bereft of two of its fairest provinces—a Fatherland despised, trampled on, insulted. Science had not prevented the appalling disaster of 1870-71, had not prevented the tearing asunder of a great nation, once the foremost in the world. The optimism engendered by belief in the infinite possibilities of scientific discovery and culture was doomed, as we have said, by the cold cruelty of facts. The generation that was still in its childhood when the great disaster befell its country, found, on attaining manhood, this country bleeding from the wounds inflicted by foes outside and by anarchy within. And there seemed no hope—or, rather, what was the use of hope? Was not hope itself folly? The generation of those who were born between 1860 and 1875—if approximate dates be asked for—had not borne the brunt of the fight, had not endured the miseries of *l'année terrible*, had not witnessed personally the tragic events that led to the compulsory surrender of Alsace-Lorraine. This generation was consequently not fired, like the preceding one, with the desire of vengeance for the humiliations endured. On the contrary, a mournful lassitude took possession of it, a profound and bitter discouragement. It was the lot of this generation, that grew up in a country still torn and maimed and bleeding from its disasters, to drink to the dregs the cup of bitterness, to experience that most cruel of all sufferings because it leaves no room for the consolation of hope—namely, the despair of one's own country, the absence of all hope in that country's future, of all belief in the possibility of its salvation.

What wonder was it if, in these circumstances, the generation in question was profoundly pessimistic? What wonder if its members sought refuge from the evils and distress of the passing hour in the illusions of humanitarianism, in the mystical consolations of a religion that set no limit to the vagaries of the imagination, or else in the splendid isolation of the aggressively self-assertive Ego? For the pessimism begotten of the cold cruelty of facts took on sundry forms—sometimes appearing in the garb of humanitarianism, of the religion of the human heart, sometimes in that of the most extreme anarchical individualism. Anarchy, whether of the humanitarian or of the individualist type, found many adherents in the world of letters during the 'nineties. It was during this period that M. Maurice Barrès published *l'Ennemi des Lois*, that M. Paul Adam's *Mystère des Foules* saw the light of day, that M. Octave Mirbeau wrote the Preface to M. Jean Grave's *Société mourante*, for which the author was condemned to two years' imprisonment. MM. Laurent Tailhade, Lucien

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Descaves, Georges Darien, Georges Eekhoud were among the foremost literary champions of anarchy, to which Zola and Anatole France were by no means hostile. Even more significant than the favour enjoyed by political anarchy in certain literary circles was the attitude adopted by men whose patriotism and love of their country could—whatever else might be thought of their political views—not be called in question. M. Edouard Drumont, in his hatred of a Republic stained by appalling corruption, was ready to welcome anarchy as a highly useful auxiliary in the struggle; and, in truth, this attitude of M. Drumont and of several other members of the Nationalist Party is not surprising when we consider the condition of affairs in France in the early 'nineties. The recollection of political events fades quickly away, and the sensation of to-day obliterates all memory of the sensation of yesterday. But there are books, monuments that remain to tell of the glory or infamy of bygone days, and the reader who may be interested in the secret history of French Governments and French politics twenty years ago should read these books. Among them we may mention *l'Agiotage sous la troisième République* by M. Chirac, and *Ministère et Mélinite* by MM. Hamon and Bachot. But there is especially a diary, a political diary in which events are recorded from day to day, and which covers the three years 1890, 1891, 1892; this diary was kept by M. Hamon, a well-known psychologist and sociologist, and published under the title *La France politique et sociale*. It enables us to follow, from day to day, events which are now to a large extent forgotten, and which show the deplorable condition to which a democracy lacking all principles had reduced France. Or else let the reader take up *Leurs Figures* by M. Maurice Barrès; behind the faces of ephemeral individuals we can see here the 'face of an epoch' on which the traces of corruption and degeneracy are deeply marked, and what marvel was it? For it was the epoch of the copper-trust scandal, of the Wilson affair, of the Panama crash.

We can understand therefore the pessimism prevalent in intellectual circles during the 'nineties. A country dismembered by foreign foes, torn asunder by anarchy within—financial jobbery and corruption following on the humiliation of the Treaty of Frankfurt; was this not enough to render those men pessimistic, whose nature was not yet perverted by the atmosphere of uncleanliness that pervaded the political and moral life of the nation? The Boulangist movement had been the expression of the disgust and resentment felt by large numbers for the *régime* of politico-financial corruption, that flourished thanks to the confusion engendered by the foisting of democratic institutions on to a nation still stunned by the blows rained on it in 1870, and wholly inexperienced in the art of self-government. And this Boulangist movement, this crusade of resentment and redemption, had only led to the bitterest

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of disappointments, had ended in the most miserable of bankruptcies. It seemed as if the lucky star that had presided over the destinies of France for so many centuries, that had in critical moments raised up a Geneviève and a Jeanne d'Arc, a Turenne and a Napoleon—that this lucky star had definitely disappeared, and that the greatest nation of Europe was irrevocably condemned by an inexorable fate.

Humanitarianism and extreme Individualism: these apparently so antagonistic tendencies were both due to the same cause—namely, to pessimism. Some sought refuge from this pessimism in a crusade on behalf of Humanity—sought to abolish the spectacle of their country's woes and sufferings and shame by creating the vision of a new Humanity, to whom frontiers are unknown and whose only deities are Truth, Justice, and Fraternity. Others took refuge in the impregnable fortress of Self, and consoled themselves by reflecting that, come what might, the Ego was safe from attack. In a country which is healthy and strong and robust, we do not find the *élite* of the nation, the qualified representatives of its culture and intellectual development, addicted to humanitarianism or to extreme individualism. The desires and aspirations of their mental, or, if you will, their spiritual, life, find a convenient and normal outlet—an adequate ideal is there, and an adequate discipline also. The patriotic ideal, and the discipline imposed by patriotism, are indispensable to the normal existence of a nation, and in their absence only chaos can prevail; for there is then no force to regulate human activity and to impose that discipline on the individual without which society would cease to exist.

III

It is both curious and sad to read the confessions made by the *jeunesse intellectuelle* twenty years ago. In 1891 the *Mercure de France*, which has pushed its way to the front rank of French magazines, and which has invariably been so hospitable to youthful talent, opened its pages to an inquiry as to the views of the young generation of that time concerning Alsace-Lorraine. Characteristic of the replies received was that of M. Rémy de Gourmont, then unknown, and who has since become Editor of the *Mercure de France* and of the *Revue des Idées*. We say 'characteristic,' because M. Rémy de Gourmont is one of the most qualified of French literary men, and because the views he then held were very generally shared by the 'intellectual youth' of France. 'Personnellement,' wrote M. de Gourmont, 'je ne donnerais, en échange de ces terres oubliées, ni le petit doigt de ma main droite, il me sert à soutenir ma main quand j'écris, ni le petit doigt de ma main gauche, il me sert

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à secouer la cendre de ma cigarette.' And M. de Gourmont continued :

Le jour viendra peut-être où l'on nous enverra à la frontière; nous irons sans enthousiasme; ce sera notre tour de nous faire tuer, nous nous ferons tuer avec un réel déplaisir. 'Mourir pour la patrie': nous chantons d'autres romances, nous cultivons un autre genre de poésie. S'il faut, d'un mot, dire nettement les choses, eh bien: *nous ne sommes pas patriotes.*

We may call this profession of faith of M. de Gourmont aggressive, but we cannot call it singular. On the contrary, such views were widely held in intellectual circles. In his book *Le Problème de l'Avenir latin*, M. Léon Bazalgette did not hesitate to pass the most pitiless of verdicts on the French nation.

Incapables de vouloir [wrote M. Bazalgette] en raison de l'atrophie de nos énergies, nous sommes également inaptes à comprendre et à penser sainement, par suite de la corruption à laquelle notre mentalité est en proie. . . . La race incompétente, le monde *femme* que nous sommes, doit pour le bien général être éliminé. . . . Un homme vraiment humain ne devrait pas se refuser à concevoir la possibilité de la ruine de sa patrie.

If such were the views of the 'intellectual youth,' those of the older generation were no better. 'Les nationalistes,' declared M. Frédéric Rauh, Professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, 'n'ont aucune de mes convictions. Leur doctrine est en contradiction avec des idées auxquelles je tiens. Je ne vois aucune raison de mettre en France l'internationalisme sous le boisseau.' M. B. Jacob, Professor of Philosophy at the Ecole Normale, considered it a crime to speak about the military successes of the French nation in the past : 'C'est un véritable crime contre la France que de lui rappeler son passé militaire.' And the learned Professor added :

Si notre pays peut encore jouer un rôle brillant dans le monde, c'est par sa science, son art, ses industries élégantes, la qualité de son goût, la générosité de ses manières, en définitive par son caractère hospitalier. En dehors des voies pacifiques je n'aperçois aucun avenir.

Space precludes further quotations of this sort. Those we have given suffice to furnish an idea as to the views held twenty years ago on the subject of patriotism. We may, nevertheless, be permitted to mention Jules Renard, the author of *l'Ecornifleur* and *Poil de Carotte*, who wrote in reply to the inquiry of the *Mercure de France* : 'j'espère que bientôt la guerre de 1870-1 sera considérée comme un évènement historique de moindre importance que l'apparition du *Cid* ou d'un fable de La Fontaine.' In 1897 François Coppée organised a subscription in favour of presenting a work of art to Alsace-Lorraine, as the

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visible symbol of the fidelity and affection of the 'old country'; owing to lack of support, the idea had to be abandoned.

Views such as those so vigorously expressed by M. Rémy de Gourmont twenty years ago would not be possible to-day. No self-respecting literary man would express them, and no self-respecting Review would give publicity to them. This fact, which is incontestable, alone suffices to show the difference between the ideas current to-day and those current in the 'nineties. The young generation of to-day is as different from the young generation of twenty years ago as the poles asunder. The characteristics of the former are in every respect the diametrical opposite of the characteristics of the latter. Twenty years ago the world of intellect and of letters was given over to anti-patriotism and to aggressive incredulity in religious matters; it was an age of positivism and 'intellectualism' on the one hand, of pessimism, scepticism, and dilettantism on the other. The present age, on the contrary, is resolutely optimistic; it hates nothing more than dilettantism and the 'elegant scepticism' of a Renan or an Anatole France; it loves action as much as it distrusts all sentimentalism and all 'intellectualism'; it appreciates the necessity of order and discipline, and is decidedly hostile to anarchy in any form, whether moral or political or intellectual or economic. Such a state of mind could not but render the *jeunesse intellectuelle* of to-day receptive for religious and patriotic beliefs; and, as a matter of fact, this *jeunesse* is both religious and patriotic.

We have endeavoured to show the excessive sentimentalism of the former generation, its enthusiasm for visionary humanitarian ideals, the want of discipline of its idealism. Such sentimentalism, engendered by the Romantics and developed by the Neo-Mystics, was in the nature of a reaction—as we have said—against the rigid 'positivism' and 'intellectualism' of the school of materialistic science that reigned supreme during the Second Empire. But if the new generation is hostile to sentimentalism and to humanitarianism, this is not due to a *retour en arrière*, to the intellectualism of its grandfathers. Neither sentimentalism nor intellectualism constitutes the source from which the generation of to-day draws its strength. Taine was perspicacious and far-sighted enough to see that *his* generation, the generation of positivism and intellectualism, was doomed. 'Ma génération est finie,' he wrote to Paul Bourget in 1889, 'et je me renfonce dans mon trou de Savoie.' The occasion on which the author of *Les Origines de la France contemporaine* penned these melancholy lines was the publication of M. Paul Bourget's *Disciple*. 'Peut-être,' added Taine, 'la voie que vous prenez, votre idée de l'inconnaissable, d'un au-delà, d'un noumène, vous conduira-

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t-elle vers un port mystique, vers une forme de christianisme.' Prophetic words, indeed, but which still fell short of the mark! It was not to some vague form of Christianity, to some unknown 'mystical port,' that M. Paul Bourget's tendencies were to lead, but to the historical and indestructible Catholic Church!

The publication of *Le Disciple* marks a date in the intellectual history of contemporary France, even as the resignation of M. Delcassé in 1905 marks a date in her political history. De Vogüé, Desjardins, Rod, may indeed be regarded as the chief initiators of the mystical movement that characterised the 'nineties; but M. Bourget, in his campaign against 'intellectualism,' took care to avoid the pitfalls of undogmatic mysticism. True, his *Disciple* is still to a large extent influenced by the 'intellectual dilettantism' against which he protests; true, also, he does not therein indicate Catholicism as the only organisation capable of remedying the evils which he so ably and exactly portrays. But the book none the less brings home with irresistible force the cardinal truth that 'intellectualism' is a great evil, that it paralyses the energy and the will-power of the individual, that it blunts and finally obliterates his sense of duty, that it is incapable of regulating the individual's mental life or of checking the most dangerous vagaries of a diseased imagination. And the book inculcates, also, no less irresistibly, the supreme necessity of authority, both for the individual and for society, and shows conclusively that such authority can find no basis in the individual—that its basis must be sought for, in consequence, outside the individual.

By reason of all these tendencies which it manifests, of all these lessons which it inculcates, M. Bourget's *Disciple* may be considered as being one of the books that have most profoundly influenced the generation of to-day. The need of authority is one of the needs most keenly felt by this young generation, and consequently the need of finding an adequate basis for such authority. Authority was that which the preceding generation most greatly lacked. Science, which reigned supreme from the middle of the century till about 1880, had failed to provide an adequate foundation for it; the mystical reaction against the supremacy of science proved no less incapable in this respect, for it likewise refused to go beyond the individual. For the school of neo-mystics, that proclaimed its allegiance at the same time to Tolstoi and Ibsen, the 'individual sentiment' was everything, just as the 'individual reason' was everything to the school of scientific materialism. M. Paul Bourget was the first writer to show the necessity of going beyond the individual, of seeking outside and above the latter an adequate principle of authority.

What this principle should be *Le Disciple* did not clearly

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tell us, for the book is of an exclusively critical nature. In subsequent works, in *l'Etape*, in *Un Divorce*, in *l'Emigré*, M. Bourget has completed the task commenced in *Le Disciple*, and has led up to the conclusion that the principle of authority is to be found in the Catholic Church and in the aristocratic and hierarchical form of society. And another writer has appeared, and has most successfully completed the teaching of M. Bourget: we mean M. Maurice Barrès. The latter has himself undergone an evolution that is characteristic of the evolution of contemporary thought in France; his progress from *l'Ennemi des Lois* to *Au service de l'Allemagne*, to *Colette Baudoche*, and to *la Colline inspirée*, symbolises the progress of the French world of intellect in general. In his *Colline inspirée*, which is also the most recent of his books, M. Maurice Barrès has shown us at once the danger of undisciplined and unregulated mysticism, be the latter ever so sincere, and the immeasurably vast difference between the uncontrolled effusions of such 'mystical individualism' and the ordered and disciplined beliefs of the Church.

Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, Henry Bordeaux: among contemporary French novelists of the first rank, these three are incontestably those that appeal most greatly to the intellectual youth of present-day France. And when we have named them we have indicated at once the tendencies of this 'intellectual youth,' its sympathies and aspirations. The three writers in question are of pronounced Conservative leanings; one is an ardent Royalist, another is a leader of the Parliamentary Nationalist Party[2]; all three are Catholics and staunch defenders of the Church; all three preach the imperative necessity of a return to the time-honoured traditions of France, to those traditions of Authority and Hierarchy and adaptation of Capacity to Function which the Revolution so imprudently broke with; all three search persistently and indefatigably for an adequate principle of Authority, consequently for a principle of social integration and cohesion—and they all find this fundamental principle embodied in Religion, in the Family, in the attachment of the individual to his native soil. Religious discipline, family discipline, patriotic discipline—on these three aspects of the discipline so essential to the continuity of social existence MM. Bourget, Barrès, and Bordeaux never cease to insist. M. Bourget's rigid royalism, and his habit of selecting his personages and choosing the scenes of his books almost exclusively from the very narrow circle of the old titled aristocracy, have prevented him from exercising all the influence which he might otherwise have done; but the influence of M. Barrès has been immense. To this writer, more than to any other, is due the revival of patriotism

[2] M. Maurice Barrès, who is Deputy for the first *arrondissement* of Paris.

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in France after its eclipse in the 'nineties. M. Barrès has shown most effectively the hollowness of the old humanitarian catch-words, the impossibility for such vague ideals to take sufficient possession of the individual and to constitute a principle of action for the latter, the necessity of presenting to the individual something more concrete and precise, something which is tangible and can be grasped, something affecting the individual more nearly and having in consequence a greater hold over him. And what ideal responds more exactly to these *desiderata* than the patriotic ideal—the *attachement à la glèbe*, the love of one's native *terroir*, of the native soil, of the town or village or mountain or dale where one passed the years of childhood, and which is associated with the earliest and sweetest recollections of life? And not only this. Without the ties that bind him to his native soil a man is necessarily incomplete; for his heredity is not only, nor even mainly, a physical one. Even more important than the physical patrimony is the moral patrimony, which has been constituted by the ceaseless efforts of countless generations to adapt themselves to their social environment, to create the means whereby the innate tendency of man's moral nature to expand may be brought into harmony with the necessities of social discipline. The moral patrimony of every individual cannot be sought for elsewhere than in the *terroir*, in the native soil which has given birth to himself and to his ancestors, on which he and his ancestors have been reared. Severed from this native soil, transplanted into a new environment to which he is not adapted, violently uprooted from the traditions that have been those of his family for many generations and that should also be his, the individual is—to use the expression of M. Barrès—a *déraciné*, a plant torn from the roots, and from the ground that should have nourished it. And such a plant cannot thrive; such an individual cannot enrich society, cannot benefit the race. M. Barrès has shown us specimens of such 'uprooted individuals' in his *Déracinés*, M. Bourget in *l'Etape*; and one of the most finely drawn types of this class of individuals is Julien Dartot, in M. Edouard Estaunié's *Le Ferment*.

M. Barrès has not contented himself with merely preaching *in abstracto* the necessity of the patriotic discipline engendered by attachment to the *terroir*, to one's native soil. His pictures of his own native country, of his dearly loved Lorraine, have done more to popularise the doctrine of so-called 'local patriotism' than any amount of theory could have done. He has shown his countrymen the extraordinary depths of the roots that bind the individual to the native soil; he has shown the intimate and indissoluble connexion between the race and the soil. He has shown the French nation to be a 'moral entity'

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sui generis, an agglomeration of individuals characterised not only by distinctive physical traits and a distinctive language, but having a certain specific manner of thinking and feeling. In his book, *Au service de l'Allemagne*, he has brought forth with remarkable clearness the psychological difference between French and Germans; and he has brought home to his readers the fact, which the vagaries of humanitarian internationalism have endeavoured to obliterate, that such differences of temperament and character cannot be suppressed; that the greatness of a nation depends, on the contrary, on its cultivating and developing its specific racial traits; and that the development of such traits, consequently the development of the specific genius of the race, of all that which can alone make the race great, is impossible—nay, unthinkable—unless the individual remain constantly in close touch with the native soil.

Pursuing the same aims as M. Barrès, M. Henry Bordeaux is, like the latter, an indefatigable champion of 'local patriotism' and of the family, in which this attachment to the native soil finds its natural, and also its highest, expression. In *La Neige sur les Pas* and *La Maison* M. Bordeaux has shown us all the beauties of the *home*—of the real home, in which the inmates are bound to each other by those moral ties that are stronger still than the physical ones, of the home which is a sanctuary and a fortress at the same time: a sanctuary in which the purest and most sacred notions of love and affection and mutual aid are developed and jealously guarded, a fortress in which such notions are safe from the blasphemies and scoffings of the world. At a time when the ties of family life are so greatly loosened alike among the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes, it is refreshing to find a writer capable of writing such books as those of M. Henry Bordeaux; and a promise of better times, the guarantee of a brighter future, may surely be sought for in the fact that M. Bordeaux is one of the favourite writers among the 'intellectual youth' of France, that his influence on this youth—which is likewise the *élite*—is great.[3]

[3] We lack space to do anything more than note the names of other writers whose works are characteristic of the mental tendencies of the young generation of to-day. Paul Claudel, Charles Péguy, Francis Jammes are great artists and orthodox Catholics; M. Claudel has been instrumental in making Coventry Patmore and G. K. Chesterton known to the 'intellectual youth' of France; M. Péguy is the author of a very powerful mystical poem entitled *Jeanne d'Arc*, which has placed him in the front rank of contemporary French poets; M. Jammes has written the *Géorgiques chrétiennes*, in which the mystery of the Eucharist is glorified. A young novelist, M. de Chateaubriant, to whom the annual prize of the Académie Goncourt was awarded last year for his book *Monsieur de Lourdines*, has given us, in this work, an 'essay of local patriotism' of the best kind, in which he manifests his ardent love of his native fields and forests in Poitou. The book in question is a most inspiring one, which it is a real pleasure to read after the innumerable descriptions of boudoir and music-hall life in Paris, which up till quite recently were the

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IV

The 'intellectual youth' of to-day in France is profoundly patriotic. There can be no doubt that the words 'France' and 'French' have quite another meaning for this 'intellectual youth' than they had for the preceding generation. It is not merely pride in the military strength, in the military achievements, of their country that the 'youngsters' of the present day feel; it is also pride in that country's intellectual strength, in its intellectual achievements. Although the disastrous war of 1870 had shown clearly that science was by no means necessarily synonymous with culture, although it had shown that 'scientific barbarism' could exist, yet it had none the less immensely enhanced the prestige of German science and German scientific methods. The French nation could not but admire, even in spite of itself, the intellectual development of its conquerors, even as it admired the strength of the latter's military organisation. Thus did the Treaty of Frankfurt produce the opposite result of that brought about by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648, which latter assured for two centuries the intellectual supremacy of France in Europe. The victory of the German soldier in 1870 paved the way for the triumph of the German schoolmaster and professor. The superiority of German methods, the greater depth of German thought, became familiar notions in French seats of learning. Kant and Hegel became the masters of French philosophy, Adolf Wagner and Schmoller of French political economy, Savigny and Jhering of French jurisprudence. France acknowledged herself vanquished alike on the fields of battle and in the domain of learning.

How greatly matters have changed within the last ten years may be gathered from the fact that at the Faculty of Law of the University of Paris to-day it is difficult for a professor to speak of German methods of research or of the achievements of German erudition without arousing the openly expressed hostility of his audience. Far from recognising the 'superiority' of the learning of their eastern neighbours, the young Frenchmen of to-day profess for this learning a contempt which they make no attempt to conceal. They are for ever opposing the clearness and precision of the French mind and of French thought to the 'pedantic obscurity' and 'solemn dullness' of

favourite themes of French novels. Among writers of the older generation, special mention must be made of MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte, who have done perhaps more than any others to keep the flame of patriotism burning by their admirable studies of the great disaster of 1870-71. M. Victor Margueritte's *Frontières du Cœur*, wholly free from any taint of jingoism, is one of the best books we know on the subject. M. Romain Rolland, the author of *Jean Christophe*, is also one of the writers that most greatly appeal to the young generation.

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the German professor. The reawakening of the consciousness of the intellectual greatness of France has coincided with a *retour aux classiques* that is truly remarkable—with a return to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. Rabelais and Montaigne and Ronsard, Corneille and Racine and Molière, Pascal and Bossuet and La Rochefoucauld are the teachers and inspirers of the contemporary *jeunesse intellectuelle*. The latter find in the great masters of the Renaissance and of the *siècle de Louis XIV.* all the qualities peculiar to the French genius—simplicity, clearness, vigour, irony, refinement of taste and manners, dislike of exaggeration, love of order and precision. The seventeenth century especially appeals to the youth of to-day. This great century was a pre-eminently French one; it was not contaminated by the cosmopolitan humanitarianism or by the excessive intellectualism of later times; it was essentially aristocratic; it knew the art of 'keeping distances'; it loved discipline and authority. It set up no pretensions to puritanical virtue, but it set a perfect example of moderation and good taste. We find here none of the pathological pride in his own degeneracy and vice that characterised Rousseau, none of the unhealthy craving for that which is abnormal and repugnant which the poetry of Baudelaire exhibited. The excesses of the whole school that followed in the footsteps of the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, excesses that cause a shudder of disgust to the reader of the earlier works of Barbey d'Aurévilly or J. K. Huysmans, would never have been possible in the century of Corneille and Pascal, which was also the century of order and discipline, and of supremely good taste.

The 'return to the seventeenth century and to the Renaissance,' to the pure sources of true French culture and tradition, is thus an exceedingly healthy symptom. It shows that the youth of to-day no longer share that taste for morbid sensation which their elders shared. For there is nothing morbid or unhealthy about the Renaissance or the seventeenth century; we find there great passions, unbending will-power, tremendous force of character, indomitable resolution, and with all these qualities that reveal greatness of mind and breadth of view we find, most naturally, but little respect for the virtue of chastity. The writers of the Renaissance and the seventeenth century were *men* in the best acceptance of the word, with a man's foibles and failings, but with nothing degenerate about them. The *Confessions* of Jean-Jacques, the *Rolla* of Alfred de Musset, could appeal to the effeminate and disheartened generation of the second half of the nineteenth century. They would have been incomprehensible to the century of Rabelais or to that of Molière, and their authors considered as worthy at best of the rack.

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Veneration for these great ancestors implies, therefore, a reaction against cosmopolitanism, humanitarianism, sentimentalism, intellectualism, scepticism, love of the morbid and pathological—against all these plagues of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The days are long past in which Michelet could say to his audience: 'Le grand siècle, je veux naturellement dire le dix-huitième.' Ferdinand Brunetière and Jules Lemaître have played a great part in the destruction of the superstitious admiration formerly felt for this revolutionary, sentimental, un-French period; and how great the aversion of the youth of to-day is for Rousseau can be seen by reading the inquiry instituted by the *Vie heureuse* (the 15th of June 1912) concerning the influence of the Genevan sophist in France. Scarcely one of the numerous replies received was favourable to Jean-Jacques, and the tone of many was more forcible than polite. Not less strong is the current of hostility against the 'intellectualism' of the nineteenth century, against the scientific materialism and agnosticism of the Positivist school. In the *Revue hebdomadaire* (the 20th of July 1912) M. Emile Faguet bears witness to this:

> La réaction est très forte, plus forte que je n'aurais cru contre Auguste Comte, Taine et Renan, qui ne sont plus nommés, quand ils le sont, qu'avec la dernière expression du mépris. . . . La tendance générale est l'anti-intellectualisme.

Anti-intellectualisme! The word is well chosen. There is perhaps no type of humanity more antipathetic to the young generation of to-day than the 'intellectualist'—unless it be the sentimentalist, and the two types are frequently, by a strange psychological contradiction, to be found in the same person. The 'intellectualist' is Robert Greslou, in M. Paul Bourget's *Disciple*, a thinking machine, devoid of will-power, having sacrificed his whole energy to the worship of an abstract idea. Not only all physical energy but all moral energy has been thus sacrificed, and the human being is no longer anything but the slave of irresistible morbid cravings. The youth of to-day has understood the danger, both for the individual and for society, of such a mental state. And this youth is consequently, as M. Faguet says, 'anti-intellectualist.' It does not pass its time in useless musings and in the morbid analysis of its sentiments. Action is what it needs—prompt and vigorous action that keeps body and mind fit. The heroes of this contemporary youth are not the metaphysicians and laboratory scientists, but the men of action—soldiers, explorers, aviators. The worship of Napoleon has revived—the worship of the man who most fully incarnates the ideal of energy, and who most adequately represents the

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aspirations of the young generation of to-day. Among the latter many have abandoned their studies and gone out to Morocco, to Central Africa, to Indo-China, there to search for adventure and action; among these are several who have passed their examinations and obtained high diplomas.[4] And those who cannot go so far to quench their thirst for action go in for sport. Ten years ago sport was an almost unknown quantity in the schools; to-day the love of sport in all its forms has become general. Football, fencing, boxing, tennis, cross-country steeplechases—later on motoring, riding, mountaineering: these are what interest the *jeunesse intellectuelle* of to-day. This youth is certainly less erudite, less given to meditation, less poetical than French youth formerly was; but it has incontestably gained in vigour and in health. The young man of to-day does not care much about Spinoza or Schopenhauer; he does not consume his energy in vainly regretting an unattainable ideal like the hero of de Musset; he does not abandon himself to the voluptuous charms of pessimism like the generation of Lamartine and de Vigny. The young man of to-day is much more *terre-à-terre*, much less dreamy, much more practical, much less scientific, and much less sentimental. The reading that delights him most is probably that of the daily paper, which keeps him informed of the newest records of aeroplanes.

This does not mean that the new generation is devoid of idealism. It has its ideals, but these are of a practical and not of an abstract nature; they are ideals that incite to action, that do not paralyse the energy and the will-power of the individual. In a very remarkable and altogether charming book entitled *Les jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui*, the author, who conceals his identity under the pseudonym of 'Agathon,' writes:

> Aussi bien l'antinomie de la pensée et de l'action n'est-elle un problème que pour des êtres d'une sensibilité usée, anémiée, en qui nul instinct vital ne fait surgir la vigoureuse affirmation. Une nature pensante, vrainment riche de vie et d'amour, rompt le cercle, sort de l'oscillation éternelle et tend vers une croyance, une synthèse, un dogmatisme précurseur de l'action (p. 9).

[4] Among these young Frenchmen is M. E. Psichari, the grandson of Ernest Renan. M. Psichari, who is an officer, does not share his illustrious grandfather's dilettantism and scepticism, and this contrast between the author of the *Vie de Jésus* and his grandson is typical of the contrast between Renan's generation and the young generation of to-day. M. Psichari gave up his studies at the Sorbonne and his Doctoral Dissertation on the bankruptcy of idealism, in order to lead a life of action and adventure in Africa. 'L'Afrique,' he writes, 'est un des derniers endroits où nos meilleurs sentiments peuvent encore s'affirmer, où les dernières consciences fortes ont l'espoir de trouver un champ à leur activité tendue . . . . Il vient un heure où la bonté même cesse d'être féconde et devient amollissante et lâche.' We need only compare this virile declaration with the celebrated passage in his *St. Paul*, in which Renan glorified his scepticism that destroyed all the sources of activity.

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This exactly characterises the state of mind of the 'intellectual youth' of to-day in France. This youth does not waste time and energy in vain metaphysical disputations; it seeks instinctively a simple, coherent, logical system of intellectual and moral beliefs which shall furnish an adequate basis for action, and which shall be capable subsequently of regulating such action. For this reason the 'intellectual youth' of to-day is attracted towards Catholicism. Of the revival of Catholicism, of the renascence of faith precisely in these youthful intellectual circles, there can be no doubt. Out of the students of the Ecole Normale Supérieure in Paris upwards of forty are to-day good and true Catholics, partaking of the Sacraments of the Church, and whose names are inscribed on the list of the *Conférence Saint-Vincent de Paul* of their parish. Ten years ago the number of such Catholics at the *Ecole Normale* was not more than three or four. In the largest State schools (*lycées*) in Paris—such as Condorcet, Henry IV., Louis-le-Grand—the renascence of Catholicism among the pupils is not less visible. The Rector of the *Institut catholique de Paris*, Mgr. Baudrillart, has borne witness to this renascence of faith among the 'intellectual youth':

> Songez que, jadis, nous avions purement et simplement l'œuvre de St. Vincent de Paul. Aujourd'hui notre jeunesse a des chefs, elle a des cadres, elle est enrégimentée elle-même dans une multitude d'œuvres qui augmentent chaque jour.

The renascence of Catholicism must not, however, be ascribed wholly to a revival of the 'pure faith once delivered to the saints.' Patriotic and political motives have also their share in the movement. Two distinct currents are here observable—the one religious, the other political. The former was represented, until 1910, by the *Sillon* organisation, of which M. Marc Sangnier was the founder and the leading spirit; the latter is represented by the *Action française*, and its chief prophet is M. Charles Maurras. Since the condemnation and dissolution of the *Sillon* the latter's place has been taken by the *Semaines sociales*, which have their centre in Lyons, and the activity of which is as fruitful as it is unceasing. The *Action française* is primarily a political organisation, uncompromisingly Royalist in its aims, and it does not pretend to orthodoxy in dogmatic questions. It does not consider the theological value of Catholic dogma, but only the latter's sociological value. The reasoning of the *Action française* may be summarised thus:

> Religion is necessary for society, for without it the individual could not be induced to subordinate his self-assertive reason to the needs of collective discipline. The truth of this abstractly logical argument is

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confirmed *a posteriori* by the concrete results of anthropological and ethnological research, which shows us in religion the primordial and universal developmental force at work in the shaping of social evolution. Every social aggregate possesses a form of religious belief adapted to the needs of the aggregate. The historical form of religion in France is Catholicism. Therefore, being Frenchmen, we must also be Catholics.

The reasoning of the *Action française* is sound; but it takes no account of the emotional wants of man, of the yearning of the soul for consolation and spiritual nourishment. Consequently the influence of the *Action française* is strictly limited among the 'intellectual youth'; that exercised by the *Sillon* and the *Semaines sociales* is far greater. The *Sillon* aimed at deepening the spiritual life of its adherents, at bringing home to each one of these personally the real meaning and purport of the ministry of Christ—in a word, at forming Christians in the religious sense of the word. The *Action française* pursues exclusively political aims, for the realisation of which the Church is an indispensable auxiliary. It is not interested in dogma as such, and the Catholicism of its members has nothing religious about it; in fact, the term of *athées cléricaux* applied to some of its leaders by their adversaries correctly defines the attitude adopted by those leaders. The latter proceed from a standpoint very similar to that taken up by the rulers and philosophers of the Roman Empire, who scoffed in private at the beliefs of a religion which they professed in public for reasons of State.

Yet, however greatly the methods of these various organisations differ, their aim is in one respect identical—namely, to re-establish the Catholic traditions of France. The policy of anticlericalism and of *déchristianisation* is as resolutely opposed by the politicians of the *Action française* as by the orthodox believers of the *Sillon* and the *Semaines sociales*. To fight against the Church signifies, for the *Action française*, to fight against the Fatherland; to seek to destroy the Church means to endeavour to rob the nation of an essential part of the latter's moral patrimony. For this organisation French and Catholic are synonyms, just as Russian and Orthodox, Turk and Mussulman, are synonyms. And, in truth, the fact cannot be called in question. To sever France from Catholicism would be to sever her from her traditions, and a nation cut adrift from its traditions is like a ship without a compass in unknown and stormy seas.

Bereft of its traditions, of the rules of conduct established by the experience of countless generations, a nation is necessarily a prey to anarchy; reduced to such a condition, society can have no hold over its component individuals, can furnish the latter

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with no adequate principle of action. Mere physical activity cannot, in the long run, satisfy the socialised individual with his vast stores of instincts and desires. It is therefore indispensable that society should be strongly integrated, and it can be thus integrated only by a coherent and organised system of collective beliefs. This truth, long neglected in France, has been grasped by the young generation, which is Catholic and patriotic because Catholicism and patriotism furnish adequate principles of action, because Catholicism and patriotism furnish likewise adequate principles of discipline. Metaphysics, science, humanitarianism, furnish neither the one nor the other. Catholicism and patriotism complete each other; both present the individual with an absolutely certain foundation for action; both command imperatively action in the name of intangible, irrational principles laid down *a priori* and independently of all individual verification. Eager for action, loving life in its plenitude, as resolutely optimistic as its elders were hopelessly pessimistic, the young generation could not be anything but Catholic and patriotic. It needs belief to justify its activity, to discipline that activity, and to give an aim to life. It believes in France, because it believes in itself.

There is one great danger, certainly, in the reaction of the 'youngsters' against the excesses and mistakes of their elders. This danger lies in the tendency of this young generation, which loves sport and action and discipline, to forget the one redeeming virtue of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries—namely, their traditions of courtesy, politeness, and good manners. In its enthusiasm for realisations the young generation of to-day runs the risk of becoming 'Americanised.' Personally, we do not think that the gospel of Mr. Roosevelt will ever become a permanent attraction for Frenchmen, for it sacrifices too completely good manners and refinement of taste to practical aims; neither do we think that France will be tempted to follow the example of 'Americanised' Germany, where economic and political success has been purchased at the cost of everything that made German culture so admirable in days gone by. Many of the 'youngsters' have already seen and understood the danger, and it is more than likely that the new generation will be able to adapt the great national traditions of courtesy and refinement of manners to the practical necessities of modern times.

We have already spoken of the love of sport that characterises the young generation. It is sport that has taught this generation to become hard, to despise the effeminate tastes of the elders, to hate humanitarianism and all other sentimental 'isms.' Read the letter of one of the best qualified representatives of the 'intellectual youth' of France, M. Raymond Guasco, the author

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of a very interesting little book on England and the English mentality, entitled *John Bull's Island*[5]:

Puis un jour vint la boxe, cette reine incontestée des sports. Ce ne fut pas, comme on pouvait le croire, Nietzsche et son appel maladif vers la santé qui nous guérirent, ce fut elle, la boxe anglaise dont on a tant médit. Son influence sur la jeunesse actuelle n'a pas encore été assez mise en lumière. Elle nous enseigna le courage et le sang-froid, elle nous apprit à souffrir, à encaisser, à réserver nos forces, à deviner dans les yeux de l'autre la défaillance fatale, *elle nous redonna enfin le goût du sang.*

Et ce jour-là, ce fut la fin. Nous fûmes obligés de nous avouer qu'on nous avait menti. Non, la guerre n'était pas une chose bête, cruelle, haïssable. C'était du 'sport pour de vrai,' tout simplement. Elle était nécessaire comme la maladie et la mort, pour donner du goût à la vie.

With this quotation we will take leave of the 'intellectual youth' of contemporary France. No one can hope to forecast the future of Europe with the slightest approximation to truth who does not take into consideration the extraordinary renascence of the virile qualities of the French nation as manifested by this young generation. The latter has realised hopes that none would have dared utter aloud ten years ago. It is not a mercenary generation; it has not been corrupted by the vile utilitarianism that characterises modern Germany. Whereas the nation of *Dichter und Denker* has sunk to the level of a nation of money-grubbers and bureaucrats, the 'intellectual youth' of France, shaking off the materialism and pessimism of its forefathers, is full of healthy and vigorous idealism. This was never better shown than in the almost unanimous protest of that youth against the proposed suppression of the obligatory study of Greek and Latin in the *lycées* and colleges—a suppression which utilitarians seek to justify by the miserable argument that 'Greek and Latin are of no practical value.' Fortunately for France, her 'intellectual youth' has been able to rise superior to these vulgar notions of 'practical value.' All those young Frenchmen who have gone out to Africa and to Asia, in order to find there an outlet for their energy, have probably had no 'practical return' for their work. But they only accomplished this work the more joyfully, for it was work done *pour la patrie.* This idealism will never be understood by the bureaucrat—and what matters it? As little could a savage understand the complicated mechanism of the mind of a Pascal!

The contemporary youth of France loves realisations, it loves action. Loving action, it appreciates the necessity of order and discipline, without which all action must be sterile. For this

[5] M. Guasco's letter is published by 'Agathon' in *Les Jeunes gens d'aujourd'hui,* pp. 140-144.

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reason does it tend to Catholicism; for this reason is it ardently patriotic. Two of the greatest authorities in France, M. Alexandre Ribot and M. Henri Bergson, have expressed their confidence in this youth, their belief in the reawakening of France, in the renascence of French energy; and all the friends and admirers of France may share this belief and this confidence.

GEORGES CHATTERTON-HILL.

P.S.—Since the above was written certain deplorable manifestations have taken place in the Army itself against the decision of the Government to keep the recruits of 1911, who in normal circumstances should have been free in September 1913, under arms for another year. The manifestations in question were also organised against the new Army Bill, now before Parliament, and which re-introduces the three-years service. There is no doubt whatever that these manifestations, which took place in Toul, Macon, Rodez, and other towns, were prepared by the Confédération Générale du Travail in Paris. Too much importance must, however, not be attached to them. The soldiers who manifested were, almost without exception, young working-men from Paris; that is to say, they belong to the category of the population that furnishes the revolutionary labour syndicates with their chief contingent of adherents. Working-men in the capital are obviously more easily influenced by the untiring propaganda of the Confédération Générale du Travail. It may confidently be anticipated that if the Government, as it has recently promised to do, takes really energetic measures to suppress the antipatriotic propaganda, the latter will cease. Such measures should, of course, have been taken long ago. MM. Waldeck-Rousseau and Combes are the politicians who must bear the greatest share of responsibility for the evil, for it was they who, in order to carry out the policy of anticlericalism, substituted the Socialists for the Moderate Republicans as an element of the Parliamentary majority. The result of this system, as might have been foreseen, was to deprive the Government of all means of checking the agitation of the labour syndicates, seeing that the Government depended on the votes of the Socialist allies of these syndicates. The consequence of the capitulation of authority has been the growth of anarchy. None the less is such anarchy confined to a small minority of the working classes—a minority which seeks to compensate for its numerical weakness by making a great deal of noise. All that is needed—as the example of the railroad strike fiasco in 1910 showed—is a policy of energetic repression.

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HOW TO RESTORE OUR MILITARY EFFICIENCY

MR. ASQUITH, speaking in January 1910 at Haddington, is reported to have said that he would be 'perfectly content that our administrative record as a Government should be judged as a test case by comparing the state of the Army as it was left by Lord Midleton and the state of the Army as it is to-day, after four years of Liberal administration. I will go further and venture upon a prediction, which I make with the utmost confidence, and my prediction is this: that if the Tory Party were to return to power to-morrow you would find that they had turned their backs once and for all upon those clumsy, costly, and ill-starred experiments for which they were responsible when they were last in office, and that they would proceed upon the lines which Mr. Haldane's foresight and statesmanship have laid down.'[1]

The Prime Minister is now conducting an inquiry into the 'conclusions on the question of oversea attack on the British Isles arrived at by the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1908.'[2] Lord Haldane, in his introduction to *Compulsory Service*, explained, in reference to the Committee of Imperial Defence, that when the main body assembles the Prime Minister presides. Colonel Seely informed us on the 5th of December last that he had attended twenty-one meetings of the Committee of Imperial Defence and that at sixteen of these meetings he had presided as chairman.[3] The Sub-Committee may possibly bring the following points, all of which have a most important bearing upon National Defence, to the notice of the Prime Minister—namely, the reduction of the Regular Army and of its Reserves, the effect of the abolition of the Militia, the collapse of the Special Reserve, and the fiasco of the Territorial Force.

[1] *The Times*, January 4, 1910.

[2] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 7, 1913, p. 804. The Sub-Committee of the Imperial Defence Committee consists of the Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Morley, the Secretaries of State, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, three Admirals, three Generals, and Lord Esher.—*Official Report, House of Commons*, April 1, 1913, p. 223.

[3] *The Times*, December 6, 1912.

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As regards Army matters, the administrative record of the present Government is briefly this. They have turned away thousands of men from all our forces, both Regular and Auxiliary,[4] and have tied our military system into the worst tangle we have yet seen.

In his Memorandum explaining the Army Estimates for 1908-09 Lord Haldane informed us that, two years before, the present Government had decided to uphold 'in its integrity the system initiated by Lord Cardwell in 1869, and to develop it still further in accordance with the intention of its originator.' This year Colonel Seely tells us that it is still the Cardwell system under which we are working and which has produced such useful results.[5] Lord Cardwell was a great Army reformer. It is therefore due to his memory to show that Lord Haldane, whilst persistently claiming that he has preserved the continuity of Lord Cardwell's policy, has, on the contrary, destroyed the foundation of his predecessor's work, and has developed a system of his own on entirely opposite lines. It is Lord Haldane's new system that we are now working, and its results have been and are, as I hope to show, the reverse of useful.

Lord Cardwell formed a Regular Reserve for the Army, and on the increase of its quantity and the maintenance of its quality ten successive Secretaries of State for War concentrated their efforts. So far as quantity is concerned, the policy of Lord Haldane must inevitably end in decreasing the numbers of the Regular Reserve.[6] As regards quality, Lord Cardwell explained his scheme for a Regular Reserve by saying: 'I have never been enthusiastic about Militia Reserves. My own opinion is that you may have a much better Reserve—namely, the Army Reserve.' Lord Haldane has entirely reversed that view. Unlike Lord Cardwell, he is so enthusiastic about untrained men and boys that, as a substitute for the Regular Reserve which he received from his predecessors and has himself reduced, he has invented a nondescript force of a semi-civilian character which he termed, not inaptly, the Special Reserve. By means of this force it is now possible to pass men into the Regular Reserve without any colour service at all, and with only two disconnected weeks of annual training.[7] No force could be more opposed to the real

[4] *General Annual Report on the British Army*, 1913, p. 28, 104, 118. According to those Returns, the number of Regulars and all Auxiliary Forces in 1904 was 664,221, and in 1912, 577,479, a decrease of 86,742.

[5] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 24, 1913, p. 1430.

[6] *Official Report, House of Lords*, February 20, 1912, p. 131. *Ibid.* House of Commons, April 27, 1911, p. 2099. *General Annual Report on the British Army*, published 1908, p. 3.

[7] Two thousand five hundred and thirty-four men were enlisted in 1912 into the Infantry of the Special Reserve under conditions exempting them from

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Regular Reserve which Lord Cardwell preferred to any kind of Militia Reserve because, consisting as it did of men who had done seven years of colour service, it was the genuine article.[8]

Lord Cardwell localised the Regular Army, linking each Line regiment to a county by means of the local organisation of the Militia. Lord Haldane abolished the Militia and used the depots as winter refuges for the unemployed[9]—a use which was not contemplated in Lord Cardwell's scheme of Army reorganisation. Lord Cardwell designed the regimental depots to connect the Line regiments and the Militia battalion with the county, and insisted on recruiting the Militia from men resident within its borders. Lord Haldane resorted to general instead of county recruiting for the Special Reserve, to collecting in London and other great towns small boys who are too young and too feeble to be recruited for the Regular Army and consigning them to depots in the country for enlistment into the county battalions of the Special Reserve. Lord Cardwell reckoned, and rightly, on two distinct lines for Imperial Defence, the Regular Army and the Militia. Lord Haldane abandons the double line and gives us only one line for Imperial Defence, the Regular Army. Finally Lord Cardwell said : 'We propose to increase the Militia and to improve the organisation of the Volunteers, and to provide for compulsory service in case of emergency.' Instead of increasing the Militia and improving the Volunteers Lord Haldane has destroyed both.[10] Instead of providing for compulsory service in cases of emergency, he has bequeathed to his successor the alternative of compulsory service or the breakdown of his new system.

It is of interest at the present moment to quote Lord Cardwell's words on compulsory service :

> In cases of emergency the law imposes the obligation of compulsory service, but it is not enforced in a manner which can be said to be either very efficient or simple. We therefore propose to insert in the Bill clauses empowering the Sovereign in times of emergency to call Parliament together, and to raise without delay the force which may be considered necessary under such circumstances for the National Defence.

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attending any annual training with their battalions. There were 278 of these men in one battalion. *Army Annual Report* for the year ending September 30, 1912, pp. 13 and 14. Army Order, February 27, 1911, para. 6.

[8] A fact fully realised on the Continent. A writer in the *Revue de Paris* for April 1913 states : 'Une fois ce corps (Expeditionary Force) embarqué il ne reste sur le territoire britannique que 69,500 soldats, c'est à dire le nombre strictement suffisant pour combler les vides qui se produisent en campagne. Nous ne parlons pas des "réservistes spéciaux" qui ne sont que des miliciens.'

[9] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 4, 1908, p. 713.

[10] Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, paras. 34 (Militia) and 29 (Yeomanry and Volunteers).

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Referring to the Volunteers, Lord Cardwell said :

> Under the Volunteer Act a Volunteer is exempt from the ballot for the Militia, although he is allowed to leave his corps to which he belongs after a fortnight's notice. We do not propose to continue that exception. There is a clause in the Bill which will enable the Volunteers' contract to be made for a longer period, and if the ballot takes place at all those only will be exempted from it who have entered into a longer and more satisfactory engagement.

This clause never became law. But I quote Lord Cardwell's words to show that he contemplated the necessity of preventing that evasive form of volunteering which, in the early days of last century, made it impossible to maintain both a Regular Army and a Militia. Lord Haldane has in large measure restored the conditions against which Lord Cardwell proposed to legislate. He has dangerously reduced the Regular Army and its Reserve, and has completely destroyed the Militia in order to finance a purely Home-Service Army, which, for the last three years, has shown a steady increase in cost and a steady decrease in numbers [11] and efficiency. Now we are told by Colonel Seely that this Territorial Army which Lord Haldane substitutes for these reductions in quality and quantity is numerically a failure.[12] Such is the administrative record by which the Prime Minister was anxious to be judged in 1910.

All that survives of Lord Cardwell's work is the double battalion system, which keeps the same number of battalions at home as abroad, and feeds the foreign battalions from the home battalions. It is true that this portion remains. But the vain repetition of the statement that all the rest of Lord Cardwell's system has been preserved intact can only be intended to obscure the fact that Lord Haldane has destroyed all the foundations and retained only the superstructure. Lord Cardwell never intended that all the attenuated battalions at home, described by Lord Wolseley as being in the condition of squeezed lemons, should be mobilised for a European campaign by means not only of first-class Army Reservists, but also of re-engaged Reservists who have been absent from the colours from nine years to thirteen years,[13] of boys from the Special Reserve, some of whom have never done a battalion training, and none of whom have any Army

[11] The strength on February 25, 1910, was 9719 officers and 266,899 non-commissioned officers and men; the strength on June 12, 1913, was 9326 officers and 241,881 non-commissioned officers and men—a decrease of 393 officers and 25,018 non-commissioned officers and men.

[12] Statement by Colonel Seely, House of Commons, April 11, 1913 : 'In so far the Government and the House have failed of achievement.'

[13] Lord Cardwell never created a reserve of re-engaged Reservists. This was formed as a Supplementary Reserve in 1882, not to be called up until the whole of the first division had been mobilised.—*Manual of Military Law*, p. 621.

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Colour service at all, and of men from the Territorial Force who have accepted the liability to serve overseas. At present our military needs in Europe are dictated by the exigencies of the double battalion system which Lord Haldane has elected to retain. The number of men required for service in Europe can bear no real relation to the number of units needed to garrison our possessions overseas. The considerations by which each is governed are totally different. Lord Haldane treats them as identically the same. It has been decided to retain at all costs the equality of units at home and abroad, so that the recruits of each unit on foreign service may be trained by the linked unit stationed at home. But this system, and not our military needs in Europe, determines the strength of our Expeditionary Force, because it consists of the trained units at home mobilised by means of Reservists of all sorts and descriptions. If we reduce the number of the garrison in South Africa, that is held to be a reason for reducing the size of the force required for a campaign in Europe. This is surely not clear thinking, but confusion worse confounded. It is on a par with the calculation which estimates the possible strength of an invading force by the probable number of our Territorial Army. These are Haldanian methods and not Cardwellian.

After the lapse of upwards of half a century Lord Cardwell's machinery may have become rusted, but he did not reduce the Regular Army and its Reserve, destroy the Militia, which was capable of being recruited by compulsion, and then rely upon replacing all reductions by the imaginary mobilisation of men who have served in any kind of military force in the past, but who are under no obligation to serve again at present. He preferred to raise the men required for home defence by Act of Parliament. Parliament and the country gave him without question the means of providing for compulsory service in cases of emergency. On these parliamentary powers he built his scheme of Army reform. Lord Cardwell's scheme included the whole of the United Kingdom. Lord Haldane has never dared to apply his new model Army scheme to Ireland. He has not created a national force. He meant to found the Territorial Army upon Cadet Corps training. When the Government decided, for various reasons, not to allow any expenditure of public money upon Cadet Corps, and not to include them in the Territorial Army scheme, and not to establish any system of drill in State-aided schools,[14] the

[14] 'I entered into a covenant with the House, which I intend to keep in spirit and in letter, when the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act was under consideration, not to bring the military element into the State-aided schools.'—*Official Report, House of Commons*, March 4, 1908, p. 717.

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bottom was knocked out of Lord Haldane's plan for a citizen Army.

Lord Cardwell put us on the highway. Lord Haldane has led the country into a blind alley. Now there is no way out of a blind alley. We must begin by turning back and tediously retracing our steps. We must reverse the Haldane policy of sacrificing the Regular Army to all sorts of incomprehensible fancy forces, some of which, like the Special Contingent, whatever that was meant to be, have never had any real existence.[15] We must revert to the principle of William Windham, never better stated than in Windham's own words, 'The ultimate end for which all our military organisation must exist is the maintenance of the Regular Army, our only offensive land force.' That way, and that way only, in my opinion, the path of safety lies. But at present there is no prospect of the Government adopting this policy. Colonel Seely has told us that he will not increase the Regular Army,[16] will not touch compulsory service, and, above all, that he will not adopt the 'Do nothing' policy. Only one course therefore remains open to him. It is to fill the laps of the County Associations with money for the benefit of the Territorial Army.

I will consider this plan first. In my own mind I am certain that it is the worst policy, and I am equally sure that it will be adopted by the Government.

In the first place, to raise the pay and allowances of N.C.O.s and men in the Territorial Army means paying the unskilled labour in the Territorial Force at rates far higher than the skilled labour in the Regular Army. As it is at present the Territorial soldier gets ninepence a day more when in camp than the Regular soldier.[17] This allowance is to cease on mobilisation, because it is impossible to pay the untrained men of the Territorial Army at home at higher rates than the trained men of the Regular Army on service abroad. In the case of separation allowances for married N.C.O.s and men of the Territorial Force, the present scale of pay for the wives and families of Regular soldiers, which is for the wife 1*s.* 1*d.* and for each child 2*d.* per diem, would not be considered sufficient for the wives and children of the Territorial soldiers on embodiment. If more money is paid to the Territorial Force a higher standard of efficiency must be exacted from all ranks, and this cannot be attained without a

[15] Lord Haldane explained that 'The Special Contingent would include not only the new battalions, but also highly skilled troops drawn from the new Territorial Force to be supernumerary on the mobilisation of the Field Force.'—*Official Report, House of Commons*, March 12, 1907.

[16] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 11, 1913, p. 1571.

[17] Regular soldiers get 1*s.* pay, 6*d.* proficiency pay, 3*d.* rations—1*s.* 9*d.*; Territorial soldiers get 1*s.* pay, 1*s.* messing, 6*d.* rations—2*s.* 6*d.*

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longer period of training, during which the increased pay and allowances must be drawn and increased expenditure incurred. There is the further question of indemnifying employers. It is doubtful whether in return for high pay for a few weeks men can afford to sacrifice permanent employment, and whether employers can afford to handicap their business by encouraging the prolonged absence of those upon whose presence their success in the industrial competition depends. It is uncertain that the men will attend the increased period of training unless severe penalties for absence are imposed. It is certain that if penalties are inflicted recruiting will suffer. If more officers are to be obtained for the Territorial Army by means of more pay and allowances, the same larger increases must be given to professional officers of the Regular Army.[18]

In the second place, to spend more money on the Territorial Force is to repeat the blunder of a century ago. Early in 1800 there were 380,000 Volunteers in Great Britain and 70,000 in Ireland. Mr. Windham thus summed up the value of that force created by Mr. Addington: 'Not only had the right honourable gentleman not provided an Army, but he had made it impossible that an Army should be provided.' On Mr. Windham's accession to office in 1806 as Secretary of State for War this force was disbanded because its expense gave no adequate return in increased security, and because its maintenance endangered the existence of the more efficient Regular Army.

The plan of spending large sums of money on the Territorial Army leaves it utterly uncertain whether any value will be received for the outlay, and the absolute certainty that the Regular Army will suffer by its financial starvation and consequent further reduction.

Then there is the second plan, which has been condemned by Colonel Seely and the Government. It is the scheme of the National Service League. I have always been, and am still, opposed to compulsory service, but I am not concerned to discuss the merits of the two systems in this article. The question is, will the League's plan, if adopted, give us the Army we require for Home and Imperial Defence? I submit that the answer is *No.*

As regards Home Defence, we shall have made an improvement upon the Territorial Army to the extent of a four months' recruit course at the age of eighteen, but that is the total gain as regards training. We shall bring the force up to its establish-

[18] At present when an officer of the Territorial Army is attached for instruction to a Regular battalion he draws the pay of his rank *plus* 4*s.* per diem messing allowance. This messing allowance is not paid to the Regular officer. In addition, the Territorial officer gets outfit allowance of 40*l.* on appointment.

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ment whatever the establishment fixed by Parliament may be. But the efficiency of a Home Defence Army, by whatever plan it is raised, is a relative term and depends upon the quality of the forces to which it will be opposed. Our problem is to create a force which shall be capable of meeting at short notice Continental troops composed of men of twenty-two years of age and over, who have been trained for two years consecutively with the colours and are led by professional officers. No one can contend that this problem is solved by training boys of eighteen for four months as recruits and subsequently for two weeks in each year, and entrusting them to the leadership of amateur regimental officers, especially when the less the training of the rank and file the higher is the training and knowledge required of the officer. We shall have improved upon the Territorial Army slightly in training and considerably in numbers, but in quality we must still be hopelessly outclassed by our opponents. The object of sound Army organisation is to produce not a force which is certain of defeat, but to produce a force which has every reasonable prospect of victory.

By Clause 3 of the Bill to provide for National Service in the Territorial Force, which was introduced into the House of Lords in 1909, every man was to be trained for a continuous period of not less than four or more than six months, as may be prescribed. In *Facts and Fallacies*, published in 1911, Lord Roberts, the President of the National Service League, writes as follows :

> This mention of four months has, I know, caused profound discontent amongst a considerable number of people, who, while believing with the National Service League that the safety of the nation can only be secured by Universal Service, cavil at the idea that reasonable efficiency can be obtained in so short a period of training. In some cases this belief is so strongly held as to alienate its supporters from taking any active part in upholding and popularising the cause of National Service. I am glad to have this opportunity to explain that the National Service League has no special predilection for this particular period. The League's desire is to see the principle of Universal Service for Home Defence accepted, as it seems to its members that if this great principle once gains the consent of the majority of our countrymen there will then be no difficulty in adjusting the details of the scheme which will be necessary to reduce theory into practice.

I am one of those who do not believe that reasonable efficiency can be obtained by a recruit course of four months and two weeks of annual training. But directly this period is increased the whole proposals of the National Service League are upset. Its finance, for instance, collapses. The National Service League claim that their plan could be carried out at an increased cost of, in round numbers, four millions over and above the present cost of the Special Reserve and Territorial Army. But that calculation is based on

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five months, that is the mean between four and six, of recruit training, and two weeks of annual training. Increase the period to one year of recruit training and six weeks of annual training, and the four millions will become something like ten millions.

The Report of the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers in 1904 sets forth some important points. It suggested certain changes which would, in the opinion of the Commissioners, make the Militia and Volunteers valuable Auxiliary Forces to the Regular Army in case of invasion. It laid down that a Home Defence Army capable of protecting the country against invasion in the absence of the whole or the greater part of the Regular Forces could be raised only upon the principle that it was the duty of every citizen to be trained for National Service. It also records its opinion that within one year the necessary training could be given.[19] The Commission therefore would have rejected four months of recruit training and two weeks of battalion training as inadequate. Even a course of six months' recruit training for the Militia followed by six weeks of battalion training, which had been successfully tried in the case of twenty battalions,[20] inspired the Commissioners with no confidence. They express their doubts whether forces so trained, and officered largely by men who are not professional soldiers, could acquire the same cohesion as armies which exact from their soldiers a progressive two years' course, and rely for their officers, except for expanding the subaltern ranks on mobilisation, upon professional leaders.

I have always understood that the training proposed by the National Service League was to be four months in camp during summer. I note, however, that the President of the National Service League writes in a letter addressed to a meeting held at Helbeck Hall, Westmoreland, as follows :

> I should like it to be made clear to-day that under the proposals of the National Service League the training of recruits would go on all the year round, and that the sons and servants of farmers would naturally be called up at that season when their work was least needed on the farms.

In the case then of an agricultural population the training is to be during the winter months and must be in barracks, and the barracks are not yet built. Even though the four months' training be carried out in standing camps, a large and uncertain outlay must be entailed. In such camps there must be drying sheds, baths, kitchens, canteens, recreation rooms, and

[19] Para. 83 of Report of the Duke of Norfolk's Commission : 'To make detailed recommendations under this head appears to us to be beyond the scope of our inquiry, especially as the principles which we recommend cannot be adopted without producing an effect on the Regular Army.'

[20] In 1906 and 1907.

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gymnasiums, and, above all, ample and excellent hospital accommodation in permanent buildings. This question of barracks accommodation which is at once raised by any extension of the four summer training months is most important. If the recruit training is to be four months only from the 15th of May to the 15th of September, then it could be carried out almost entirely in camp. The moment it is extended beyond that period, then barrack accommodation will be needed, and an enormous expenditure incurred.

The question of numbers is a puzzling problem for the National Service League. In the case of the Territorial Army the numbers are far too small; but the moment anything calling itself universal compulsory service is adopted the numbers are far too large. We understood at one time that universal compulsory service would benefit the whole youth of the country. Now it seems that a high standard of physical development is to be maintained in order to limit as much as possible the numbers to be trained annually. Therefore all idea of the moral and physical advantage of the stunted town-bred boy disappears. In short, that part of our population which would profit mostly by good food, healthy surroundings, and physical training will be excluded from sharing in these benefits. This is in no sense universal military training. The numbers are calculated upon the population of the United Kingdom, but as there is no Territorial Army in Ireland we are not told how military training is to be carried out in that country or to what units the Irish recruits will be attached in Great Britain.

A difficulty, with which the National Service League has made no adequate attempt to deal, is the provision of the professional teaching staff. This staff of officers and N.C.O.s must be drawn from the Regular Army. The National Service League estimate that their plan will require 2250 [21] Regular officers and 11,250 Regular N.C.O.s for recruit training alone. In my opinion that is an under-estimate because it allows of only one captain per 100 recruits and no Regular subaltern. But, whether it be an under-estimate or not, one thing is certain. The 2250 Regular officers are not available. If you withdraw them from the Regular Army its efficiency is impaired. Lord Haldane has told us that the mobilisation of officers for the Regular Army is a ragged business; but if upwards of 2000 are to be permanently withdrawn for the National Service League plan it becomes a shreds and tatters business. I cannot see that any medical officers are allowed for under the National Service League plan.

[21] By the *Report on the British Army*, 1913, p. 116, there are at present 411 Regular officers serving on the permanent staff of the Territorial Army. The National Service League propose to withdraw an additional 1839 Regular officers from their regiments to carry out their plan of training.

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Yet a large and efficient staff of medical officers must be provided from somewhere and increase the cost. Then 11,250 Regular N.C.O.s are required for the recruits' course, in addition to the present permanent staff for the annual training of 2167,[22] making a total of 13,417. But our reduced Regular Army is below its establishment in Infantry and Cavalry, excluding all other arms, by 6761,[23] and more recruits must be obtained before more N.C.O.s can be made. Under any circumstances these Regular officers and N.C.O.s must be supernumerary to the establishment of the Regular Army, and again the cost must be increased.

I cannot think that the duty of training the recruits of the compulsorily raised Home Service Army will be coveted by, or congenial to, officers and N.C.O.s of the Regular Army. Nothing is more interesting than to train recruits whom you hope will worthily carry on the traditions of the regiment to which you yourself belong. But to train a lot of boys whom you will never see again after their four months' recruits' course is a very different matter. Again, to be detailed for duty on the permanent staff of the Home Army is to lose all chance of that active service abroad to which the Regular officer looks for professional advancement.

More information is needed from the National Service League on the all-important point of the duration of recruit training. If the principle of compulsion is accepted, is the four months likely to become one year? If four months is to remain the period, will the training be carried on all the year round, and, if so, how will barrack accommodation be provided? Who is to determine whether a man gets off with four months for the Infantry or is compelled to do six months for the Artillery and Cavalry? Finally, how is it expected that the Regular Army can provide the 2250 officers and 12,000 N.C.O.s required for the recruits' course and annual training?

As regards Imperial Defence, the question is, Of what assistance will a compulsorily raised Home Service Army be to the Regular Army on active service overseas? The answer is, Next to none.

If the people of this country accept the plan of the National Service League they will accept it on the distinct understanding, repeated time after time on National Service League platforms, that the Home Army can never be used abroad, and never will be asked to serve overseas. If our second line is to be recruited by compulsory methods, then there is the greater reason that the home soldier should have the same protection against being

[22] *Official Report, House of Commons*, June 10, 1913, p. 1395.
[23] *Report on the British Army*, 1913, p. 116.

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made to serve abroad whether he will or no, which used to be accorded by Act of Parliament to the enrolled Volunteer. Protestations on platforms, and even pledges given by Ministers in their places in Parliament, constitute no written contract of service binding alike on the State and on the men. Even Secretaries of State for War find that sometimes circumstances alter cases. For instance, on the 12th of March 1907 Lord Haldane said, 'The Government do not contemplate disbanding or the destruction of any Militia regiment under the provisions of the Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill. One of the principal objects in view in establishing County Associations is to provide for the continuity of Militia traditions, and for the preservation of the distinctive character of each regiment in accordance with modern military requirements.'[24] When explaining the Army Estimates on the 14th of March 1909 Lord Haldane condensed the value of his previous assurance in half a dozen words, 'Of course the Militia has gone.'[25] Again, on the 8th of March 1906 Lord Haldane assured the House of Commons that 'To abolish ten home Infantry battalions was in military eyes tantamount to insanity.' Within a year one Guards battalion and eight Line battalions were by his order destroyed. The British Army knows no distinction between a home and a foreign battalion. As a fact, six out of the nine battalions were at home when Lord Haldane's pledge was given, and all, with one exception, were at home when the actual disbandment took place. Pledges and protestations regarding foreign service break; only an Act of Parliament binds.

An enrolled Volunteer was not allowed by the Volunteers Act to serve outside Great Britain.[26] Thus he was absolutely protected from every form of compulsory volunteering for service abroad. Before he could enlist in the Army he had to be struck off the rolls of the Volunteer Force. So long as he served under the Volunteer Acts he could never find himself in the position of belonging to a battalion of the second line which on parade is called upon by its commanding officer in time of national emergency to volunteer for foreign service, and all men not willing to do so ordered to fall out on the reverse flank. I do not believe in enlisting men even voluntarily, and much less compulsorily, for one form of service and then asking them, in circumstances where a refusal is so difficult as to be practically impossible, to volunteer to undertake another. The advocates of the National Service League plan would, of course, agree that any Act for enlisting men by compulsion must also confer

[24] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 12, 1907, p. 1403.
[25] *Ibid.* March 14, 1909, p. 1623.
[26] *Manual of Military Law*, 1907, p. 665 (Schedule).

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upon them statutory immunity from foreign service similar to that given by the Volunteer Act to members of that force.

This means that the second line cannot give that expansion of the Regular Army overseas, insisted upon as essential in the Report of the Royal Commission on the South African War. The National Service League scheme has nothing to offer Imperial Defence, except its reliance on the casual volunteering of men to perform exacting duties from which they have bargained with the State to be expressly exempted. As a matter of fact it is impossible for the general staff or the Imperial staff, or any other staff of honest men, to work out even the simplest schemes for the expansion of the Army abroad, when there is no certainty what number of regiments, of battalions, of batteries, or of men in any one unit will volunteer for foreign service. Imagine the general staff of a Continental military Power employed in wondering how many units, or how many individual men, will consent to cross their own frontier into the territory of the enemy who threatens them with attack. The British Empire has thousands of miles of land frontiers, but the National Service League Army will not go near one of them. I do not believe that the creation of military forces which not only will not cross the enemy's frontier, but which will prevent us from maintaining an Army that will do so, can be the final solution of our problems of Imperial and National Defence.

If the time has really arrived—and the result of the Prime Minister's inquiry will tell us whether that is the case—when perforce for the defence of our homes we must rely, like Continental nations, on universal compulsory military service, then we must equally perforce adopt Continental methods. We all understand conscription on the Continental plan of two or more years' service, and sending the Army wherever required. Japan is an island Power, but she sent her national Army overseas to fight with a European Power in Asia. Spain sent her Army across the Atlantic to fight with the United States of America in Cuba. Italy sent her Army across the Mediterranean Sea to conduct a campaign in Africa against Turkey. But on no consideration is our National Service Army to go abroad, nor is it to be expected to contribute men to the Regular Army on service over the sea. I know it is said that the men raised by compulsion for Home Defence are sure to volunteer freely for foreign service. 'Look at the Militia, look at the men from the *Spectator* Company who joined the Army, look at the Volunteers.' But what are the facts? During the South African War—a period of three years—not a single battalion of Volunteers served abroad. Lieut.-General Sir W. H. Mackinnon stated in evidence before the Commission on Auxiliary Forces that 'The whole of the

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Volunteers of London could not be relied upon to provide more than two battalions for a foreign war.' I believe that when that view was expressed there were about 35,000 Volunteers in London. An attempt was made in 1900 to establish Volunteer Service Companies—that is a company in each battalion who would agree to serve abroad in time of war. But, according to Sir Alfred Turner's evidence before the War Commission, the scheme was abandoned, owing mainly to the opposition of the Volunteers themselves.

Mr. Arnold-Forster records the following facts in relation to the services of the Volunteers during the South African War :

> Sixty-four companies were raised in the first instance; their establishment was 7424, the number embarked 7337. A 'Waiting Company' was to have been formed for each of the companies sent abroad, but for these companies only 2983 men enlisted, and from these 1074 men went out to reinforce the Service Companies. By the time the second contingent was formed a large number of the men in the 'Waiting Companies' had cancelled their engagements, and were not available. A second contingent ultimately went out, not to reinforce, but to relieve the first. This second contingent numbered 5363. Eight companies came to an end. In January 1902 a third contingent was raised, but, as before, not to reinforce, but to replace those who had already gone. This contingent numbered 2410. Of the original sixty-four companies sixteen had practically died out, and only eight were kept up to strength. Meanwhile, the Volunteer Force had increased by nearly 50,000 men. It is necessary to recite these plain facts, not, as oversensitive champions of the Volunteer Force are in the habit of suggesting, with any sinister intention, but simply because they illustrate a well-known truth, the truth, namely, that if men are required to perform the onerous duties of a soldier in war they must be retained either by contract or by compulsion. It is a grim truth, but it is a truth.[27]

Some Volunteers joined the Imperial Yeomanry and served in South Africa for five shillings a day. There was also the composite regiment known as the C.I.V.s. But a total contribution of 30,000 men in three years, an average of 10,000 men per year, is too insignificant to be of any use to the Regular Army on active service; 10,000 individual men per year cannot expand the Regular Army abroad by units. They will not suffice for more than the first draft.

It is not in the least discreditable to the Volunteers that only 30,000 men served abroad during the three years of the South African War, because they had expressly contracted with the State not to serve abroad, and this will be exactly the case of the insular Army when raised under the National Service League plan by compulsion. It is misleading to say that because the Militia served abroad therefore the National Service League Army, when recruited by compulsion for home service,

[27] *Military Needs and Military Policy*, p. 136.

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will do the same. In the Militia the tradition of foreign service had existed in that force for more than a hundred years. No tradition of foreign service existed in the Volunteer Force. None can ever be created in a Home Defence Army when enlisted under the National Service League plan of making a distinct bargain with them that the men are never to serve abroad.

The National Service League propose to meet the difficulty of drafts for the Army on service abroad by reverting to the old plan of bounties, by which men may be persuaded to undertake the liability to serve abroad on mobilisation. It is said, and truly, that this succeeded in the days of the Militia Reserve. But I remember that in 1898 an attempt was made to enlist a Special Service Section in the Militia for foreign service. The bounties offered were higher than those offered for the Militia Reserve. It was an annual bounty of 2*l.* and 5*l.* on return from the Army service. The men—this was before the South African War—would not touch this form of service, and the whole proposal dropped. The system of bounties is both hateful and unsound. It means going with money in your hand to a poor man—it is useless to go to one who is well off—and bribing him to accept conditions of service from which you know he would keep free were it not for the bribe with which you tempt him under the name of bounty. The National Service League propose giving men a bounty of 30*s.* to accept the liability for foreign service. Before the war comes no man, unless he is hard up or half-witted, will tie his hands in the matter of foreign service. He prefers to be free to volunteer or not as he likes, according to the circumstances of the moment. It is only the poor and needy who in time of peace sell themselves for 30*s.* a year. The National Service League hope to get 80,000 of these men, but this number is absolute guess-work. It is precisely the same plan as that adopted early last century. Then men were raised by ballot for the Militia. Many were substitutes, that is, paid by others to serve in the Militia and then bribed by a Government bounty to transfer to the Regular Army. Now a man is to be raised by compulsion to serve in the Home Army, and then, if poor and needy, induced by a bounty of 30*s.* to agree to serve abroad on mobilisation. As soon as he is sent abroad another man must be raised by compulsion to replace him in the Home Army. Bounties are incompatible with universal military service, which is intended to operate equally between all classes. In the Territorial Army at present, greatly to their credit, there are 19,512 men who have accepted the liability to serve abroad without any bounty.[28] But 80,000 men are needed. Again, a man who could ill afford to serve in the Home Army, possibly on account of others dependent upon him, is hardly treated if he is com-

[28] *Report on the British Army*, 1913, p. 125.

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pelled to do so because another with no domestic responsibilities has volunteered for foreign service.

We are apt to forget that when the Expeditionary Force is on service abroad we must maintain at the same time our garrisons in the Mediterranean, Egypt, the Colonies, Africa, and India. They will get no drafts from home, and therefore all the men due to pass to the Reserve must remain with them abroad and so check the growth of the Reserve at home. It is certain that if the Expeditionary Force is abroad in Europe no Reservists can come home from India, or the Colonies, or abroad. Therefore the Reserve-making power of the Army must be diminished as far as the Expeditionary Force is concerned by the Reserve product of all troops out of the United Kingdom.[29]

The National Service League Army would contribute next to nothing towards feeding the Regular Army abroad, and is therefore in no sense a solution of the problem of Imperial Defence.

The National Service League Army would create a wide gulf between the first line voluntary Regular Army abroad and the second line compulsory service Army at home. The following is Sir John French's view of the use of a second line Army.

> The Territorial Army is now the second line of the great national Army, and the only difference between the second line and the first line is that whereas the latter has to meet the first onslaught of war, and is, therefore, continually employed, the second line has to meet the waste of men and to furnish reinforcements after the war has gone on for some time, and to begin its training after the war has broken out.[30]

It is clear from these words that Sir John French considers the use of the Territorial Army to be to supply drafts to the Regular Army during the progress of a campaign abroad. We are all agreed that that is precisely what a second line Army should do. Sir John French, for reasons which he does not disclose, considers that the Territorial Army must meet the waste of war and furnish reinforcements to the Regular Army overseas. How this can be is obscure, because the Territorial Army is enlisted for home service only. Similarly the force raised under the National Service League plan are to be home guards, serving *pro aris et focis*. The Army Council seem to think that with the aid of a national crisis they can easily add to that motto the word *ubique*. At any rate, if by means of compulsion they have raised and organised a large Army at home, and the politicians will not send it on service abroad to save the Regular Army from destruction, that is not the business of the soldiers at the War Office.

It is quite conceivable that if the Regular Army was in great

[29] There were 114,156 Regulars serving abroad.—*General Annual Report*, 1913, p. 84. They cannot send a single Reservist to the Expeditionary Force.

[30] *The Times*, January 14, 1908.

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peril overseas the Government of the day might say 'The Home Army must serve abroad or the Empire will perish. We will amend the Act accordingly and abroad it shall go.' But would the National Service League Army accept foreign service? Why should it? The men were raised by compulsion under the distinct understanding with the country, and under contract made with the men themselves, that they were never to serve overseas.

An old chronicler relates that when King Edward the First tried to mobilise a certain baron to go to Guienne, the baron declined to proceed on foreign service. So the King sent to him a letter saying 'Per oculos Dei aut ibis aut pendebis,' to which the bold baron replied 'Per idem juramentum Domine rex nec ibo nec pendebo.'

In the Army raised by compulsion for Home Defence there will be many men who don't want to serve at home and who don't mean to serve abroad, come what may, especially as no Government can make them without first breaking faith with them and with the people. They will answer the Government in the same sense as the baron replied to King Edward the First. Once the Regular Army has gone abroad, then all power will reside in the insular Army. It is that force, and not the Government, who will be the masters of the situation. There will be plenty of men and leaders of men in the compulsorily raised Army alive to their position and to all its great political possibilities. If any Government proposes to break contract with them they have only to assert themselves and show their mastery over the Government.

The Army proposed by the National Service League will have far more of the civilian than the military element in its nature and composition. On first embodiment the officers and N.C.O.s will have no authority over the men at all. During peace the men have no time to acquire discipline, or the officers to learn how to maintain it. It is impossible to have discipline until the authority of the officers and N.C.O.s has been fully established by long and constant association. Time alone can create the habit of discipline in the units of an Army, and time in the case of the National Service League Army means a recruit training of four months at eighteen years of age and subsequently a colour service of two weeks each year. Is it reasonable to suppose that four months of recruit training at eighteen years of age will give a man such a sense of discipline as will be retained when he is recalled for service ten years after at twenty-eight years of age?

The National Service League are ready to strike a bargain with the country that if they consent to an insular Army being raised by compulsion, then in the absence of the Regular Army it is never to be used in case of conflicts between the civil power

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and strikers.[31] Who is to determine when a strike ends in a disturbance? Who is to differentiate between the circumstances attending a strike and a disturbance of the public peace? When does the strike end and the disturbance commence, and vice versa? On these points the men in the National Service Army will consider themselves the best judges. They will hold a meeting, debate the matter, put it to the vote, and act accordingly. It is certain that if the Government cannot use the compulsorily raised Home Service Army in aid of the civil power in Great Britain and Ireland, then it is impossible to send more than a part of the Regular Army abroad. In the case of the Territorial Army Lord Haldane gets over the difficulty of duty in aid of the civil power by saying that every citizen is bound to help the civil power when called upon to do so.[32] In the same way in the compulsorily raised Home Service Army the Government will call upon the men to aid the civil power, not as soldiers, but as civilians. The Lord Chancellor will explain to them the subtle distinctions of the law upon a most difficult point. But possibly men, who had been made soldiers against their will, will indulge in plain speaking and say : ' Soldiers of the national Home Service Army you have forced us to become, and as such you cannot use us in aid of the civil power. No more of your legal nonsense. You have no right to ask us to act. You can't make us, and we won't act, and there is an end of the matter. Send for your police if you like, but remember that we have been armed by you, and that they have not.'

I cannot support the plan of the National Service League because it does not give us in any sense the Army we require for Home or Imperial Defence. It is useless for the expansion of the Regular Army overseas and for supplying it with adequate drafts. It is contrary to common sense to suppose that by training eighteen-year-old boys for four months we can obtain better results than Continental Powers secure by training twenty-year-old men for two years. Any increase in the training period beyond four months would entail an expenditure which must cripple the Regular Army, and might even affect our spending power on the Navy, not to mention sky power. At best the force can only be used at home with any chance of success on the plan of smothering quality by quantity, a plan less and less likely to succeed as war and its appliances become more and more scientific. It cannot be used in aid of the civil power. Given

[31] On eight occasions between June 25, 1907, and July 1912 troops have been called out in aid of the civil power. In August 1911, 58,000 Regular troops were called out in consequence of the railway strikes.—*Official Report, House of Lords*, August 22, 1911, p. 1161.

[32] *Official Report, House of Lords*, March 20, 1912, p. 563.

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able leaders of a certain class—and there will be plenty of able men of all sorts and conditions in its ranks—it is far more likely in the absence of the Regular Army to control the Government than to be controlled by them, and to be influenced by political and not by military ambitions. Finally, it is impossible to bind any future Government not to reduce expenditure upon the Regular Army in order to finance the cost of a compulsorily raised Home Service Army.

There remains the third and last plan, the one which I advocate. It is to increase the Regular Army and its Reserves. The Special Reserve, now in a state of collapse, should be abolished. The whole of the Territorial Artillery and all Infantry battalions which are now, and always have been, hopelessly below establishment should be disbanded. The National Service League estimate the cost of their plan to be eight millions. I suggest a great reduction of the Territorial Force. I would expend not more than two millions on the reduced Territorial Army and an additional six millions on increasing the Regular Army and its Reserve, and on rendering recruitment more popular.

I know very well that it is said that we have reached the limit of recruiting for the Regular Army. But we must remember that Lord Haldane has, as he admits, reduced the Regular Army by 37,000 men[33] with the colours, a reduction of serving soldiers which must entail a corresponding decrease in the number in the Regular Reserve.

Lord Haldane, when dealing with the Army Estimates in 1911, said:

> I will now pass to the Army Reserve. I have said that the establishments with the colours have their peace establishments practically full. The Army Reserve on the 1st of October last was 137,712. It is said quite truly that this will fall very largely in 1913-14 to somewhere about 106,000 or a little more.[34]

The true result of Lord Haldane's reduction of the number of the men with the colours will not be apparent in the numbers of the Regular Army and of the Regular Reserve for sixteen years after the reduction first took effect. The simple reason of this is that after a man has served for twelve years with the colours and in the first-class Army Reserve, he is then re-engaged to serve for a further period of four years in Section D of the Reserve, making a total period of sixteen years of service. This plan of re-engaging Regular Reservists for four years after their first term of twelve years of service will continue Lord Midleton's Reserve as our great standby for another two or three years—that is, until the last man who is the product of the

[33] *Official Report, House of Lords*, February 20, 1912, p. 131.
[34] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 14, 1911, p. 2084.

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Regular Army before Lord Haldane reduced its numbers has completed his sixteen years' engagement and passed out of the Regular Reserve.

It is interesting to note the account given in the last Army Annual Report of the manner in which the Army Council has dealt with the Army Reserve. On p. xi we read :

> To meet the depletion in the Army Reserve that would otherwise have occurred between 1910 and 1913 it was decided in 1911 that a certain number of men of not less than four years' service, who would otherwise terminate their colour service during the later years of the period affected, should be allowed to pass prematurely to the Reserve without paying any part of the sum usually required by regulations in such cases. The number who prematurely joined Section B of the Army Reserve as a consequence of this arrangement during the twelve months covered by the present Report was 6045.

This means that a man is encouraged to leave the colours and join the Reserve by not having to purchase his discharge. By this simple means, and without attracting any attention, Lord Haldane has altered the terms of enlistment in the Army, a change of the greatest importance. He has quietly reverted to a modified form of Lord Midleton's terms of service, which he himself had condemned as impossible.

During twelve months 6045 men passed prematurely to the Reserve.[35] It is certain that if men are passed prematurely to the Reserve they cannot be with the colours, and as a result of this policy we see that there is a deficiency of 6884 serving soldiers in the Cavalry and Infantry alone. Even if recruits have been obtained, as they were not,[36] to fill the places of the men sent to the Reserve, it means a lower peace efficiency, and more boys to leave at home and more Reservists required on mobilisation. For the War Office this plan of suddenly passing men prematurely to the Reserve has one advantage. It renders it impossible to frame any calculations for the information of Parliament as to the future state of the Regular Reserve. Never again shall we be allowed the information contained in the return known as Lord Erroll's Return of the Regular Reserve.[37] For the moment and on the surface the state of the Regular Reserve seems most satisfactory. In reality its condition needs investigation as urgently as that of the Special Reserve, the collapse of which is now conveniently cloaked by a Departmental inquiry. The decrease of 37,000 men with the colours and of a corresponding number in the Reserve means, when the Haldane policy of reduction has had time to work out, the ultimate loss

[35] *General Annual Report*, published in 1913, p. 12.

[36] More recruits would have been accepted if they had been forthcoming.—*General Annual Report on the British Army*, published 1913, p. 7.

[37] March 31, 1909.

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of 80,000 men on mobilisation to the Regular Army. In other words, it means the loss of the numerical equivalent of upwards of four divisions of Regular troops, equal, according to Sir John French, to twelve divisions of Territorials.

For the efficiency of the Regular Army it is essential to revert to the old establishment of between eight and nine hundred men per battalion as in 1899.[38] Men who have left the colours and gone to the Reserve for not more than six months should be allowed to rejoin the colours if they wish. Again, men returning from foreign service should be allowed to serve upwards of a year at home previous to discharge, so as to enable them to get into touch with civil employment. These changes would mean a higher peace efficiency—that is, more men serving with the colours, and consequently fewer Reservists to be added on mobilisation. The establishment of all home Line battalions has been reduced,[39] and at the same time the number of boys increased owing to the enlistment of seventeen-and-a-half-year-old boys through the Special Reserve. For every young serving soldier in the ranks there will be two or more Reservists just called back from civil life. Battalions so composed can be no match in quality for the battalions which have been trained on a war footing for a considerable time. This point was the subject of question and answer in the House of Commons on the 1st of April of this year. Colonel Seely admitted that the proportion of soldiers serving in the ranks to the number of Reservists required to bring the battalions up to war strength has never been so large as is desirable on purely military grounds, but that it is considered that the fighting spirit of our voluntarily enlisted Army is a factor to be taken into account on the other side. When asked by Sir Reginald Pole-Carew if he thought the system a fair one to officers, the Secretary of State for War replied that it had been going on for a number of years, and that it had its advantages as well as its drawbacks.[40]

An increased establishment with the colours means an increased Regular Reserve, which is a far more genuine thing than the Special Reserve. The question is whether Colonel Seely and his successors in office cannot do more than merely restore to the Army the men whom Lord Midleton recruited for the Army, but whom Lord Haldane deliberately lost. It may, of course, prove that Lord Haldane has made it impossible for his successors at the War Office to do what his predecessors could do and did for the numbers of the Army. We know that the Regular

[38] *Army Estimates*, 1899-1900, p. 18.

[39] Establishment reduced from 800 rank and file to 720.—*Regimental Establishments*, 1903-04, and the same for 1911-12.

[40] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 1, 1913, p. 186.

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Army, Cavalry and Infantry, is at present 6884 men below its reduced establishment. By destroying the Militia Lord Haldane cut off a source of supply to which the Duke of Norfolk's Commission thus referred in para. 66 of their Report :

> The Militia Force has long supplied the Regular Army with a large proportion of its recruits—on an average of the seven years 1894 to 1902 about 16,000 men a year. It has formed a link between the Army and the people. It is evidently undesirable, so long as the Army rests upon its present basis, to introduce changes in the Militia, which might, by diminishing its strength, render precarious this source of recruits for the Regular Army.[41]

There is no doubt that extra pay and allowances in the Regular Army will give more officers and N.C.O.s who could be formed into a large teaching staff. Lord Haldane never fails to remind us that we should have left at home on the departure of the Expeditionary Force more than 100,000 Regular soldiers. It is well to remember that this number is composed of old Reservists and young recruits of the Line and Special Reserve. These battalions are useless as a Field Army. They are without officers and N.C.O.s. There is no transport and no brigade or divisional organisation. Above all, there is no trained teaching staff. Money would certainly supply these wants. It is impossible to improvise a teaching staff. We urgently need a large professional teaching staff of officers trained at Woolwich and Sandhurst and of N.C.O.s to deal on mobilisation with rusty Reservists and young recruits. At present we have none. We want far better and far larger depots for the Line, more like those of the Marines at Walmer, the Guards at Caterham, and the Rifles at Winchester, where there can be concentration, specialisation, and method, applied by a carefully selected, competent and ample staff to the rusty Reservists and the raw material. Instead of building barracks for training compulsory service recruits, let us spend money on improving the depots and building barracks in which the Line regiment could be quartered in the centre of its recruiting area. Many counties have never seen their county regiment.

Men will come forward at a national crisis, but at present, without staff of instructors or schools of instruction, we have no means at all of manufacturing them into officers and soldiers in time of war. We must greatly increase the size of Woolwich and Sandhurst. Additional expenditure would provide both the large teaching staff and the improved depots. These should be real schools of instruction amply and efficiently equipped with

[41] The average for four years from the Special Reserve is 10,000 per year.—*Army Annual Report*, 1913, pp. 106-107.

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instructors. It may be asked, how are you going to employ the large teaching staff in time of peace? A considerable number could be employed with their regiments, and give officers and N.C.O.s who are now very hard-worked a little more leave. This would be most popular and make the Service more attractive to both officers and N.C.O.s. There would be more Regular officers available for the permanent staff of the reduced Territorial Army. It is a complaint that so many officers are away from their units attending schools of instruction and various courses that there are not enough for regimental duty. The more schools of instruction there are for officers the better. They should be increased and not diminished.[42] Again, if we increase the Army, we hope to have a much larger number of men serving with the colours for officers and N.C.O.s to train.

The private soldier is now a much better-paid man than he was in 1900.[43] I should not advocate a large increase in the soldier's daily pay. I do not think it is required, and I do not think that any adequate result would be obtained in the way of increased quantity or better quality. I should look to making the ranks of the Army more attractive by a more generous treatment and better care of the soldier after he has left the Service. A soldier who has lost his health in the service of his country should then have a pension. If he is sound on discharge, then the Government ought to reserve for him every possible post in their gift that a soldier can fill to the exclusion of men who have never been in the Army. A large number of old Reservists and National Reservists could with great advantage be employed upon fatigue work and non-military duties, and thus set free the serving soldiers for military training in the true sense. Much, I admit, has been done by the Government in finding employment for old soldiers, but a great deal more could be done if it were not for the opposition of the Labour Unions. Surely it is not unfair to favour a man in his later life who has spent an exiled manhood and impaired his health and strength in the service of the country. The soldier abroad maintains and expands the Empire, by means of which the civilian remaining at home makes his living. The latter, in return, refuses to recognise that he is under the least obligation to the soldier. The objection to pensions, always paraded as overwhelming, is that a large non-effective list is created. But the answer to that objection is obvious. Without a non-effective list there

[42] In 1903, in the days of the Militia, 313 officers applied to undergo a course of musketry at Hythe; 121, or just over one out of three, were received.

[43] He gets 1*s.* per diem, 6*d.* proficiency pay—1*s.* 6*d.* He also gets 3*d.* per day ration allowances. He gets rations, lodgings, and clothing, and 10*s.* 6*d.* per week, and is not affected by the increased cost of living.

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cannot be an effective list, without a non-effective list you cannot have an effective Regular Army, and without a Regular Army you cannot have an Empire. At present we have a huge non-effective list of boys too young for service.[44] Much might be done by establishing all over the country more institutions such as the Chelsea Royal Hospital. Serving officers and soldiers ought not to be asked to support out of their pay men who, in their prime, have served their country well, but who are neglected by the State in their declining years. The Army should be made a profession affording the prospect of a lifelong livelihood, and not, as at present, the certainty of an exiled manhood and a needy old age. The old soldiers we see tramping along the roads are all of them walking advertisements against the folly of serving the country in the Army. No man should be allowed to leave the Army having some cause to give the Army a bad name on the score of the Army Council having broken faith with him, as men do now who are not allowed to serve for twenty-one years and earn a pension.

I know that the plan of increasing the numbers of the Army by treating the soldier better at the end of his service is a plan which needs time to become known and to influence recruiting. But, whilst looking mainly to better treatment of the soldier on leaving the colours for increasing the numbers of the Army, I would by no means neglect other moments of a soldier's life. I would advocate an increase of military schools for the education of the sons of N.C.O.s and men, such as the Duke of York's School, the Hibernian Military School, and the Queen Victoria School for Scotland. I would commend to the notice of those who realise our responsibilities institutions like the Union Jack Club and the Veterans' Club, a small payment on account which we all owe to our Army and Navy. I have suggested improved depots, and, if possible, barracks in a county for the county battalion. Everything should be done to encourage the friends and relations of men to visit them in barracks, and the barracks ought to be buildings which the men can show with pleasure to their friends. There is nothing more likely to attract visitors to the barracks than a band. But the band must play for the convenience of the men's friends; for instance, on Sunday afternoon. Nothing promotes recruiting more than sending men home for the week-end smart, contented, well-dressed, and with some money in their pockets. I have found this plan answer well for recruiting the Militia, but nothing of the kind has ever

[44] Average British recruits are on enlistment the youngest and in the poorest physical condition of those in any civilised Army. They cannot stand work which would not injure well-fed conscripts of twenty years of age.—*Army Medical Report*, 1908.

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been attempted for the Line, nor can it be with the present depots. We want the Territorial regiments in their own home counties. We do not want them swamped by 'wasters' from outside. In the words of Sir William Butler, 'We have departed very far from the old localisation idea, and every step we take away from that is a step in the wrong direction.'[45]

I am sure that in the end these inducements to enter the Army are far more sound than the hateful system of bounties.[46] It was a bounty of 2*l.* a head which enabled Lord Haldane to make his famous statement that he had added 90,000 men to the Regular Army when he abolished the Militia and created the Special Reserve. Lord Haldane has had another experience of bounties. Four years ago the Territorial Force threatened to collapse, especially in London. A great boom was organised for recruiting the Territorial Force in London by means of the *Daily Mail*, and above all by a gift of 15,000*l.* to the London County Association for recruiting purposes. Lord Haldane, in the House of Lords on the 10th of February, told us that 'We recruited 110,000 men in one year. In the light of the experience we now have that was a very foolish thing to do. The inevitable reaction sets in.'[47] Of course it does, and can only be met by another 15,000*l.*; that is where the system of bounties sets in.

Colonel Seely has told us that he will not increase the Regular Army.[48] On the contrary, we know that he has faithfully continued Lord Haldane's disastrous policy of reducing the Regular Army. This year he has reduced the Royal Artillery by 732 serving Royal Artillerymen and 5588 Special Artillery Reservists, a total of 6320 men and 528 horses. He has converted three Horse Artillery batteries into three Field batteries, which means a reduction for the three batteries of fifty-one men and 180 horses.[49] He has abolished six training batteries, which means the disappearance of 585 men and 288 horses.[50] He has further reduced the establishment of the remaining twelve training batteries, now known as depot batteries, by ninety-six men and sixty horses,[51] making a total reduction in Regulars

[45] Answer 1506, *Report of Royal Commission on Militia and Volunteers*, 1904.

[46] By the last *Army Annual Report*, published in 1913, p. 13, a bounty of 1*l.* has been offered to Special Infantry Reservists to re-engage for a further period of four years, with the result that the percentage of re-engagements rose from 26 to 37.7.

[47] *Official Report, House of Lords*, February 10, 1913, p. 935.

[48] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 11, 1913, p. 1571.

[49] *Ibid.* April 19, 1913, p. 1076.

[50] *Ibid.*; *Estimates, Effective and Non-Effective Services*, 1913-14, p. 14; *ibid.* 1912-13, p. 14.

[51] *Ibid.*

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of 732 men and 528 horses. An establishment of 12,000 Special Artillery Reservists is to disappear. The number now serving—namely, 5588—will not be replaced when their term of service expires. We have only two lines now, and these men belong to the first line on mobilisation, and are 5588 men lost to the Regular Army. As a matter of fact we have lost a serving strength of 732 men and 528 horses of the Regular Artillery and of 5588 Special Reserve Artillerymen, making a total of six cadres and 6320 men and 528 horses. An establishment of 12,000 Special Reserve Artillerymen enlisted for the services of divisional ammunition columns has been abolished. These 12,000 men formed part of the 90,000 men added to the strength of the Regular Army by Lord Haldane in 1909, and described by him as prepared to mobilise and go across the seas or to fight at home.[52] They have had but a brief and imaginary existence, but they served to convince the public mind at the moment that the Regular Army was not only not reduced but largely increased. Similarly the present reduction of 6320 men and 528 horses in the Royal Artillery is covered by the statement made in answer to a friendly question that the number of guns and fighting units remain the same.[53]

The Government will not increase the Regular Army. On the contrary, this year they have continued their policy of reduction. Colonel Seely tells us that he has failed to obtain the numbers requisite for the Territorial Army under the present system of voluntary enlistment, but appeals to us to redouble our efforts to make it a success. From the very first the Territorial Army has suffered from extraordinary and fantastic methods of recruiting, and now the Secretary of State for War exhorts us to redouble those absurdities and extravagances.

Under voluntary enlistment the conditions of service, outside the Regular Army, where lack of employment is a compelling factor, must be a compromise between what the War Office demands and what men are willing to accept. When you seek to enlist a class of men who are in a position to serve or not, as they choose, this class can afford to be and is largely influenced by sentiment. Voluntary enlistment is a shy growing plant, nurtured by sentiment and tradition. I admit that the voluntary system, complicated by sentiment, is but an unhandy substitute for the great 'no nonsense' principles of compulsory service, readily accepted by the Continent and by Japan. But, in my opinion, in this country to cry for compulsion for Imperial Service is to cry for the moon.

[52] January 7, 1909. Lord Haldane in East Lothian.
[53] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 19, 1913, p. 1076; *ibid.* March 26, 1913, p. 1615.

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We had two lines outside the Regular Army—the Militia and the Volunteers. Lord Haldane, in dealing with the Auxiliary Forces, paid no regard to the principles of voluntary enlistment complicated by sentiment, and consequently his scheme has failed for lack of officers and men.

The Militia is our oldest military organisation, and claims, I believe, to have originated in the days of Alfred the Great. At any rate, the long continuity of its existence is a proof of that it is a form of service congenial to the people of this country. It was apprehension of invasion from France and Lord Tennyson's poem of *Riflemen Form* which enrolled the Volunteer Force in 1858-59. It was Lord Haldane's Territorial and Reserve Forces Act which destroyed the Volunteers in 1907 by enlisting them as paid soldiers under the Army Act. In the case of the Militia, the commanding officers of that force previous to its destruction told Lord Haldane that if it were left under the Militia Act of 1882, and the control of Militia recruiting restored to Militia commanding officers, then under those circumstances they would undertake that the Militia should become a substantive force of the second line, enlisted for foreign service. Lord Haldane insisted that the Militia should not remain under the Militia Act of 1882, which embodied Militia traditions, and that the men should give precisely the form of foreign service which he demanded. The result is that the Army Council have in the Special Reserve exactly the form of service which they consider most convenient for the Army. It is a service without officers and without men. The plan will only work on paper. Lord Haldane told the Volunteers that they must no longer remain a third line, but become a second line in place of the Militia abolished, and undertake second-line training for second-line duties. This has proved to be impossible; so second-line training for the Territorial Army has been abandoned, and we are left with a first line, then a wide gap, and a third line which we are told to call a second line, and which is the happy possessor of a perfect paper organisation.

In 1909 I moved an amendment in the House of Lords to the Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, the object of which was to leave the Militia for two years as a force in being, until we had time to see whether the old third line, the Volunteers, would reappear as enlisted soldiers in the Territorial Army, which was to be our new second line. But that course did not commend itself to those who wished at one sweep to get rid of all voluntarily enlisted Auxiliary Forces as a certain prelude to some form of compulsory service. If Lord Haldane believed that the voluntary principle and none other was possible in this country, why did he not, at any rate in the first place, try

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the proposals suggested by the Duke of Norfolk's Commission for increasing the efficiency of the Auxiliary Forces whilst carefully preserving the sentiment and traditions which alone could supply them with officers and men? Lord Haldane was, of course, well aware that by no possibility could he create the traditions and the sentiment of the forces he was about to abolish, and that in the event of his new Territorial Army failing to attract officers and men in sufficient numbers he would then have destroyed the voluntary system, which he now assures us is the only system he has ever supported.

As a matter of fact, Lord Haldane as Secretary of State for War has done more than any other man to prepare the way for compulsion as advocated by the National Service League. If any Secretary of State for War had desired to bring about compulsory service he could not have taken a cleverer way than Lord Haldane's way. He would have begun by reducing the Regular Army. Lord Haldane has done so. He would then have destroyed all existing Auxiliary Forces dependent upon voluntary enlistment. Lord Haldane has done so. He would then have raised a force under an Act of Parliament to which by one stroke of the pen you could apply compulsion. Lord Haldane has done so. General Sir John French, speaking at West Bromwich on the 22nd of March, advised all there in favour of compulsory service to support the Territorial Army, 'because, if ever their views came to prevail, compulsory service could be brought about with the present force by a mere stroke of the pen.' A debate which took place in the House of Commons on the 11th of April on the National Service (Territorial Force) Bill shows that the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act is so ingeniously contrived that by a stroke of the pen it can be made into a Compulsory Service Act. For instance, under the Act recruits can be trained for six months and battalions for thirty days. Above all, the numbers are not limited; by a stroke of the pen the whole population can be trained for these periods. It is indeed a remarkable coincidence if this machinery was set up quite accidentally and without any eye on compulsion.

Lord Haldane, when addressing the London Rifle Brigade in January 1909, is reported to have said:

> The question increasingly put to him was, 'Why don't you ask Parliament to impose an obligation on all to serve for home defence?' He had sympathy with that question. He thought most people agreed that as for the slacker, who simply amused himself and did nothing, the country would no doubt show what it thought of him. In all probability he would find a short and sharp Act of Parliament passed, if war broke out, compelling him to train himself, and do it in some inconvenient and unpleasant part

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of the country, when he would not have the prominence of the undoubted popular esteem which was given to the man who trained himself as a Volunteer for the defence of his native land.

Lord Haldane here clearly expresses his conviction that when war comes a short and sharp Act of Parliament will be passed applying compulsion to that military organisation with which he has endowed us in place of the reductions in the Regular Army and Reserve, and in place of the abolition of the Militia and Volunteers. Two years later, on the 25th of October 1911, Lord Haldane said at Birmingham that 'He believed the Territorial Army to be an institution which had come to stay. It might develop. It might come to be based some day on compulsory service.' [54]

Lord Haldane tells us that he does not expect the country to adopt compulsory service until after we have met with disaster. There is no safer way of ensuring disaster than to reduce the Regular Army and defer the training of the second line until after war has broken out. Lord Haldane, in introducing the Army Estimates for 1909, insisted that a compulsorily raised Army at home is incompatible with a voluntarily enlisted foreign service Army. If that is true, it applies equally to our military forces before or after disaster. It is certain that the disappearance of the Regular Army is the end of the Empire, and that is the blind alley into which Lord Haldane has led us. Lord Haldane has told us that he meant to reorganise on two lines. The result of his attempt is a greatly reduced first line, no second line at all, and a third line force which is numerically a failure. The first measure must be to increase our first line, and reduce our expenditure upon that failure, the third line force. If we succeed in increasing our first line we shall also increase our Regular Reserve, which will stand between our first and third line for a time. By increasing the Regular Reserve we shall increase the numbers from which the National Reserve is formed. The only hopeful element in the National Reserve are the men who have served in the Regular Army. We cannot go on relying upon past generations of Militiamen and Volunteers who have been trained with rifles long since obsolete.

In 1900 the country was practically denuded of organised units of the Regular Army. The Royal Navy was completely available for its defence against invasion. We had embodied 124 Militia battalions, but that protection was not judged sufficient, and the state of public feeling—in other words panic—demanded emergency measures on a large scale, and Royal Reserve regiments were created at a cost of millions to the

[54] *Birmingham Post*, October 25, 1911.

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country. We can by means of the National Reserve repeat the Royal Reserve regiments. But the Army Council are unaccountably slow in getting any organisation into the National Reserve. Of course, the National Reserve bulk far more largely when unorganised.

The First Sea Lord, Prince Louis of Battenberg, speaking at the Union Jack Club on the 21st of April 1913, said: 'The presence of a sufficiently trained professional Army in these islands at all times was quite as necessary as the other arm of the Service.' We must keep part of our increased Regular Army—that is, our professional Army—always on a war footing; that is to say, ready for instant action without calling up a single officer, man, horse, or gun from any Reserve, and trained up to the highest point of efficiency. That is the practice followed by the military Powers on the Continent on their frontiers. The Government, with the full support of the Army Council, propose to wait till the enemy has landed before they begin to concentrate their central force. At one time they meant to begin to train their home defence army after war had broken out, but now at the dictate of convenience they propose to use it at once by dispensing with that training which formerly they pronounced indispensable. The number of Regular troops which we must keep ready mobilised, and part of whom must be in Ireland, must depend upon the decision arrived at by the Prime Minister and the Committee of National Defence after reconsidering the question of invasion.

The time has certainly come when we must choose between an increase of our Regular Forces such as I have indicated and universal compulsory service, but on the Continental lines, and not on the National Service League method. We are not, however, a Continental country, but an island. Moreover, we are the first naval Power in the world, and we have a huge Indian Empire; and I, for my own part, believe that we should find it sounder, more efficacious, and certainly in the end more economical, to pay for the skilled labour required for a Regular Army with a Regular Reserve sufficient to set our minds at rest concerning national defence, rather than attempt universal service for home defence only or a lavish expenditure upon the Territorial Army.

BEDFORD.

Woburn Abbey,
June 1913.

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A VISIT TO THE PANAMA CANAL

THE Panama Canal will stand out as one of the most noteworthy contributions that the Teutonic race has made towards the material improvement of the world. So regarding it, Englishmen and Germans may take some pride to themselves from this great achievement of the Americans. The Teutonic race has its limitations. It is deficient in the gaiety of mind, the expansiveness of heart, which add so largely to human happiness. Its bent has lain in directions that are, superficially at all events, less attractive. But by its cult of cleanliness, self-control, and efficiency, it has given a new meaning to civilisation; it has invented Puritanism, the gospel of the day's work, and the water-closet. These reflections may not seem very apposite to the subject of the Canal; but they will suggest themselves to one who arrives in Panama after travelling through the Latin States of South America.

It was, however, by some sacrifice of moral sense that the United States gained control of the isthmus. They offered a financial deal to the republic of Columbia: the terms were liberal, and the Columbian Government had in principle no objection to make money by the grant of a perpetual lease of so much land as was needed for the Canal. But it haggled unreasonably over the details, with the object of delaying business until the period of the French concession had expired, so that it might secure, not only its own share of the compensation, but the share that was to be paid to the French investors whose rights and achievements were taken over by the United States. A revolution occurred: the province of Panama declared its independence of Columbia, and at once completed the bargain. The revolution was so exceedingly opportune in the interests of the United States, and of the French concessionaires, that it is impossible not to suspect its instigation in these interests. Beyond a doubt the United States assisted the revolutionaries: they prevented the Columbian forces from attacking them. Panama was originally independent of Columbia, and had been badly treated by the Columbian Government, which, in its distant capital of Bogota, was out of touch with Panamanian interests, and returned to the province

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but a very small share of its taxes. But, however this may be, we may take it, without straining facts, that the United States, being unable to bring Columbia to terms, evicted her in favour of a more pliable authority. This is not in accord with Christian morality. Nor are political dealings generally. And, from a practical point of view, it was preposterous that the cupidity of some Columbian politicians should stand in the way of an improvement in geography. The agreement with the newly-born republic of Panama gave the United States a perpetual lease of a strip of land, ten miles broad, across the isthmus. This is styled the 'Canal zone.' The Latin towns of Panama and Colon fall within its limits. But they are expressly excluded from the United States' jurisdiction.

In substance the Canal works consist, firstly, of an enormous dam (at Gatun), which holds up the water of the river Chagres so as to flood a valley twenty-four miles long; secondly, of a channel—nine miles in length—(the Culebra Cut)—which carries the valley on through a range of low hills; and, thirdly, of a set of locks at each end of this stretch of water that are connected by comparatively short approaches with the sea. The surface of the lake will be from 79 to 85 feet above sea-level, and vessels will be raised to this height and lowered again by passing through a flight of three locks upwards and another flight of three locks downwards. The passage of both flights of locks is not expected to occupy more than three hours, and ships should complete the transit of the isthmus—a distance of about fifty miles—within twelve hours at most. The design of the work offers nothing that is new in principle to engineering science. Dams, cuttings, and locks are familiar contrivances. But they are on an immensely larger scale than anything which has previously been attempted. The area of the lake of impounded water will be 164 square miles, and it has been doubted whether the damming of so large a mass of water, to a height of 85 feet, could safely be undertaken. But this portion of Central America is apparently not liable to earthquakes. And the dam is so large as to be a feature of the earth's surface. It is nearly half a mile broad across its base, so that although its crest is 105 feet above sea-level its slope is not very perceptible. Its core is formed of a mixture of sand and clay, poured in from above by hydraulic processes. This has set hard, and is believed to be quite impervious to water at a much higher pressure than that to which it will be subjected. In the centre of the river valley—a mile and a half broad—across which the dam has been flung, there very fortunately arose a low rocky hill. This is included in the dam, and across its summit has been constructed the escape or spill-way. During seasons of heavy

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rain the surplus discharge of river water will be very heavy, and a cataract will pour over the spill-way. But it will rush across a bed of rock, and will be unable to erode its channel. And it will be employed to generate electrical power which will open and shut the lock-gates and generally operate the Canal machinery. The river Chagres will energise the Canal as well as fill it.

The locks are gigantic constructions of concrete. Standing within them one is impressed as by the mass of the Pyramids. The gates are hollow structures of steel, 7 feet thick. Their lower portions are water-tight, so that their buoyancy in the water will relieve the stress upon the bearings which hinge them to the lock-wall. Along the top of each lock-wall there runs an electric railway; four small electric locomotives will be coupled to a vessel as it enters the lock approach, and will tow it to its place. The vessel will not use its own steam. This will lessen the risk of its getting out of hand and ramming the lock-gate, an accident which has occurred on the big locks that connect Lake Superior with Lake Huron. So catastrophic would be such a mishap, releasing as it might this immense accumulation of water, that it seemed desirable at whatever expense to provide additional safeguards against it. There are in the first place cross-chains, tightening under pressure, which may be drawn across the bows of a ship that threatens to become unmanageable. Secondly, the lock-gates are doubled at the entrance to all the locks, and at the lower end of the upper lock in each flight. And, thirdly, each flight of locks can be cut off from the lake by an 'emergency dam' of peculiar construction. It is essentially a skeleton gate, which ordinarily lies uplifted along the top of the lock-wall, but can be swung across, lowered, and gradually closed against the water by letting down panels. In its ordinary position it lies high above the masonry —conspicuous from some distance out at sea as a large cantilever bridge, swung in air.

Peculiar difficulties have been encountered in establishing the foundations of the locks. The lowest of each flight are planted in deep morasses, and could only be settled by removing vast masses of estuary slime to a depth of 80 feet below sea-level. The sea was cut off and a dredger introduced, which gradually cleared its way down to the bottom rock. But the troubles which the American engineers will remember are those which have presented themselves in the Culebra cutting. The channel is nine miles long. Its average depth is between 100 and 200 feet, but at one point it reaches 490 feet. The formation of the ground varies extraordinarily. At some points it is rock; at others rock gives place to contorted layers of brilliantly

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coloured earth which is almost as restless as quicksand. Unfortunately, it is at places where the cutting is deepest that its banks are most unstable. The sides of the lowest 40 feet of the excavation —the actual water channel—are cut vertically and not to a slope : in a firm formation this reduces the amount of excavation, but in loose material it must apparently have increased the risk of slides. But, however this may be, slips on a gigantic scale were inevitable. The cutting is an endeavour to form precipitous slopes of crumbling material under a tropical rainfall : it may be likened to moulding in brown sugar under the rose of a watering-pot. The banks have been in a state of constant movement, and are broken up into irregular shelves and chasms, so that at some points the channel resembles a natural ravine rather than an artificial cutting. The excavation is practically completed to bed-level ; but even now from time to time the passage is blocked by falling masses. One slip covers an area of 47 acres, and slide débris has added quite a quarter to the amount of material which it has been necessary to remove. Some authorities hope for improvement when water is admitted : the pressure of the water may consolidate the banks. Others, less optimistic, fear such a result as of pouring hot water on to raspberry jam. One thing is certain,—that for some years to come the channel will only be kept open by constant assiduous dredging. But it is, of course, easier to dredge out of water than to excavate in the dry. The material excavated from the Culebra channel will aggregate nearly 100 million cubic yards. Some of it has been utilised in reclaiming land ; much has been carried out to sea and heaped into a breakwater three miles long, which runs out from the Panama or southern end of the Canal, and will check a coast-ways current that might, if uncontrolled, silt up the approach.

The Canal is a triumph, not of man's hands, but of machinery. Regiments of steam shovels attack the banks, exhibiting a grotesque appearance of animal intelligence in their behaviour. An iron grabber is lowered by a crane, it pauses as if to examine the ground before it in search of a good bite, opens a pair of enormous jaws, takes a grab, and, swinging round, empties its mouthful on to a railway truck. The material is loosened for the shovels by blasts of dynamite, and all the day through the air is shaken by explosions. Alongside each row of shovels stands a train in waiting ; over a hundred and fifty trains run seawards each day loaded with spoil. The bed of the Canal is ribboned with railway tracks, which are shifted as required by special track-lifting machines. The masonry work of the locks is laid without hands. High latticed towers—grinding mills and cranes combined—overhang the wall that is being built up.

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They take up stone and cement by the truck-load, mix them and grind them—in fact, digest them—and, swinging the concrete out in cages, gently and accurately deposit it between the moulding boards. How sharp is the contrast between this elaborate steam machinery and the hand-labour of the *fellahin* who patiently dug out the Suez Canal! But there are, so to speak, edges to be trimmed: this mass of machinery is to be guided and controlled, and there is work to employ a staff of over 30,000 men. Some 4000 of them are Americans, who form a superior service, styled 'gold employés' in order to avoid racial implications. Their salaries are calculated in American dollars. The remainder, classed as 'silver employés,' are paid in Panama dollars, the value of which is half that of the American. Two series of coins are current, one being double the value of the other; and, since the corresponding coins of the two series are of about the same size, newcomers are harassed by constant suspicions of their small change. The 'silver employés' number about 26,000. Some of them are immigrants from Europe—mostly from Italy and the north of Spain—but the great majority are negroes, British subjects from Jamaica and Trinidad. It was foreseen that if negroes from the Southern States were employed, the high wages rates might unsettle the American cotton labour market: so it was decided to recruit from British colonies, and it is not too much to say that, so far as the Canal is hand-made, it is mainly the work of British labour. Several hundreds of Hindus have found their way here; they are chiefly employed upon the fortifications, because, it is said, they are unlikely to talk about them. These British coloured labourers, with their families, constitute the bulk of the population of the Canal zone: the town of Panama swarms with them, and one sees few of any other class in the streets of Colon. The American engineers have thus been working with a staff that can claim the protection of the British Minister; and it is pleasing to an Englishman to hear on every side the heartiest tributes to the energy, tact, and good sense of England's representative, Sir Claude Mallet. At the outset the negro labourers were exceedingly suspicious of the American authorities, and were ready to strike on the smallest provocation: they have refused to take their rations until Sir Claude has tasted them. He possesses the complete confidence of the British labour force, and indeed the Hindu immigrants, who deposit money at the Consulate, will hardly wait to obtain receipts for it.

Speaking of rations, it may be mentioned that the Canal authorities undertake to feed all their employés, and a large commissariat establishment, including extensive cold-storage depots at Colon, is one of the most prominent features of their

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administration. Every morning a heavy trainload of provisions leaves Colon, dropping its freight as it passes the various labour settlements. In numerous eating-houses meals are provided at very moderate charges, and at Panama and Colon large up-to-date hotels are maintained by the American Government. These are used very extensively by the Canal staff, and give periodic dances which are crowded with young people. The vagaries of the one-step are sternly barred by a puritan committee, and, to one who expects surprises, the style of dancing is disappointingly monotonous. But these hotels are also of great use in conciliating the American taxpayers. Tourists come by thousands, and elaborate arrangements are made for their education by special sight-seeing trains, by appreciative guides, and by courses of lectures. The Canal staff is also housed by the State—in wooden structures, built upon piles, and protected by mosquito-proof wire screening. The accommodation for bachelors is somewhat meagre; but married couples are treated very liberally, and their quarters are brightened by pretty little gardens. The rates of pay are high, and there are numerous concessions which to one of Indian experience appear exceedingly generous. But the expenditure throughout is on a lavish scale: the Canal will not cost much less than eighty million pounds. The money that is drawn from the American taxpayers is, however, for the most part returned to them. Practically the whole of the machinery is of American manufacture; the food is American; the stores that are sold in the shops are mainly American; and the only money that is lost to the States is that which is saved by the foreign labourers. Very few of these have any intention of remaining under the American flag, or will, indeed, be permitted to remain. Residence within the Canal zone, apart from the towns of Panama and Colon, is only to be permitted to the permanent working staff of the Canal and to the military force in occupation. It should be added that the salaries of the American 'gold employés,' liberal though they may appear, do not tempt them to remain in service. One is astonished to learn that nearly half the American staff changes annually: young men come to acquire a little experience and save a little money, which may help them to a start in their own country. Service on the Canal works leads to no pension; and the medal which is to be granted to all who remain two years in employ is but moderately attractive to men whose objects are severely practical. The chief controlling authorities are all in the military service of the State.

In the Northern States of America the British love of cleanliness has become a gospel of life, and the sanitation of the Canal zone is a model of scientific and successful thoroughness.

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To India it is also a model of hopeless generosity, nearly three million pounds having been spent in improving the health conditions of this small area. The agreement which reserves the towns of Panama and Colon to the administration of the republic of Panama provides for American interference in matters that may concern general health, and the Canal authorities have taken the fullest advantage of this provision. The streets of both towns have been paved; insanitary dwellings have been ruthlessly demolished; waterworks have been provided by loans of American money, the water rate being collected by American officials. The meanest house is equipped with a water-closet and a shower-bath. Panama and Colon are now models of cleanliness, and from their appearance might belong to a North American State. Efficiency is the watchword, and in cleansing these towns the American health officers have not troubled themselves with the compromises which would temper the despotism of British officials. Americans can hardly be imagined as stretching their consciences by such a concession as that, for instance, which in British India exempts gentlemen of position from appearance in the civil courts. Efficiency is not popular with those who do not practise it, and the Latin races of Southern and Central America have no love for their northern neighbours. The Americans, like the Germans, would increase their popularity did they appreciate the value of personal geniality in smoothing government. Within the Canal zone the jungle has been cut back from the proximity of dwelling-houses; surface water, whether stagnant or running, is regularly sterilised by doses of larvicide; all inhabited buildings are protected by mosquito-proof screening, and, in some places, a mosquito-catching staff is maintained. At the time of my visit not a mosquito was to be seen; but this was during the season of dry heat, when in India mosquitoes cause little annoyance. During the rainy months they are, it seems, still far from uncommon; and the latest sanitary rules emphasise the importance of systematically catching mosquitoes that are not hindered by the wire verandah screens from finding their way into houses. Medical experience has shown that if houses are kept clear of mosquitoes in this fashion there is very little fever even in places where the water pools and channels are left unsterilised. Wire screening, supplemented by a butterfly net, is the great preventive. But we cannot attain the good without an admixture of evil: behind the wire screening the indoor atmosphere becomes very oppressive. Yellow fever, the scourge of the isthmus in former days, has been completely eradicated. Admissions to hospital for malarial fever amount, it must be confessed, to several thousands a year. But, judging from the terrible experi-

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ences of the French Company, were it not for these precautions fever would incapacitate for long periods the whole of the staff.

The hospital, a heritage from the French, is a village of wooden buildings set upon a hill overlooking the Gulf of Panama, in the midst of a charming study in tropical gardening. It is managed with an energy which explores to the uttermost the medical experiences of other tropical countries, and is not afraid of improving upon time-honoured methods. The daily dose of quinine is seldom less than forty-five grains, and patients are not allowed to leave their beds until their temperature has remained normal for five days at least. Complaints of deafness are disregarded; if the patient turns of a blue colour he may be consoled by a dose of Epsom salts. It is claimed that by this drastic treatment the relapses are prevented which, in India and elsewhere, probably account for at least nine attacks out of ten. But it is difficult to believe that, if these enormous doses of quinine could be safely employed in India, British doctors would not have made the discovery. The conditions of Panama are not, of course, precisely those of India. One soon realises this when noticing with amazement that not a single person protects his head with a sun-hat. It may well be that the general health would be better did men expose themselves less recklessly to a tropical sun. But cases of sunstroke are exceedingly rare. The hospital is, however, almost a place of general resort: about half of the employés come under the doctor's hands for some period or other each year. Men are encouraged to put themselves to bed for quite small ailments; indeed, there is a general permission to take annually a fortnight's 'rest-cure' in hospital. We may imagine with amusement the feelings of a chief engineer in India if a subordinate asked leave to treat himself so carefully.

Democracies are not always fortunate in the selection of their executives. But Mr. Roosevelt's Government was gifted with the wit to find, in the United States Army, men who could carry out this big work, and with the good sense to employ them. So much is told of the commanding influence of Colonel Goethals, the chief in command; of the administrative talents of Colonel Gorgas, the head of the sanitary department; of the engineering skill of Colonel Sibert, the protagonist of the Gatun dam, that an Englishman must wish to claim kinship with these American officers who are making so large a mark upon the surface of the earth. Devotion to the great work in hand has exorcised meaner feelings, and you will hear little of the 'boost' which we are tempted to associate with the other side of the Atlantic. I asked Colonel Sibert whether his initial calculations had needed much correction as the operation developed. 'Our *guesses*,' he replied, 'have been remarkably fortunate.' The medical staff

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relate with delight how a British doctor, sent by the Indian Government to study their methods, being left to himself for half an hour, succeeded in catching quite a number of mosquitoes of a very noxious kind within the mosquito-proof precincts of a hospital ward.

And what of our difference with the Americans over the question of the Canal dues? We must remember, firstly, that our agreements with the United States referred to the Nicaragua, not to the Panama route. At that time the Nicaragua route was in favour, and our local interests on the coast enabled us to bargain that the American canal should be open indifferently to all the vessels of the world. The terms of the agreement referred generally to a trans-isthmian canal, and, strictly construed, apply to the Canal at Panama. But we possessed no interests in Panama; and, had Nicaragua not been in question, should have had no grounds for making any stipulation whatever. In the second place, from the practical point of view we cannot feel surprised that the Americans, having made the Canal, should desire to secure some benefit of their own from it. We hold that a chivalrous respect should be paid to the letter of an agreement. But across the Atlantic there is undoubtedly a tendency to confuse chivalry with quixotism: the Americans accuse us of playing to lose, whereas with them a game is for winning—somehow or other. But there are not a few to whom this comparison is exceedingly distasteful, who would resent the idea that Americans are less scrupulous than Englishmen. Their views appear to be gaining ground; and we may, not improbably, find that in the end the United States Government submits itself to the letter of its promise.

Eighteen months have still to pass before the Canal is officially due for opening. But it seems probable that a vessel may be passed through it as soon as this summer's rain has filled the reservoir.

New York is now divided from San Francisco by 13,135 miles of sea travel. The Canal will reduce this distance by 7873 miles, and will bring New York 6250 miles nearer Callao and 3747 miles nearer Valparaiso. The Pacific Ocean includes so large an extent of the curvature of the earth that the effect of the Canal in developing trade routes with Asia will depend very greatly upon their direction across it. Vessels from New York which, after passing the Canal, trend northwards or southwards upon the great circle, will find that the Panama route will be much shorter than that *via* Suez; they will save 3281 miles on the distance to Yokohama and 2822 miles on the distance to Melbourne. But if their course lies along the equator the Panama Canal will not curtail their journey very materially. It

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is surprising to find that Manila will be only forty-one miles nearer New York *via* Panama than it is *via* Suez, and the saving on a journey to Hong Kong will be no more than 245 miles. In trading with Peru, Chile, Australia, North China, and Japan, the merchants of New York will gain very materially by the opening of the Canal. They will gain, moreover, by the withdrawal of the advantage which English merchants now enjoy in trading with New Zealand, Australia, North China, and Japan *via* the Suez Canal. At present London is nearer to these places than New York is by 1000 miles or more. The Canal will not only withdraw this advantage: it will give New York a positive advantage in distance of 2000 to 3000 miles. It is more than doubtful, however, whether the Canal would ever have been constructed in the sole interests of commerce. Its chief value to the United States is strategical; it will mobilise their fleet and enable them to concentrate it upon either their eastern or their western coastline. The Canal will primarily be an instrument against war; but, like much else in this world, it will incidentally bestow multifarious advantages. The importance of fortifying it is manifest. It would appear that the locks at either end are open to naval bombardment; indeed, those at Gatun are clearly visible from the sea. Fortifications are being constructed at both entrances, and it is probable that the Canal zone will be garrisoned by a force of 25,000 men. World enterprises involve world responsibilities.

BAMPFYLDE FULLER.

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TEN MONTHS' CAPTIVITY AFTER THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE

VIII

My Sojourn in the Hut

Before I proceed further in my narrative, I should like to give my readers a description of my captor. He was named Mahomed Ismail Khan, and was a sowar belonging to the 3rd Cavalry. In age he was quite young, numbering about twenty-eight years; of medium height, and sallow complexion. His face was badly pitted with pock, and was adorned with a black beard divided in the centre. His eyes were the most striking feature in his face, being black and piercing, and capable of driving fear into one. The expression of his face was not by any means pleasant, and when roused to anger it was terrible to behold. His costume consisted of white pyjamas, very close and tight-fitting at the ankles and baggy at the thighs; a white chupkan or coat reaching down to the knees, while his head was surmounted by a white turban of great size.

While in my hut, I heard the rebels around me talk of some of the unfortunate ladies who had been removed from the boats at the Ghat. They were carried in carts, gazed at by a whole host of fiends, and were such pitiful objects to look at that even the black hearts of some of the monsters were moved with compassion, and they declared that it was a crime to put to the sword such fair and tender creatures. One young lady they described as being exceedingly beautiful. She had been wounded, and was lying on the cart with her hair thrown back. Its great length and dark colour, together with her delicate complexion, some of them said, gave her the appearance of an angel; others adding that they could compare her to nothing but a rose. I heard that she was a Miss Blair. The carts passed close to my hut, but I dared not look, as the sight would have been too painful.

My hut was not far from the Assembly Rooms, and I heard many tales of the sufferings of the women and children confined there. Old and young were subjected to dreadful indignities and cruelties, some of which would be too shocking to repeat.

There was a bandmaster's wife, a native convert to Chris-

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tianity (of which fact, however, the sepoys were not aware), who was allowed access to the Assembly Rooms, and was also permitted to enter my hut, and who used to relate to me accounts of the terrible scenes enacted in the Assembly Rooms. She said that the prisoners had not received any food for two or three days, and that one day some food was taken there to tantalise them; and, after being shown to the prisoners, was quickly removed. I also overheard a sepoy telling another outside my hut, with a fiendish laugh, how he had been to the Assembly Rooms with a few handfuls of gram which he had thrown on the floor, a few grains at a time, and how the women and children fought and struggled for it; and that the *babalog* (kiddies) were asking for pice! This pitiful sight seemed to have afforded considerable merriment to the rebels, who enjoyed it immensely.

I myself was allowed only one scanty meal a day, consisting of dâl and chappaties, varied occasionally by the addition of a little curry.

While in the hut I often heard the booming of guns and musketry, accompanied by the heartrending shrieks of the poor victims and the fiendish yells of the sepoys and the rabble. I can never even now hear the cry of a pack of hungry jackals without each time being reminded of that day.

The bandmaster's wife was afraid to show too much sympathy towards me, lest she should meet with an untimely end. The good woman, whom I since met repeatedly, died at Furrukhabad while I was there.

IX

On the March

When the rebel army moved for Allahabad, I was carried a prisoner along with them. I was asked to be their guide, on their arrival at Allahabad, as I knew the place well, for the purpose of showing them the easiest approach to the Fort, which it was their intention to seize. I thought to myself that that was easier said than done, and had determined in my mind to mislead them as much as I possibly could. However, on arriving at Futtehpore, the rebels very unexpectedly came upon a column of our troops, under the command of General Havelock, as I afterwards learned. What anguish it was to be so near our soldiers, and not to be able to effect my escape! I was too closely guarded, however, to dream of making the attempt. General Havelock's column, proceeding up to retake Cawnpore, soon routed them, and they retreated hastily. I then heard that some of the mutineers had cut up their women and children, for fear that they should fall into the hands of the British, who, they expected, would ill-use them, in the same way as they had done ours.

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I also learned that an exceedingly fair girl, with light hair and blue eyes, was sitting on the roadside, and on inquiry was told that she had been abandoned by a sepoy to whom she had been married from the Assembly Rooms, on account of an order from the Nana that anyone found to have an English girl with him would be severely dealt with. What became of the poor girl I do not know.

While crossing the Panday Nuddee (or canal) I saw, to my horror, a pair of child's boots, enclosing a portion of the legs, lying in the nuddee! The poor little thing must have been fleeing with its parents, when the sepoys overtook them and cut off its legs.

The greater portion of the mutineers made for Delhi, taking me along, but, ere they could reach that place, were informed of its having been retaken by the British, which, however, I learned later was not the case at that time. This news afforded them a most unpleasant shock, as they had so prided themselves on their great strength, that they could scarcely credit the fact that the native force which had been in occupation of Delhi had been vanquished. What delight it afforded me to witness their chagrin! It seemed some little comfort for the hardships I was enduring.

They then changed their course, and made for Furrukhabad. *En route* to this town, I remember having to ford a river. The sowar rode on horseback, while I had to submit to the indignity of holding on to his horse's tail! The Nawab of Furrukhabad had, a few days' previously to our arrival, massacred twenty-one Europeans. Some of the poor ladies, I was told, had pleaded hard for their lives, especially one young girl, who was their last victim. She put up her hands in a most supplicating manner to her executioners, pleading so hard for life that the devil himself would have been melted to pity. But many of the mutineers were worse than devils, for they sported with her fears one whole day, and if ever a human being went through the tortures of hell, this tenderly nurtured English girl did. They used to fire on her every now and then, using blank cartridges however, screaming with delight at the sight of her horror-stricken countenance after every round that was fired at her and she still found herself alive. Firing these blank cartridges at short range, they blackened her face with the powder and singed her lovely hair, and as quickly as she used to wipe the stains off with her pocket-handkerchief, they used to fire again and blacken it afresh. Tired of this performance, they reopened fire on her with small shot, peppering her pretty face till it was nothing but a mass of blood and smut. When satiated with their cruelties, they cut her throat from ear to ear.

Shortly after my arrival at Furrukhabad, imagine my horror

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when I was told that I was to be made the next victim! But they had arranged for a better programme this time, and one in which the whole town could participate. I was to be blown from the cannon's mouth! One hundred cavalry and the same number of infantry were to be paraded to see the unique spectacle of an English girl being consigned to perdition in the quickest possible manner. Fortunately for me, the same Moulvies who had 'converted' me were at that time heading the mutineers at Furrukhabad. They had heretofore protected me only in consequence of my conversion to their faith, but were now forced to give a proof of their allegiance to the Nawab by assisting to murder me. Almighty God, however, who had up to then preserved my life, and in Whom I had put my trust, did not forsake me in this terrible plight, and the Moulvies, while pretending to acquiesce in the Nawab's wishes, moved to compassion for me sent for my captor and concerted with him for my escape. I was conveyed to Lucknow that very night, and there concealed for two months in a dyer's hut situated close to the Residency.

At one of the stopping stages we came across a picket of native soldiers, and the sowar, being challenged as to the occupants of the dooly in which I was being conveyed, replied that they were the ladies of his zenana, and, in corroboration of his statement, a black female hand was immediately thrust out of the dooly. He had very 'cutely provided against a contingency of this nature by sending a black woman to accompany me in my flight.

X

At Lucknow

To think that I was so close to the Residency caused me great unhappiness. What would I not have given to have been in that garrison! Many and terrible were the hardships I had to suffer during the two months of my stay in this hut; to detail them would take volumes.

My place of concealment was a most wretched hovel. I, who had been reared in the greatest comfort and luxury, who had been the petted and spoilt child of loving parents, had now to live like some trapped animal in a cage. There was hardly room to move about in, the hut being large enough only to accommodate a charpoy. There was no ventilation whatsoever, and the heat was intolerable. I felt every minute as if I would have died of suffocation, and doubtless I should have come to an untimely end, were it not for the fact that I was sometimes permitted to emerge from my den to take the air for a few minutes at night.

From this hut my captor was obliged to remove me, as some women had discovered my existence, and, not being convinced

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that I was really a convert to the Moslem faith, threatened to betray the sowar to the authorities. My captor thereupon took me to a bungalow in some other part of the town, which had originally been the residence of a Mr. Simpson, and the native name of which was 'Tha-ra-walla Kotee' (Observatory). Here I was secreted in the kitchen, which seemed a palace contrasted with the hovel I had recently occupied. In the building itself now dwelt Sha-ah Hum o Dilla, the Moulvie of Fyzabad, who had brutally murdered every European in that town. These were not his only victims, as in Lucknow he had added to the list by putting to death about fourteen women and children, together with a few native Christians. They had concealed themselves in the underground cellars of the above-named house, were dragged out by a mob, barbarously served, and then shot, after which their bodies were hacked to pieces and left to be devoured by vultures.

While secreted in the building, the Moulvie headed a small detachment of troops and had a skirmish with the British, who dispersed them in no time. It was a thousand pities, though, that they allowed him to escape, but this was a common occurrence. The mutineers and their leaders always found a way of escape, and often have the runaways laughed at the easy way they have gone off scot-free. The only man for whom the sepoys had any respect was Sir Henry Lawrence. I have myself heard them say that he was the right man in the right place, and that it was their intention to have spared his life when they took the Residency. They added, moreover, that while he lived they were afraid to build their hopes too high, but on death removing their most formidable opponent, they considered the retaking of India a light matter.

No person who has not actually heard them will credit the low opinion they entertained of the talents of our officials. The Nana is stated to have been very much flattered at the high sum (one lakh of rupees) that had been offered for his head, and said that it was worth that and more; but that Lord Canning's 'brainless' one caused him no anxiety, and could be left where it was!

When the Moulvie fled from 'Tha-ra-walla Kotee' I was left behind, and for two days and a night was the sole occupant of the kitchen. I would have made an attempt to escape, but for the fact that the whole city of Lucknow was in possession of the mutineers, and had I been discovered on my way to the Residency I should have experienced a horrible death.

For three days I had neither water nor food—only a few dry betel leaves to chew; but the hope that the English, who were not far off, might come that way, after dispersing the rebels, sustained me through my troubles. But a bitter disappointment

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was in store for me, as, instead of the British troops coming my way, the rebels returned. Although they had been engaged in a slight skirmish, their losses had been heavy, which infuriated them to an alarming extent, and momentarily I expected them to wreak their vengeance upon me. The babel of noises that ensued on their return, and their appearance, which was something fiendish from the large quantity of *bhang* (an intoxicant made from hemp leaves) which they were consuming, frightened me to death, and, to escape observation, I concealed myself behind a pillar in the kitchen.

For more than twenty-four hours I hid myself, not daring to move, until at last I was released from my uncomfortable position by my captor, who took me to one of the mothers-in-law of the King of Oude, who was subsequently held as a State prisoner in Garden Reach, Calcutta. This woman was related in some way to the sowar, and he sought her aid with respect to my safety, telling her that I belonged to the Moslem religion. She faithfully promised to protect me, but, as soon as I was left to her care, began to plot and plan my destruction. She addressed the Begum, and her son, Birgis Kudder (who had been elected King of Oude by the Mahommedan rebels on the capture of the previous king), saying that though she had consented to protect me, she now thought better of it, as it was a shame that a Kaffir *soor* (pig) should have been allowed to live so long. My profession of faith, she added, was only a make-believe, and she was complimentary enough to compare me to a serpent that would, sooner or later, turn round and sting the hand that nourished it, finally suggesting that on no consideration should they permit me to live any longer. Her arguments were considered very strong, and this child-king—for he was not more than thirteen years old—was about to send a body of men to take me before him.

When I learned all this my heart failed me, for I really did not know what dreadful fate was to befall me. In my despair I remembered the Moulvie of Fyzabad, and though he had not a very savoury reputation, he was the only one able to save my life, could I but persuade him that I was a staunch follower of the Prophet! He was held in Lucknow in the light of a saint and a prophet, and was treated with the utmost veneration; and a word of his would overrule their determination to destroy me. The Mahommedans of Lucknow believed that nothing could ever hurt him, and that he was invulnerable from shot and shell! I entreated of my captor most piteously to be taken to him, which he did.

Obtaining an interview with him, I imposed on his credulity so successfully that he admitted I had claims on his protection,

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and, before I left his presence, made me take an oath to comply with all their religious observances; and, to test my sincerity, administered the 'sacrament' to me at once, by making me partake of a sweetmeat of which he ate one-half and handed me the other. He then declared me his 'Moreed' or disciple. I thus had become bound to follow him wherever he went, to observe all their festivals, and rigidly keep every fast.

It was with considerable loathing and repugnance that I went through the above ceremony, being, as I have been all through my life, a devout Christian; but life is sweet to the young, and the end justified the means.

As a result of the above-mentioned farce, I had to pray five times a day, and the hours appointed for the aforesaid prayers were most unseasonable at times; for instance, at midnight and before dawn, thus disturbing my rest. I had also to recite endless petitions as lustily as my lungs would permit. All this was done in the Hindustani language, in which I had now become thoroughly proficient.

The Moulvie was residing in Ali Nucky Khan's Palace, situated on the banks of the river Goomtee, close to Gow Ghat and Jummun Neah Bagh, where I stayed a month. The palace was a square building, surrounded by out-offices, which formed the boundaries. In the centre of the courtyard stood a small one-storeyed building, containing a very spacious room, where the Begum of Oude used to hold her *kutcheri* or court. In the middle of this room there was an underground cellar, where the treasure of the King of Oude, consisting of personal and State jewellery, money and other valuables, amounting to three crores of rupees (or, roughly, four hundred and fifty million pounds sterling!) was hidden. When the inmates fled, on the arrival of the British into the town, and deserted the palace, they left the treasure behind, merely covering it over with a layer of rubbish and a large green-painted wooden blind, such as you see in the verandahs of houses in India. On my release from captivity I informed my uncle of the existence of the treasure, and begged of him to communicate with the British Government, but he always treated my information as the ravings of a demented woman, otherwise I should have received a large percentage from the Government, which would have made me rich for life, instead of leaving me the pauper that I now am. The treasure, however, was discovered by the British the year following, and more than compensated them for the ten lakhs surrendered to the enemy by Sir Hugh Wheeler.

The Moulvie allowed me two meals a day, a light at night, and a room to myself, all of which were esteemed by me as great

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privileges indeed, after all that I had gone through before. I must not forget to mention that he used to converse with me in English. He had been to England, and seemed a highly educated and intelligent man. Among other things he told me was that Bombay belonged to his forefathers, and that by right he ought to be Sultan of it. He also boasted that once when on a visit there, he was so highly respected and esteemed by our countrymen, that one of the officials had offered him his daughter in marriage!

I had often to put up with the blasphemous taunts of those about him. They used to ask me where was the God I served, and how was it that He did not help the Christians in their need. Our God, they also said, was plainly a false one, or never should we have fallen into the hands of the heathen.

This was the opinion they held of our religion; but no pen can describe the contempt in which they held our officials, our Government, and even our beloved Queen. The Moulvie remarked in my hearing one day that he would not honour her so far as to make her his wife, but that when his standard waved over England—of which he was perfectly sure—she should be ranked amongst his meanest slaves! What our most gracious and revered Majesty had done to incur his anger against her was never made clear to me; but I treated his talk as the vapourings of a boastful man.

No defeat ever discouraged him, the Koran, he said, leading him to expect reverses for the present, but promising a complete victory over us at the expiration of six years; and, until that time arrived, he used to say that nothing would daunt him, and no power compel him to sheathe his sword in this religious war. He was also confident that the Russians would aid him to exterminate their common foe, the British.

At one time, when asked by the young King of Oude to head his forces, he consented on condition that the heads of Captains Orr, Jackson, and other gentlemen whom he named be first brought to him. His request met with a ready compliance, and these poor men fell victims to his cruel caprice. The ladies and children connected with these victims, he requested, should be kept as prisoners, intending to offer them in exchange for Wazid Ali Shah, the ex-King of Oude. I also found that it was for this same purpose that he had spared my life. Some difference, however, arising between himself and his followers, he told me one day that he thought it advisable for me to leave him, for he had strong suspicions that some of his men would either poison my food or murder me secretly; and that, though the King's mother-in-law (the treacherous old dame already referred to) was not

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favourably disposed towards me, I had better return to her, as he saw no other alternative.

I followed his advice, and bent my steps back to the house of this heartless woman. I must confess that I went with a dismal foreboding of evil; but I was by now somewhat indifferent as to what became of me. I would have hailed death now with joy, for what was life to me, bereft of home, parents, friends, and the comforts and even the necessities of life? Life was hardly worth living under such distressing circumstances as these, and escape from captivity then seemed perfectly hopeless. The only thing that terrified me, in connexion with death, and which weakened my nerve whenever I had to face it, was the awful manner in which one met it in those horrible days, where one—and more especially a woman—was submitted first to such fearful outrages, indignities, and tortures that made the heart quail and the blood to curdle.

On arriving at the beldam's house, I found, to my great surprise, and no less relief, that she had gone on a visit to some relation. There was only one slave left in the house, but my captor succeeded in bribing her to receive me, and for a time at least I was left unmolested.

The rebels in Lucknow now mustered about ten thousand strong, but the advance of the English just then, making the place too uncomfortable for them, caused a general move. I had hoped that, in the confusion and flight, I would have been left behind, and our column was so close that there was every chance of my being rescued. The sowar, however, was determined that my captivity should not end just then. He removed me to a different part of the town, mounting me on a horse which was unmanageable, and I was thrown off in attempting to go through a doorway. It was rather low, so that I struck my head against it and fell, narrowly escaping being trampled to death. As it was, the animal put his foot on mine, making me scream with pain. My captor, lifting me on to the horse, told me to turn round and look. Conceive my feelings on beholding our soldiers, who were but a short distance from me! I could have cried from vexation. He must have read grief and disappointment on my face, and, to annoy and insult me, began to make offensive remarks, drawing a comparison between white men and monkeys, white men, he said, being cunning like monkeys, and having the same habit of smelling their food before eating it. I do not know to what species of animal he would have likened the mutineer, as the tiger is a noble beast compared to the genus that the Indian Mutiny gave birth to!

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XI

The Ending of My Day

The body of rebels above referred to did not all take the same course. Some went to Furrukhabad, while others swelled the army of the boy-king. A few others, who were tired of fighting, resolved upon retiring to their homes. Among the last was my captor, who took me along with him.

The country was now so surrounded by our forces that a journey of four days took twenty to accomplish, and I had to walk all the way. My feet were perfectly lacerated, and so weak was I from constant fever, ague, and privation, that every moment I thought I should have sunk; but He who had filled my cup to the brim helped me to drink it.

While passing through Rai Bareilly my life was once more jeopardised. We fell in with a Zemindar (landed proprietor) and some sepoys, who, suspecting I was a Christian, would not let me proceed. For two days I was detained, but, as the guard put over me was not very vigilant, I managed to escape at night with the assistance of the sowar.

By the rebels of this place a gentleman named Gall was murdered. He was making his escape in a dooly, disguised as a native woman, was dragged out, taken to the Serai, and killed.

After a long tramp we reached a village named Goothnee, on the outskirts of Allahabad. I believe this was the home of my captor, for he notified me of his intention to stay there. Only a year previously I had been in Allahabad with my parents, while on our way to Lucknow, and had stopped a few days with an uncle of my dear mother's, a Mr. Flouest, who was a wealthy indigo planter.

What painful memories were now awakened, and what a dreadful contrast did my life in those days present with my life now. Gone were home, parents, brothers, and sisters; gone were peace and happiness, and everything that made life worth living. I, a young girl, to whom life had opened such a pleasant vista only a short twelve-month ago, was now a slave, an outcast, a pariah—a veritable wanderer on the face of the earth! Was it for this, I wondered, that I was brought into the world, to have my heart crushed and mangled, to be made the cruel sport of degenerate, filthy, loathsome, demoniacal natives? I, whose robust youth and vitality cried out to God and Nature to be allowed to live? Was it to be ever thus? Was I to go down to my grave, never feeling the touch of a white hand—unbefriended and unknown? The thought was maddening! Ten dreary months—that seemed as many lifetimes—of horror, grief, and heartrending anguish had been my portion up to now, and

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every living, breathing cell in my frail body seemed to shout out the query 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

I had been in this outlandish village about a month, when constant reports of the success of the British troops on every side were brought to my captor, throwing him into a great fear. It was also rumoured that every district was to be searched for Christian captives, and it was proclaimed that the Government would grant free pardons to all those rebels who delivered up their prisoners. Now was the time for the sowar to save his life by delivering me up. I watched him closely, and found that he seemed considerably perplexed. On the one hand he appeared distrustful of the *bona fides* of the Proclamation, as, treachery being the breath of his nostrils, how could he abstain from suspecting the British of being guilty of a ruse to reclaim their white brethren? On the other hand, if he were found in possession of a white captive, his life would pay the penalty. Of the two evils he decided to choose the first, the second being stamped with too great an element of certainty to be pleasant to contemplate. He at last informed me that he would release me, provided I gave him a solemn undertaking to act as his advocate, and obtain for him a free and full pardon for the part he had played in the rising.

Oh, the joy of living once more, free and unfettered, and among civilised and refined surroundings! I felt like a soul who had sojourned in hell, and was now about to leave the abode of the damned! I could have leaped and danced and cried, and hugged my captor for very joy, for my heart sang to the sweet refrain 'Freedom at last, freedom at last!' How good God was for delivering me from the hands of the Philistines, and for having watched over me during the entire ten months of my captivity! When the bullets fell like hail around me, as I sat on the deck of the boat at the Massacre Ghat, He it was that kept me unharmed; and how many times since had He not preserved my life? Surely the sun seemed to shine much brighter to-day than it had ever done before; or was it that my glazed eyes were now clear of the mist—created by the many bitter tears I had shed—that had clouded them before? Oh, my heart, my heart, how it beats, as if refusing to be any longer imprisoned in the limited confines of my frail body! What though I was an orphan? Outside my barred and dismal cage the sun shone, the birds sang, and all Nature rejoiced; and life was sweet! In the joyous state of mind I found myself in, how insignificant my past troubles seemed to appear; it was as if an angel from God had wiped them away from my memory, for the moment, and had also reclothed me with a new body!

I was ready to promise my captor anything and everything,

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and to do all that a woman's wit and ingenuity could suggest in effecting my release. Still suspicious, he made me reduce my verbal promises to writing, and even himself dictated what I should write. To make doubly certain, he enlisted the services of an English-speaking Munshi to translate to him, word for word, all that I had written.

Fully restored to confidence, he released me, and I proceeded, as quickly as my enfeebled condition would permit, to journey to the nearest village, called Synee, that part of the province being more or less restored to quiet and order. To reach Synee I had to cross a river, and found, to my vexation, that the native boatmen were unwilling to carry me over, thinking I was a native and perhaps connected with some rebel party. On assuring them, however, that I was a white woman in disguise, they consented.

On my arrival at Synee I went to the Thannah (or police-station), where I interviewed the native official in charge, informing him that I was an English lady, and—at the same time placing my hand inside the bosom of my jacket—that I was the bearer of an important despatch to the General Sahib in charge of the Fort at Allahabad; and requesting that a dooly be placed immediately at my disposal, to convey me thither. With a promptitude that astounded me, a dooly, with a relay of bearers, was in a few minutes in attendance, and I left the thannah.

By midday I reached Allahabad, and directed the men not to take me to the Fort, as I did not wish to be seen in my native clothes, but to take me to the house of my grand-uncle, Mr. Flouest, whom I have already referred to.

Ten months of suffering, together with my native dress, had so wrought a change in my appearance, that even when I had revealed myself to my uncle and aunt, they found it difficult to believe that one whom they had long mourned as dead now stood before them in the flesh.

I give below an extract from the *Bengal Hurkaru*, which I believe is known to-day as the *Indian Daily News*, dated the 23rd of April 1858, which refers to me:

> A correspondent at Allahabad, who writes on the 8th of April, states that a lady, whose name we do not give, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, arrived at that station on the 7th. Her adventures have been great, and are as follows: She was at Cawnpore and went to the boats with the party. She was taken out of them by a sowar of the 3rd Cavalry, who took her with him to Lucknow, then to Furruckabad, then to Delhi, and, after the taking of that city, back again to Lucknow. When Lucknow was taken he brought her to Synee, or Sainee, a chokee on the Grand Trunk Road near Allahabad, and left her to make her way into this station. She is in great distress of mind, often in tears, has forgotten much of the English language, and looks prematurely aged.

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It would be superfluous to dwell on the warmth of their reception of their grand-niece, and my aunt very kindly placed her entire wardrobe at my disposal. I was glad indeed to discard my hateful native dress with its still more hateful associations, and to habilitate myself once more in the garb of civilisation.

In order to place me beyond the possibility of recapture, my uncle suggested that I should leave Allahabad that very evening for Calcutta, where I had two aunts residing. I left the same night by the steamer *Calcutta*, an I.G.S.N. Co.'s boat, commanded by Captain Burnell, arriving at Calcutta a week later.

The gharry that conveyed me to the ghat at Allahabad had catches on the inner sides of the doors, which I was carefully instructed by my uncle to close and fasten, and on no account to open the doors until I arrived at the ghat, where I should see many lights burning and hear many voices.

There was only one lady passenger on board with me, who was a fugitive from Agra.

On our way down the river we met with an adventure which might have terminated very seriously. The Captain had left behind the flat which he had been towing, in order to see whether the river ahead was navigable. No sooner had we shot forward, when we were surprised to see a large army of rebels, about 3000 strong, fording the river between us and the flat. Apprehending that our boat was well armed, they avoided us; while we, on the other hand, were momentarily in expectation of an attack from them, which would have been disastrous, as we had only one gun on board, which was kept for the purpose of shooting crocodiles, these pests being a source of delay to navigation on the Ganges in those days.

I had, before leaving Allahabad, sent a line to one of my aunts, telling her I was all alone in the world, and apprising her of my arrival; and when the steamer arrived at the landing-stage, I was surprised to find the bank crowded with people, who had come to see the only female survivor of the Cawnpore Massacre! I was glad, however, to escape the ordeal of a reception, as a friend of my mother, a Mr. Grob, who was a big merchant in Calcutta, steamed up in his launch, which I quickly boarded and landed from, lower down the river.

In this narrative I have not given all the details of my sufferings, as memory fails me, and besides, I feel unequal to the task. For several months after my return to Calcutta I suffered severely from melancholia, and was a mental and physical wreck. I had lost acquaintance with my mother tongue, and actually had to begin my education all over again. It was the following year that I wrote most of this narrative, and it was indeed a painful task, as, though removed from the terrible scenes which

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marked the previous year, my flesh crept at the recollection of the horrors I had gone through. I remember an instance of two little European lads, who, with their parents, had been taken prisoners. Every day the devils used to pierce and cut their little bodies with penknives, and compel their parents to witness the sight. This was told to me by the very men who took part in the satanic act. Cruelty of the most devilish type seemed to have been part of their flesh and blood. I have known them, when fleeing from our troops, murder in cold blood those members of their own families who, from age or sickness or some physical disability, were likely to prove impediments in their flight. Once they cut off the hands of one of their own people because they suspected he had adulterated the gunpowder he had supplied them with! Mutilation was a common practice among them. Several tales regarding this barbarous act used to be gleefully repeated to me by them, and whenever I evinced horror at the recitation, I would be told to feel thankful to them for having spared me, which indeed I was! I might now be a ghastly horror, *sans* nose, *sans* ears, and *sans* hands; but God be praised, I was saved that fate.

I remember, shortly after my arrival in Calcutta, in 1858, having been asked to give evidence in regard to mutilation, before a Society named the 'Reform League,' which consisted of the leading Government officials and mercantile men of Calcutta. The sittings were held in the Town Hall.

A great deal more I could add that would excite the sympathy of my readers and prove interesting; but I cannot allow my mind to dwell any longer on the past. As it is, this account has made me live my sufferings over again, reviving scenes and incidents that I would give the world to forget. None know how bitter are my remembrances, nor the desolation that presses so heavily upon my spirits. My aching heart now bears only the images of the dead, and no spectre could haunt me more than the thoughts of the past.

AMELIA BENNETT.

Howrah.

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THE GREATER AGRICULTURE

A FEW years ago a slight snow of some two or three inches had fallen, and a young man of the type which prefers casual to continuous work, calling to ask for a job to sweep the snow from my doorstep, remarked 'I don't know what this country is coming to; there are 400 men out of work on Kingston Market Place to-day.' I suggested that if he had lived through the thirteen weeks of frost in 1879-80, and knew the spirit of pluck with which that hard time was met, he would not be grovelling over a night's snowfall. Every year brings more luxury and extravagance in living, rendering all of us less willing to face restrictions, and with it, probably, a greater horror at the prospect of a short food supply in time of war. Probably with many the question of starvation has less effect than that of loss of luxuries; many can appreciate the inconvenience of denial in respect to luxuries; and many comfort themselves with the reflection that if our Navy is beaten war will come to an end quickly, so there is no need to dread actual starvation.

As a matter of fact, there is no need to fear starvation in any ordinary siege to which this country is likely to be subjected through the temporary impotency of her Navy, if what may be termed the Greater Agriculture is followed. The distinction between this kingdom holding within itself a supply of food which will feed the people for a year, and the power of the land to produce year by year continuously sufficient food of the luxurious nature to which the populace has become accustomed, is a profound one, although it does not appear to be generally recognised; but it answers the question of a provision of the necessary supply to keep the people in health and comfort for a year and even more indefinitely, provided the people will stand the monotony of the dietary. The need of a people militarily trained to defend the shores in the event of the Navy being put to disadvantage becomes obvious; the excuse that, with the Navy held up, resistance would be useless is swept away.

Leaving out Ireland, which, as a country mainly agricultural, has a sufficiency of food by production or could easily have it with a modified cropping, Great Britain, with a population of

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about 40,000,000, has, according to the Agricultural Returns, available in June of each year approximately 30,000,000 sheep, 7,000,000 cattle, 2,500,000 pigs, 1,500,000 agricultural horses; there are 1,500,000 horses otherwise engaged, fish, poultry, game, rabbits; the cropping of 5½ million acres of corn land shortly becoming available.

This is a food supply which need not give rise to fears of immediate starvation. To kill breeding stock and lower the stock-raising powers of the country for some years is very disastrous to its welfare; but wars are disastrous to a country's welfare, and if there is to be war and our country is involved in one, those in the country must take their fortune as they find it and do what they would abhor doing in peace time, even though it be killing the goose that lays the golden egg.

It is not the intention here to go into a complete analysis of the possibilities of the feeding powers in the food sources mentioned, but one may touch on one point, horseflesh. This country has always been supplied liberally with good beef and mutton, and horseflesh is not permitted as a food, unless it comes from abroad under the cover of a sausage-skin or as a preparation for soups. The horse practically knows not tuberculosis nor most other diseases imparted to man by animals, and no animal is so clean in its habits or more particular as to its food. In other countries horse-meat is valued on its merits and greatly helps the people to a sound flesh diet. For a long time many thousands of old horses were exported yearly to be slaughtered for human food, realising several pounds sterling to the exporter and a big return to those who sold the meat either as flesh or after manipulation. For humanitarian reasons the export of all crippled horses, not necessarily diseased, has been prohibited, with the result that these horses are sold for cats' meat, realising for skin and all, to the farmer, only a sovereign. Meanwhile he would be a bold man who could say that no horse-meat is consumed in England after having been preserved in one form or another abroad. If encouragement were given to establish works to make up sound horseflesh into the palatable foods imported here, selling the product abroad in peace time and using it as food in time of war, the price realised by horses no longer fit, through accident or other causes, for work, would greatly encourage horse-breeding in this country; horses would not be worked so long, and would suffer less, as they would be fattened out sooner; a profitable industry would be carried on in this country; there would be an unlimited supply of horses for war purposes, and for food also. A good horse gives several hundredweights of meat practically of as good feeding properties as beef, and not so very different in flavour that all would know one from the other.

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Luxurious Englishmen turn up their noses at the idea of eating horseflesh in peace times; they might be very glad of it in time of war.

Mention has not been made of potatoes, which could be grown in such quantity that no man in the country need go hungry for a day. The average growth of potatoes in Great Britain is just over half a million acres; Germany grows eight million acres. It would not be impossible to find four million acres in Great Britain to go to potatoes; but there is no need for that quantity; there need not be an enormous breaking up of pasture to find room for it. The idea of millions of acres may seem to be overwhelming to some, but when it is remembered that 2½ millions of acres of wheat went from British farming in a few years after 1879, and that British farmers have made their cropping 'all square' in the few years since, it is seen that a great change in cropping is not insurmountable.

As a food in time of war potatoes could be made the main stand-by. With 2,000,000 acres of potatoes yielding eight tons per acre 16,000,000 tons, or 35,840,000,000 lb., would be grown. A population of 40,000,000 souls would thus be provided with 896 lb. per head, or 2.4 lb. per head per day throughout the 365 days of the year. That is, every man, woman, child and infant would have that quantity available. Those growing the present half-million acres and making big profits in doing it would probably be strongly opposed to an increase, and would offer suggestions as to its impracticability. The Greater Agriculture provides for this and for the disposal of surplus in time of peace. Those at present growing need have no fear, as coarse varieties unsuitable for culinary purposes would be developed to meet the purposes of industrial demand.

It may be urged that a potato dietary would be monotonous, but hunger is a good sauce, and if food supplies were cut off from abroad there would be plenty of this sauce. It is an open question if it would not be for the good of the country if a little of this were experienced. Potatoes lack the nitrogenous constituents of wheaten flour, but even in these days over 3½ million acres of wheat and oats are grown, and they would give a protein stiffening, though the nearly half-million acres of peas and beans, which are so very strong in albuminoids, would also be available. One is not suggesting that in time of war the potato would be the only consideration, because it would not be.

With more than a million acres of turnips grown, and 150,000 acres of cabbages, kohl rabi, rape, carrots and onions, the soup pot would not be neglected. And it has to be remembered that both in respect to live stock and croppings the figures quoted deal only with those of farms, and not with those grown in

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gardens and small allotments, the area collectively of these, of course, being very great.

But there is another great source of food for both man and animal which is practically untouched in this country—sugar. The possibilities of sugar production are commensurate with those of potatoes. If 2,000,000 acres of beets were grown, an industry of anything over 20,000,000*l.* annually would be established, and an enormous addition would be made to the food supply in time of war. That sugar beet can be grown to yield as much weight per acre, and sugar per ton, in average years, as is obtained in the countries where the greater part of the sugar beet is grown, is a certainty. There are many firm believers in the profitableness of sugar-beet growing, and the fact that home-grown sugar has been satisfactorily made and marketed has given confidence to many who needed ocular proof of the possibility. Some thousands of acres are already under cultivation, but the future is in the balance. Many British farmers have not yet satisfied themselves that the inducements to grow sugar beet are sufficient to warrant their changing their cropping to introduce this crop. Sugar beet has been definitely shown to carry a profit under certain conditions of soil and market; a profit of some pounds sterling an acre; but many hold that the introduction of the beet crop would disturb their present system of farming, which they find satisfactorily profitable. This is not an opinion to be scoffed at; beet has to be grown on arable land, and it is the arable farmer who gets the greatest amount out of the land, be it meat, milk or corn. This mixed farming involves an interlocking of work and method not commonly understood by those with only a nodding acquaintance with farming, who write or prate glibly of agricultural methods, particularly as practised abroad, where there are not such broad systems of farming as are found at home. I think there are many who would not benefit by substituting sugar beet for mangolds or swedes, or for some other crops, where they would take beet only occasionally. It is purely a matter of the extent to which they have a loose end to their system which would admit beet without disturbing the even tenor of the general system they are carrying out.

But that there is room for a vast acreage of beet to be grown advantageously there is no doubt, and this can be provided for in the Greater Agriculture. Sugar-beet growing is practically a necessity in the coming farming of this country. Those not intimately associated with farming do not recognise how wide are the changes in farming in the past quarter of a century; even statistics do not show this, and the casual traveller through the country recognises no difference; he may see an occasional

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new machine, but the country looks the same, because he does not realise the alteration in method that the farmer has adopted. There have been changes, things are changing and will further change, and changes will be made which will admit sugar-beet growing.

As an instance, the oat crop is in an unsatisfactory condition; the decrease in wheat growing encouraged oat growing as an alternative. Much land is now oat-sick; it has grown oats too frequently, and has become so infested with eel-worms that 'tulip root' prevents tens of thousands of acres from developing the crop. But it does not stop here; too frequent cropping has encouraged the frit-fly to such an extent that the injury yearly wrought by it probably far exceeds that done by the eel-worm. A vast area of the land bearing oats in recent years must be wrested from them. Again, the displacement of horses by mechanical power for road traction, etc., shortens the demand for oats. Further, the vast opening up of land in new countries must throw upon this country an increased quantity of oats. Probably this will not be a permanent feature, though it may last for some years and might be permanent, except that in new countries, such as Canada, Australia, the newer of the Western U.S. of America, etc., the splendid natural fertility is being dissipated with such terrible wantonness that in a few years the advantage held by them in being able to crop without manuring will be lost. At present all is for breaking up new ground and skimming the virgin fertility by exhaustive corn crops, and with nothing done in the direction of cropping which will conserve fertility. Gradually the population of new countries increases, whilst the yield per acre decreases, as is shown in the case of the United States where the first fertility has been skimmed. During the few years while the rapid opening up of new land will materially affect our markets the British farmer will have to trim his sails to meet such conditions as the process of exhausting new lands provides. It is therefore necessary for him to bring himself to look forward.

His live stock does not appear to be in so dangerous a position; the great Continental countries have raised their standard of living, and will probably demand meat on a far greater scale than in the past. All leading countries are raising their standard of living, and with the westernising of ideas among the yellow races it is not improbable that meat will enter more into their dietary. Changes that the British farmer will make will, therefore, have to be in a direction that will not disturb too much his stock-raising interests.

A Greater Agriculture is in many ways opposed to the modern idea of small-holdings as a panacea for all the ills that past

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practices are alleged to have given rise to. Unfortunately, small-holdings have become a matter for party politicians to juggle with, and their economic value has been placed in a distorted manner before the public by the misrepresentation of facts in Press and on platform. The bid for votes, sensational and paragraphic journalism, and the aspirations of land reformers have made small-holdings a shuttlecock and everybody seems to claim the right to wield the battledore. There is one exception—farmers, and their voice is no longer heard in the matter. It is therefore an anachronism for me to make comment on the matter. When universal small-holdings came into the range of practical politics, farmers uttered cautionary words; they knew the uncertainty of the land; they had seen the difficulties of small-holders beside them all their lives; they knew (in spite of the expressed views of those who had never walked across a muddy field, and could not tell a mangold from a swede, that farmers knew nothing of their business) that when a series of bad years came, capital beyond that which credit banks other than those philanthropically founded would supply would be lost and not made good, and that there was nothing more cruel than inveigling on to the land men with small capital, no knowledge of land, animals or country life. Their warnings were taken as being dictated by selfishness in the desire to keep the land to themselves. They were so insulted by those not in a position to form an opinion on land matters, but who theorised from isolated matters to which they could not give collectiveness and could not have put into practice, that for some years they have kept a rigid silence. The discussion of the matter is in the hands of the theorists. Where men have a special aptitude for the work, have experience in it, have favourable soil, climate, market, and other essentials, success, at any rate a measure of it, has attended their efforts, just as it would whether the land be held in large or small parcels. There are others struggling; others have ceased to struggle; the bitter wail of the small-holder is heard in the land, and but a little time since the Lord Mayor, Parliament and other bodies were appealed to to help those who had met specially disastrous conditions. There is no mention of the small shopkeepers who suffer through the smaller business they do in consequence of the lessened income they receive because those in their district have less to spend. Those of us who have been long on the land know the rebuffs we get, and we know the danger of tempting the inexperienced to embark on a precarious calling. Those who wish well, see the desirability of making facilities for those likely to succeed to take some small parcels of land; but nothing that has been done leads to the hope that the indiscriminate parcelling out of the land into small lots

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generally throughout the country is for the individual's or the country's benefit. Unfortunately, it will take long for this to be generally recognised, as political aspirations will keep the question to the front, and all parties will urge the value of small-holdings; many will be deluded into a struggle they wot not of. Even Belgium, the country where small-holding has been developed steadily through generations, and where the work is best done, has a gradual but decided falling off in small-holders. As it is, there is practically no increase in rural population in Great Britain; there is, rather, a decrease. Something better is needed to reawaken country life; it cannot come from a matter so fictitiously exploited as has been the small-holding craze; it cannot be from a calling needing continuous propping by Governmental or charitable bodies, nor should the other industries of the country be taxed to support an individual industry which gives no substantial increase in return for it. Small-holdings have always been with us in considerable number. Unfortunately, it is commonly accepted that the idea is a new one. There is no reason why the number should not be extended so long as the extension is on sound, economic and not artificially uneconomic lines.

Where the mistake has commonly been made is in not realising that there is an alternative between the larger holdings run on the lines prevailing for a long time, and small-holdings, which also date from the earliest days of land culture and have always been numerous. It seems extraordinary to those acquainted with the systems of farming in vogue that there should be those who do not know that farming, fruit growing, glass culture, and market gardening are being done on a large scale quite as intensively as they can be done in small parcels. It is merely a matter of knowledge, business organisation and business aptitude. The weary part of it is that so many well-intentioned people should devote their time to recounting what to them are travellers' wonders of what they have seen abroad or have read of, and believe they are really doing good work.

These remarks made on small-holdings are not given captiously, but the question has been so much discussed, and so much absurd and inaccurate material has been presented, that by mere repetition the public seems to have formed the idea that the salvation of the land and country depends on going back to the spade; whilst the big catering countries of the world are missing no opportunity to secure the aid of the most powerful machinery. Growing lettuces, bulbs, and minor crops which merely meet the calls of luxury is all right so far as it goes, but the demand is necessarily small and soon met. What is needed to give substantial aid is that which affects millions of

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acres out of the fifty-six millions utilised in Great Britain. Those who urge so indiscriminately the general adoption of small-holdings seem not to recognise the attraction of the wealthy big manufacturing industries and their remunerative employment as compared with the small amount of like employment in the countries where small-holdings are more general. The number of those who will be prepared to undergo the risks, worries, and hardships of small-holdings will never be sufficient to handle Britain's many acres properly; for, even if sufficient of the available inefficients were placed on the land, their failures would deter others from taking their places. Consequently the public mind requires to be directed towards a Greater Agriculture.

Whilst the public has been educated to the idea that no special experience or aptitude is needed to ensure success on a small-holding, it has been the practice to scoff at all that is done by the larger farmers and to point out their incompetence. The critics fail to recognise that the British farmer grows the heaviest corn crops, maintains on an equal area more live stock, and that the envy of every other country; that his systems of farming are far more comprehensive; that he has developed all this not with State aid, but in spite of State hindrance. He has kept well abreast of modern movements; and the prejudices which he used to display against accepting new theories were not altogether unwise caution, as until recent years there was not a reliable agricultural science. He found that, when he put into practice that which had been brought to him under the cloak of science, it was too frequently the nostrum of some quack or enthusiast who was seeking dishonest profit or notoriety; and that his endeavours to advance, except where he wrought out new ideas of his own, were fraught with serious losses. Those who have an inner knowledge from actual experience, whether in practical farming or from an educational aspect, know how farmers during many years have striven to put into practice the advice of teachers on whom they could depend. Finding that the older theories have given way to exact science which bears economically on the work of the farm, farmers now accept the advice of scientists, just as they refuse the quackeries of the pushing politicians or pseudo-economists who, knowing nothing of farming, try to push on them their ill-considered views.

When it is remembered that British farming has made vast strides in recent years, in spite of the stunning blow it received in the fruitless years of 1879, 1880, and 1881, from which it did not have the chance to recover until quite the end of the last century, owing to prices which failed, under the best

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management, to be remunerative (I sold hundreds of quarters of wheat of finest quality in 1893 for less than 18*s*. per quarter of 504 lb., the local rate at the time), failure cannot well be put on the farmers' incompetence. Farmers' capital left them altogether, or was very attenuated. Millions of acres of land failed to find a tenant, and the future seemed hopeless, in view of increasing foreign competition; yet gradually farmers have fought their way round in spite of the fact that during the past ten years wheat has not averaged 35*s*. per quarter, until now there is no land agriculturally fit that calls for a tenant; and farming was never carried out in any country as it is by them to-day. There is still a shortness of capital in cases, and this accounts for most of the inferior farming that remains, just as shortness of capital hampers those in other businesses. The capital that has brought these lost millions of acres back to farmers' hands has been raised by their own exertions on the land, for no one outside farming would invest in it in the day of trouble.

With this record to their credit there is no doubt as to their capability, with the removal of restrictions which they cannot control, to bring about a Greater Agriculture.

A Greater Agriculture must be one to attract more people to life in the country, if it meets the country's aspirations to breed and keep more men on the land as a reserve to fill up the gap made by deterioration through life in crowded cities. The one now to be put forward makes this provision; it calls for no direct expenditure of national funds; and it makes provision for a food supply which will warrant food in time of war. It merely calls together ends which have floated somewhere loosely in the winds hitherto, and makes possible developments which otherwise would not be so easily availed of. Other developments can, of course, be made, but the endeavour here is to knit them into a concrete form, making a working scheme. For this purpose four units will be discussed as a basis for

A Greater Agriculture

(1) Potato Growing.—For food supply, alcohol as a motive-power for internal-combustion engines, by-products for cattle-food.

(2) Sugar Beet.—For the manufacture of sugar, etc., by-products for cattle-food.

(3) Motor Tractors on the Land.—Utilising, in peace time, alcohol for agricultural purposes; using stored alcohol for farm, industrial, and military traction in war time.

(4) Manufacture of Nitrogen from Air Manures.—To ensure a sufficiency of manure in peace and war at moderate outlay; to place a check on the powerful combines controlling

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nitrogenous manures, which, owing to combinations, are rapidly rising in price, and with greater calls would be so high that the industries on the farm would not be able to use them profitably.

At first glance there may not seem to be much connectedness between these units, but closer observation will show that .

(1) Potato spirit and motors are directly associated.

(2) Potato growing and beet growing lend themselves to an easy association, tending to their cheaper growth, as well as to the manipulation of the crop, than is possible where they are grown independently.

(3) Motor tractors are eminently suited to work the land deeply for these crops; also for hauling crops to factories, and for general haulage work.

(4) Manure beyond that at present made on the farm is imperative. The supply of town manure diminishes rapidly with the displacement of horses by motors. Manure manufacture must not be left in the hands of the strong combines, which are antagonistic to agriculture.

The rapid development of automobiles for commercial and other purposes forecasts that within a short time transport will depend mainly upon them. If it would be difficult in time of war to bring food into the country, surely it would be quite as difficult to bring in petrol and the oils used. As has been pointed out, there is a very substantia. quantity of food in the country, and it is always in the course of manufacture or development; but the manufacture of fuel suitable for internal-combustion engines, whether self-moving, portable, or fixed, is comparatively a negligible quantity. Only engines driven by coal as a source of energy would be available. The work and transport of the country would, therefore, be at a standstill long before the food supply gave out. Every year this danger increases. It is of little avail that petroleum is being increasingly used in motor work, and that there is not the dependence upon petrol that seemed possible some years ago. In time of war it will be as difficult to obtain supplies of one as of the other. This is not the place to go into all the features bearing upon the substances employed in internal-combustion engines, but there is little doubt that the action of some of the leading automobile societies had a great effect in making motor manufacturers devote their attention to the development of engines suitable for the use of petrol or petroleum, to the neglect of alcohol. Many of their strongest arguments were based on petrol at 6*d*. a gallon, which can by no means hold to-day. If there is risk of this country being shut off from outside supplies of fuel in time of war, surely there ought to be provision to supply the fuel by manufacture at home.

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The potato crop meets the demands of a food supply in time

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of war and a fuel supply in time of war. It must, therefore, be of first importance to the nation. Moreover, it meets the fuel supply in time of peace. It is not necessary to urge the many products or uses of the potato, but merely to mention that it is profitably used as potato starch, meal, dextrose, and animal food, the alcohol for motor-power, lighting, etc.; whilst the by-product left after compression has good value for stock feeding.

This ought to be sufficient apology for extending the area under potatoes. The Excise would lose nothing by allowing alcohol from potatoes to be free, because when needed for motor use it can be denatured so that it would be impossible for it to be used for human consumption; and this should set the minds of teetotallers at rest. Moreover, it might bring back to England some of the vast trade in the manufacture of aniline dyes which the Excise drove out of England, and which costs England 17,000,000*l.* yearly to import.

England without a source of sugar supply is in a ridiculous position in time of peace or war. It is in her hands to acquire a sugar supply with profit to the grower of beet, to the manufacturer, and to the consumer.

No other cropping applicable on a large scale can make such a call for labour in rural districts as the development of potato growing and sugar-beet growing. Not only would there be a vast number of men engaged on the land, but the manufacture of alcohol, flour, starch, glucose, etc., from potatoes, and sugar from sugar beet would call for a big army of men in those industries. Moreover, the plant required for one would to a great extent be available for the other. Reliable figures as to the cost of growth of these crops and their industrial development have been frequently published, and need not be entered upon here; but there is no doubt that through the new market for labour there would be bound to be a considerable exodus of workmen from towns, and a new rural population would be established.

In respect to manures, in spite of the fact that each of the two croppings has a big supply of cattle food, yielding a considerable quantity of manure residually, it is certain that for the best profit to be secured additional manure beyond that produced on the farm will be required where the crops are grown extensively. For the past sixty or seventy years private benefactors like Sir John Lawes, and more recently public institutions and educational bodies, have sought to teach farmers the value of concentrated manures. Although farmers held aloof for a long while, in recent years the objections to the use of artificial manures have disappeared, and farmers are glad to avail themselves of them and are doing so. Unfortunately, the

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results of research and education on this point are being nullified by strong combinations exercising a controlling power over the manufacture, sale, and price of manures. These combinations, and not the farmer, are reaping the benefit of scientific agricultural research; for as quickly as farmers increase their purchasing, so quickly is the price raised, until now there is little profit in buying these manures for ordinary cropping. Tar distillers can, with a reasonable charge for gas-waste and cost of manufacture, afford to sell sulphate of ammonia at 6*l.* per ton; but the price is practically double this, although from time to time they lower the price of gas to the gas consumers. The nitrate of soda holders have never hesitated to say that they regulate the output in accordance with the demand. The nitrogen from air manufacturers base the price of their manures on those of the sellers of the other nitrogen salts. From the point of business this is sound, so long as they can control the market. However, the air is free and unlimited, and nitrogenous manures can be obtained in any quantity from the air. This gives the farmer the opportunity under combination to check the rise in the price of manures upon which he has hitherto relied. With adequate works farmers under combination could receive their manure at cost price, and this would materially help them in potato and beet growing, as well as in other parts of the farm. However, were the output not sufficient to meet all requirements good results would be obtained, because the nitrate of soda and sulphate of ammonia holders would have to steady their prices. Some scheme to effect this is very necessary if what is known as scientific farming is to be carried on. If it pays independent companies to produce nitrogenous manures for sale, surely the farmers in combination would be more favourably placed. It is no use for farmers to learn the scientific use of manures and then have to pay more for them than will show a profit.

There is no doubt that motor traction on the land, which has developed considerably in some other countries, must very soon become far more general at home. The agricultural motors of British make are superior to any others for the purposes of British farming, and there is now no question as to their efficiency among those who have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with them. It is impossible to stand out against the motor invasion when ploughing, which costs with horses 10*s.* per acre, is done by motor for 3*s.* 9*d.* Prejudices must give way in respect to the motor on the land, just as the old prejudice against artificial manures on the land has entirely passed by the board. Farmers so generally use oil engines for the ordinary purposes of the farm that they will necessarily take to the farm tractor; though it seems to be very

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slowly recognised that a three-ton engine does not compress the land as much as the old twelve-ton steam-traction engine did. When once the true relation is recognised the motor must take its place on the land. This will call for an increased supply of oil or spirit, and is another reason why potato spirit will be valuable on the farm.

There are two main reasons why alcohol is not used as a source of power: (1) The Excise does not want to be troubled with the task of overlooking home-made spirit to ensure its being denatured so as to be rendered unfit for human consumption; (2) the big motor associations some seven or eight years ago, when petrol cost some 5*d*. to 6*d*. per gallon, opposed the use of alcohol. It is true a Departmental Committee had reported unfavourably on alcohol, and motorists may have been unduly impressed by the report; but at that time there was much to be learned about motors. However, the great objection to alcohol was placed on its expense, comparatively with that of petrol. This no longer holds, and seven good years have been lost, as practically all investigation has been directed to the development of engines suitable to petrol or petroleum. Had the same skill been bestowed on alcohol engines and parts there is no reason to suppose that they would not have attained equal efficiency, and an impetus would have been given towards preparing the way for alcohol from potatoes. The petrol and petroleum fetish will certainly decline in popularity if prices continue to rise, and the motor trade's anxiety is suggestive that prices will rise rather than fall; in fact, with the general increase of motors throughout the world the demand for petrol and petroleum appears to be likely so to increase that the prices will be practically prohibitive, and it is only by using other sources of energy that motors will take the place that they are expected to. Although commercial motors are now extensively used, it was the high price which the wealthy, and some not so wealthy, were prepared to pay for pleasure motors that was the great temptation to manufacturers in the early days of motoring, and the petrol engine was the easiest to bring towards perfection. We now have papers publishing articles on cheaper motoring on one page, and on the next articles on the prohibitive price of petrol, which is rather an anomaly. It is practically certain that all motors, in the increased numbers which the future forecasts, cannot be run on petrol, because there are no visible signs of a supply which could effect this. Motors in time of war would very soon be side-tracked, as without internal means of supply, with importation stopped, they would be useless.

Potatoes do not form the only source of supply of alcohol, but this country can produce sufficient to meet any call. No

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crop grown on earth produces so much starch in a year as the potato, and Great Britain is the most favourably placed of any country for potato growing. As a farmer who has been intimately associated with potato growing on a large scale, the production of 2,000,000 acres, or if needed 4,000,000, presents little difficulty to my mind. It is not a question of growing the crop only on soils which make them suitable to the fastidious palates of Englishmen who require their potatoes, butter, margarine, or whatever it may be, practically flavourless. In growing for industrial purposes bulk would be the object; the strong, coarse, cattle potatoes of the old Lumper type would be called upon, and breeders of new varieties would have little trouble in developing greater bulk. Rougher and quicker methods of raising the tubers could be employed, because bruising, which spoils the market for culinary purposes, would not matter where they were going to be used for alcohol making. Diseased potatoes retain for a long time their value for starch making, alcohol, and for making the many products obtainable from the potato. In fact, the cost per acre, with or without the help of motors, would be greatly reduced, and much that is at present wasted or only partially utilised would be turned to profitable account. In February of this year the largest firm of growers and biggest firm of potato dealers in the kingdom offered pig potatoes at 17*s*. 6*d*. per ton and chats at 25*s*. per ton, and these were well suited to alcohol making. The gain under motor cultivation, together with motor transport of tubers to the factory and other work in connexion with distilling, would be very great. Beyond this there would be a great bulk of valuable by-product for cattle feeding.

It has been far too much the practice to discuss sugar-beet growing and its cost as though the crop were taken as an occasional one. Mangel and beet can be grown with great frequency without making the land mangel-sick or beet-sick. But it is not necessary to miss the advantages which come from alternating the cropping. Mangel, which is a beet, can be grown profitably on the same land uninterruptedly for many years, and this is done. Potatoes are grown more frequently than once in four years over an enormous area. But a sound rotation, but little dislocating the work on the farm, would be obtained by growing first year beet, second potatoes, third corn, fourth clover. Plenty of other suitable rotations could be found, but the one mentioned is simple, well adapted to the balance of horse and manual labour in the different seasons, each crop is of more than averagely profitable growth, litter and fodder are produced for the live stock and for the manufacture of manure. It simply replaces a spring corn crop by

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beet in a simple four-course rotation, but the returns from this rotation are out of all proportion to the modest return from the ordinary Norfolk four-course. The extra tax on the land is that rather more manure would be wanted, and there would be need of rather more thorough working; but in respect to this the thoroughness would be shared by the two more valuable crops, though the other two capable of giving good paying returns would also very substantially benefit. Moreover, when the land was once cleared it would be practically impossible for it to become foul again, so that after the first rotation expenses would be materially lightened.

The question of manure is an important one, because, by a relatively small expenditure per acre, a very big return would be obtained. Still, with a big extra acreage the available concentrated manures must be substantially increased. As before mentioned, the manure trade is in the hands of strong combines squeezing farmers up to the limits of their endurance and profit. Whether or not sugar-beet or a greater extension in potato growing is instituted, the time has come when farmers must set up an opposing combination. If they are grown, farmers must complete the Greater Agriculture by producing these manures, at any rate so far as to secure a blow-off point beyond which the present combines cannot advance their prices. Manure making has always been a profitable calling, so there is no reason for fear of failure. If the existing combines try to undersell, all the more will the object of the farmers' associations be realised.

With the cropping suggested, which would involve little outlay for machinery beyond substituting motors for horses—which, after all, is indicated as being the most profitable means of carrying out work which can be performed by horses, and not as an absolute necessity—farmers could fall into the new system with very little disturbance to their present practice, and even small-holders would be able to take advantage of the better return the land would give, with a far greater certainty of a living on the land than they have at present. They would not only do this directly, but would get good autumn and winter employment in the factories at a season when their services on their small plots have relatively little value.

So far as rural population goes, there is nothing done on the land which calls for the labour which the Greater Agriculture would give work to; and those who go on to the land to work would get an assured living, without the responsibility which the ownership or tenancy of a small-holding, with all its precariousness, must necessarily involve, and which has been proved to be a very real danger, as is shown by the wail of the distressed small-holder in recent months. Moreover, when

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instituting new industries it is quite feasible to establish a profit-sharing scheme by which farmers, small-holders, and workmen would benefit; and that in itself would ensure the stability of the industries.

These industries could not be established without giving a big impetus to other industries, which would have to supply machinery and generally assist in the manufacture and disposal of the products, and there is something yet to be done with aniline dyes.

To those of us on the land it is a weary experience that whenever anything which would substantially benefit agriculture, and therefore rural districts, is put forward, it is met by a certain section of the people with 'It will benefit the landlords.' If in the remotest or smallest way it could benefit landlords, or be misrepresented into doing so, that is sufficient to damn the best things that can be done for the rural populations. Possibly this may share that fate, and these good industries may be hindered. But surely when such industries may be started, finding work for hundreds of thousands of workmen living a healthy country life, such mean and narrow sentiments ought not to be brought forward. When to this are added the possibilities of insuring the country, should it ever be in danger of starvation in time of siege, by (1) a food supply which would keep every person well fed, (2) motor-spirit to work the great part of the motors which would otherwise be useless, (3) transport motors for use at home or abroad, (4) a supply of horses in time of war, the Greater Agriculture ought to be regarded as a necessity. But this will not be accomplished unless it is understood that agriculture as it exists in this country—partly of farms of considerable size and partly of small-holdings, each carrying the crops of the nature it does—is not the final possibility of the country; there is a bigger agriculture capable of being carried out on considerable scale on some such lines as those just indicated. Tobacco growing is possible on an extensive scale, and the Greater Agriculture is by no means limited to the crops specified; though helpful, as some minor sections are, they aggregate little. Poultry enthusiasts will tell us the country can be saved by hens; others, by growing lettuces under glass; others, by flower growing, and so on. There is room for all these minor industries, but they are a mere scratch on a rock, and make no real impression. The time has come when larger thoughts and larger new industries are called for. Geese may have saved Rome, but poultry will not save England.

From time to time the suggestion of providing food in time of war is discussed, and the storing of wheat is advocated. This is a very simple and crude method of dealing with the matter.

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Man cannot live by bread alone. The farming in this country is to be stimulated for a year or two to produce an extra supply of wheat to fill the granaries, and then drop back to a more or less effete agriculture; or many millions of quarters of wheat are to be purchased from abroad, with the certainty that it would advance enormously in price during the time the wheat was being purchased, so that not only would it be purchased very dearly, but meanwhile the cost of living would greatly advance. Except for the temporary increase in wheat growing, no industry beyond that which affects the building of granaries would be assisted. No new industry would be permanently established, as there would be were potato growing increased and sugar production established. One is a live proposition; the other a dead one.

But there is a weak spot which some storage of wheat would strengthen. Potatoes should not be relied upon during some few weeks previously to the ripening of the corn crop; and it might be advisable to guard this point by storing a quantity of wheat which would suffice to ensure a food supply that would tide over this time. It is not imperative. Germany will not do it, because in that country there is a great output of potato meal and other products, of which a big store is always in hand. Germany will enter the battlefield with a big reserve of potato products, and she places no small dependence upon them. It would be wise if England were to hold over a siege supply of these, as well as of alcohol for motor use. But to rely on purchased and stored wheat at the ordinary periods of the year, even were the country besieged, is an absurdity.

It is necessary to develop and rely on the Greater Agriculture in both peace and war; the profit of it in time of peace would pay for the expense in time of war. Granaries would not do this; they would lock up capital perpetually, and produce no profit. Even with such a supply of food as has been indicated as possible, it would be essential for our shores to be protected by full naval force, for to strain the nation by siege would be more disastrous than those with well-nurtured bodies readily recognise. That there need not be yielding for a very long period through absolute starvation is obvious, but industries would be brought to a standstill, and the nation would suffer for many years. But the country has not a guarantee of this supply, and cannot have it until the Government permits industrial alcohol to be free of taxation and encourages its home manufacture. The Excise would lose nothing by it, but the country would gain immensely. Besides, the nation is not run to support the Excise.

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W. J. Malden.

Etchingham, Sussex.

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*A REMEMBRANCE OF GEORGE ELIOT**

LAST year, in America, I was often asked to say something about George Eliot; not about her work, they did not want to discuss that; for in these days the Americans have read widely, firmly cherish their own opinions, and do their own criticism. And, no matter how much or how little we agree with them, it is impossible to help admiring their independence in this as in other directions. They wanted to hear about George Eliot's self, what she looked like and how she talked, what her home and surroundings were like; and they wanted to hear about George Henry Lewes too, though he was comparatively a minor interest. They were delightfully eager, for when they recognise good work or great deeds, or happen to like people, they are the best hero-worshippers and the kindest friends possible. This is my excuse for putting down here the little that I remember, and often said over there.

It is very little indeed, for I knew George Eliot only in the last four years of her life, and saw her only a few times altogether. She was living at The Priory, North Bank, St. John's Wood: an unpretentious detached little house of two storeys, with a moderate garden, hidden away from the road by a fence with a dark-painted gate. She and George Henry Lewes were together of course, she was regarded as his wife and always addressed as Mrs. Lewes; it was evident directly you became acquainted with them, or even saw them, that they were devoted to each other. They knew my husband, W. K. Clifford, long before I did, they loved him and delighted in his happy nature and the wild flights of his genius. She wrote him a wonderful letter (this was in 1875) when she heard that he was engaged, but she did not ask him to bring me to see her. He went one Sunday soon after our marriage and was duly congratulated and chaffed; but he was hurt when, after two or three more visits, she appeared to think he would continue to go alone. Without explaining why, he stayed away: this distressed me, for he had so immensely liked his talks with her, and I couldn't see why she should be burdened with a strange young woman of no particular interest; but he wouldn't be persuaded. One day

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he met Henry Crompton, who was often at The Priory and had remarked his absence.

'She'll never invite her,' Mr. Crompton told him; 'you must ask to be allowed to take her, and show that you would consider it a great honour.'

So he went again—and was bidden to bring his wife with him next time. It was an alarming prospect. I had heard so much about the savants and philosophers who collected themselves on Sunday afternoons at The Priory that the thought of intruding among them almost quenched any desire to go there. Consider what a time it was; the great poets and men of science of the century were alive—there were many spaces in Westminster Abbey that have since been filled: the Metaphysical Society was in full swing, the *Nineteenth Century* in the making.

Luckily there was George Henry Lewes. The grip of his hand, and cordial almost merry greeting, carried many a quaking stranger through the first awkward moments. He was a wonderful being in his way. He was considered to be a very ugly man: why, I cannot think, for his expression was so pleasant, so kindly, that it disguised his features—if they were bad. I don't think they were; he certainly had a good forehead, and bright alert grey eyes like a dog's. He made one think of a dog in many ways—a rather small, active, very intelligent dog. I think he must have worn slippers with list soles in the house—for one never heard his footsteps; and he pattered about after the manner of a dog: he was so easily pleased, too, and showed it in a way that made one insensibly wonder if a nice fringy tail were not wagging behind him. He was very keen and clear-sighted, and admirable, yet always good-natured, in the way he dropped down on the weakness or saw the strength of an argument. My husband used to say that he did an immense amount of unacknowledged good by the encouragement he gave to the younger men, the thinkers and mental speculators of his day; for no theories were too wild to be told him—he saw the drift of them, smoothed away the impossible, and encouraged more genius than he knew. There was, too, something almost mercurial in him, like a perpetual current of youth circulating among the many years to which the grey hairs and wrinkled face bore witness that he had accumulated. He moved quickly and adroitly in and out of the sacred circle round George Eliot, putting in little, short, cheery sentences, quickly spoken, smilingly, and always to the point. If he talked with you apart, or somewhere else, he usually spoke of George Eliot as She; you felt that the first letter was a big one. Sometimes he came to our house alone: if my husband were out he stayed to talk to me and was delightful, for he had a way of making you feel

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happy and unafraid to speak of things you were eager about; but it was a shock one day when, in relating some anecdote that had amused them, he alluded to George Eliot as Polly. All my life I had thought of her as a wonder, and spoken her name after a little hush, as he seemed to do when he used the She to indicate her. And to hear her called Polly! He sometimes did it again, but never without correcting himself in an apologetic tone. I think he saw that it hurt; besides, I put a quality of awe into my manner that perhaps made him feel as if he were joking with someone in front of a shrine. Once he stayed overlong talking about Wagner—*Lohengrin* had been given in England for the first time the year before and the *Nibelungen Ring* had just been completed—when suddenly he realised the time; then, excited and distressed, he fled from the house, with 'We were talking about music—but She is waiting to hear it,' and the next minute he was running along the road like a schoolboy.

In those days the Queen's Hall was not built; but the beautiful music given there now was foreshadowed by the Saturday afternoon concerts at the St. James's Hall. The George Henry Leweses generally went when they were in London, but I don't think one met them much at other public places. It was always an arresting thing to see them come in; he happy and alert, a little way ahead of her as they went along the gangway; she in black or soft grey, with a lace veil hanging low in front of her bonnet or thrown back and making a sort of halo about her head, walking slowly, bending a little forward, looking a little preoccupied, but with the dawn of a smile, as of expected enjoyment, on her long pale face.

To go back to The Priory. On Sunday afternoon she was generally 'at home' to her friends from about 3.30 to 6 o'clock. Does anyone who went there live and forget? It was at that time the most exclusive circle possible; once it had been less so, and larger, I was told, for it had included many friends of her youth and colleagues of the days when she did literary journalism; but most of these had scattered or died, and she was chary of filling their places. Still, there was always a sufficient group, seldom more than a dozen perhaps; and, of course, it was a changing one, for visitors came and went, though they were expected to stay for an hour or two, and usually did. Some people used to state with regretful severity that they wouldn't go, not being sure whether she possessed a marriage certificate; this, of course, while it shows that they set a high value on elementary morality yet had scant appreciation of genius, does not prove that they were desired. They were very few. Few, indeed, of any sort could go, for she simply wouldn't have them; she

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never allowed a man to be taken without his claim being well explained and leave sought—she didn't hesitate to refuse it, she never invited a woman, and none went without an invitation asked for very humbly, as in my case. Thus in the days when she had become famous and was called Mrs. Lewes, whether she had a right to the title or not, she had her revenge alike on those who had once refused to know Miss Evans and on those who, forgetting the fable in which a fox was concerned, professed still to hesitate before the unattainable. She was helped to it by the fact that celebrities were not two a penny at that time; a flood of trashy books did not block the way of seekers after good work, nor of its doers, and the Press was more self-respecting than it is to-day: it considered the opinions put forth in its literary columns, and made sure that the right men held them before they were allowed expression; it used to be said then that a review in the *Times* sold an edition of a book, and people longed or were curious to see the writer: George Eliot above all others was put on a pedestal.

Interviewers and strangers of every description were kept at bay; there was a watch-dog of a servant who knew uncommonly well how to dispose of them. To go even to one of the Sunday afternoons was felt to be an honour, an evidence that there might be unsuspected possibilities in the new-comer; though, with one or two exceptions, everyone who arrived was already an intellectual big-wig. To this rule, of course, I was an exception—my sole claim was through my husband, and that it covered me I felt to be yet another proof of his genius; but this did not help to set me at ease on my first visit. It was the most frightening one I ever paid. When we arrived outside, and had pulled at the jingling bell-wire, the wooden gate automatically unlatched; beyond it a paved or brick-laid path led up to the front door: and walking even those few steps was a blessed respite. Through a low window on the left I could see a head with some white lace on it—a first glimpse of George Eliot. The front door opened upon a comfortable little square hall, with rugs on the floor and books on the wall. The well-trained middle-aged woman servant looked at my husband with tolerant recognition, at me with something that was probably a tolerant shrug; then showed us into a small double drawing-room on the ground floor—booky, comfortable-looking rooms, with more than a suggestion of Morris colouring. In the winter a fire always burnt slowly; in the summer she was not there, but usually at the cottage in Surrey. On the left, as you faced the fire, but some little distance from it, with her back to the window, sat George Eliot. Beside her, on the left, between her and the fire, was a chair, often vacant: it was rush-bottomed,

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I think, rather low and of ebonised wood. This fearful chair most people had sat upon once; it was kept for the first-time visitor—for the greatest stranger, or for some illustrious person who, having conquered the difficulties, was permitted to appear. It was before the democracy had risen; there was greater separation of class than now, rank and fashion kept more closely to their own: and there was dignity among the learned folk; they did not frisk round to evening parties, but sat in their studies and avoided frivolities, to which, it might be added, they were more seldom invited. Hence it was chiefly the learned folk who went to the Priory; but I remember a certain great lady once occupying the stranger's chair. With the faintest touch of triumph (only years later did I grasp the meaning of it: at the time her carefully repressed and yet evident pleasure in the visit repelled one just a little) George Eliot told me that she was—I suppress the name—someone in close attendance on the Queen (Victoria) who had been sent to inquire if Mrs. Lewes had recovered from a recent illness; and once a messenger, of the same sort, came from the Empress Frederick (Crown Princess of Germany she was then), who, at her own special request, had met the Leweses at a little dinner, given, I think, by the Goschens: it must have been a highly select party, for it included the Huxleys and John Morley (it is good once more to write the name without the prefix—it sends one's thoughts to a row of books).

But the majority of The Priory's frequenters were of a vastly different quality; most of them were scholars and thinkers, some of them belonged to the immortals. I think I heard (it was before my time) of Wagner going there; certainly Madame Wagner went. Of the young men who appeared it was said, and truly, that they had already done some good work (and good work was measured with astonishing severity in that household), were doing it, or had the capacity to do it; anyway, there were no deadheads among them. On George Eliot's right, and more or less in a circle round her, sat the visitors. They seated themselves as noiselessly as possible after a reverential greeting to their hostess. I remember well Herbert Spencer coming in, and Mr. Locker-Lampson, one following the other, a curious contrast; and of the young men, notably there remains with me the memory of Norman Grosvenor and Edmund Gurney, young, tall, and handsome, entering together, one of them with a long-stemmed rose in his hand, bowing before her and saying, as if to a high priestess, 'I have brought you a rose, Mrs. Lewes.'

There were few foreigners, but they were always famous, and usually made a sensation even there: for it was a wonderful age, the age of giants. Some of the English giants only appeared

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once or twice; many of them came habitually—seldom with their wives: intolerance, as I have hinted already, still lingered in the land; but the ladies were not wanted, and probably were aware of it. Yet she had her close—close rather than intimate—friends and worshippers among women; she was gentle, almost deferential, in manner to them, and very kind. People didn't break up into groups and talk with each other in those days, as I believe they had done once, perhaps before the purely intellectual element had become so pronounced; but each one spoke in turn and was listened to by the rest. It was a terrible ordeal for the average intelligence, if by a freak it strayed there, for inevitably at last, or at some time, eyes gravitated towards you, and you simply had to say something. If you happened to be frightened out of your wits (as I was), you felt a choking sensation in your throat, and made a sound that conveyed nothing: whereupon some earnest thinker, or one of the geniuses seated round, would lean forward and ask, while all the eyes stared at you, 'What did you say? Won't you repeat your remark?' Then perhaps you managed to get out, in a squeaky voice, 'I merely said that I thought so too,' or something to that effect, and the intense ones would draw back a little, almost obviously thinking 'Who is this idiot, and how did it get here?'

But Mrs. Lewes probably helped you through, and looked at you with a kindly expression on her wonderful face. Wonderful? Yes, and like a horse's. Her likeness to Savonarola has often been mentioned: you were sensible of it the moment you saw her first; but you were also immediately reminded of a horse, a strange variety of horse that was full of knowledge, and beauty of thought, and mysteries of which the ordinary human being had no conception. It was another form of humanity, of individuality, added to her own. And her fascination, her magnetism, the exquisite thrill that went through you at the sound of her low measured voice, at the sight of her little generally undeveloped smile, like a fitful gleam of pale sunshine, was beyond all description, and had the effect of making you feel that there was nothing in this world you would not do for her; and that to be with her, even on one of those rather terrible Sunday afternoons, for a single hour, was a great achievement in your life.

At five o'clock tea was brought in and put on a side-table just inside the further room. Mr. Lewes poured out the tea; there was a little movement among the men. Mrs. Lewes was reverently served, and we all sat solemnly down again with our cups in our hands and bits of doubled thin bread and butter in our saucers. Then talk was resumed. It was about everything, literature, philosophy—a great deal of philosophy—painting, and occasionally, not often, music: she loved music—no

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one could see her at the Saturday concerts and not feel that. I have heard that to a privileged few she sometimes played, Chopin and Beethoven mostly; and one or two great musicians were among her friends. The talk was a little sententious, a little too good, so that it seldom had an air of spontaneity; the best things at any of the discussions were generally said by George Eliot herself: they might have been printed right off and no proofs corrected; but, though they were spoken with an air of soft appealing finality, she seemed quite unaware of their value or wisdom. In an argument that greatly interested her, now and then her beautiful hands contributed something to the scene it otherwise lacked, something natural, a suggestion even of poetry, or of passion; not often, for it was an astonishingly well-balanced, dignified group.

When the clock struck six, she made a little movement, and those who had remained to the end and not softly stolen away, took the hint and made their adieux; George Henry Lewes generally followed them to the door. Once—it was about our fourth visit, I think—she looked at me rather oftener than usual; perhaps she knew that I had felt like a scared hare, taken there on the kind but firm lead of a husband, for she made a sign, when gradually the other visitors were going, to delay us for a minute or two; and, while my husband retreated to talk over some matters with George Henry Lewes, she asked me about our house and its furnishing, and told me how, in early days—but I don't know precisely to what period she referred—she used to buy things and call them after the stories or books that had provided the money. I remember her saying: 'We have still some tablecloths that Maggie Tulliver gave us.' The remark is interesting, for it shows that she thought of the book by the name of its heroine—it was originally to have been called *Sister Maggie*. But no allusion to her work was ever made on Sunday afternoons by her visitors, nor by herself. There was one exception to this rule, when an adventurous spirit that had come for the first or second time, and was presumably unfamiliar with the ways of the circle, began:—'But, Mrs. Lewes, I remember that in *Silas Marner*——' She looked up at him and said coldly in a firm, low voice, 'The works by the author of *Silas Marner* are never mentioned here.' And the adventurous spirit—it was young—collapsed.

On one other occasion we stayed behind again for a little while. My husband had been ill; we were going abroad in a few days, and not likely to see her soon again. When we four were alone—the Leweses and ourselves—and stood in a group, she took my hand and held it tightly while she talked to my husband; and, when at last we were going, she kissed my cheek

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and said 'God bless you, dear,' with something in her voice that made my heart bound and tears come to my eyes. Perhaps she divined, though we did not, that it was the last time we should ever go there—or see them together. A few days afterwards she and George Henry Lewes came to see us, but unhappily we were out; we never quite got over it—and they never came again: it was never possible.

George Henry Lewes died in November 1878 and my husband early in 1879. Some months later a beloved friend—Mrs. Richmond Ritchie[1] (as she was then), for why should I hide her name?—spoke to Mrs. Lewes of me. And that same day George Eliot sent me a letter I can never forget. She said she would come and see me, or would I go and see her? I should find her, probably alone, any week-day afternoon. The Sundays were no more. Of course I went, glad and thankful indeed. Madame Belloc was there on the first occasion. Presently, when she had gone, Mrs. Lewes made a little sign that took me from the arm-chair on her right to a grey cushioned footstool by her side. She took off my hat, and so we sat, she talking and I listening. Now and then she put her wonderful hands on my hair, they sent a thrill through me—the memory does: even yet.

And I went several times after that first visit, yet not very often, for it was difficult. I wish I could recall many of the things she said; but it was so soon after the tragedy of my own life, memory had deserted me, and everything is blurred. I remember that once she talked about Swinburne; she considered *Bothwell* the finest of his long poems, and its second act a wonderful thing. She spoke of his prose, and that led her to allude to a paper he had written about her, and she became—though she never raised the low tone of her voice—almost vehement. 'He suggested,' she exclaimed, and angrily doubled the fist that rested on her knee, 'that I'd taken some things in *The Mill on the Floss* from a story by Mrs. Gaskell called *The Children on the Moor*.' I forget other of the actual words she used, even on that surprising occasion; it is only the general effect that remains. Evidently she was very sensitive to criticism, for when George Henry Lewes was alive she never took up newspapers, after she had published a book, till he had first looked through them for possibly ungracious reviews.

Once, when I went to see her, the maid-servant let me in with a queer little smile on her face that I understood on entering the room, for there was George Eliot with a ring of chairs round her, just as on the Sunday afternoons of old; but instead of

[1] In America they still speak of Lady Ritchie as Miss Thackeray, and they delight in her writings.

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philosophers, poets and other Victorian giants sitting on them, there were dolls; and through an open window—it was early spring-time—came the sound of merry voices.

'Charles's children are in the garden,' she explained, smiling, but with a sad little shake of her head, 'they've brought their children to see me,' nodding to the dolls. Charles was George Henry Lewes's son by his first wife.

The last time I saw her she was not alone—it was just a little while before her marriage to Mr. Cross. Leslie Stephen was there, and she talked chiefly to him, but she held my hand the while—she had the most wonderful and soothing touch of any woman I ever knew; and to feel your hand in hers was to be sensible of all the troubled ways in your life peacefully subsiding. I meant to stay behind, but Leslie Stephen offered to take me home and it was impossible to refuse. We asked her if we should see her again before she left London for her Surrey cottage. A happy smile that vaguely puzzled us came to her face while she answered, 'Oh, yes; I dare say you'll see me—or you'll hear of me.' We did—we all heard of her marriage to Mr. Cross.

It must have been some little time after she returned from her honeymoon in Italy before her friends thought of trying to see her. She had gone away from The Priory to a house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and it became known to us that she would be at home on Saturdays; but it wanted courage to go for the first time without a direct invitation from her. Leslie Stephen and his wife thought they had screwed up theirs and offered to take me with them. On the Saturday afternoon we were starting from their house in Hyde Park Gate—were actually on the steps, going down them—when a four-wheeled cab drove up, and in it was Mrs. Oliphant, just arrived from Windsor. She was tired, and had to be welcomed, and given tea, and talked with till it was too late to pay our visit; so we arranged to go the following week.

But before it came George Eliot was ill—in a fortnight she was sleeping at Highgate. Above her are some words from *The Choir Invisible*. The Americans go often to read them, and to stand beside her for a little while: sometimes they take her flowers. Just behind, his feet are towards her, lies George Henry Lewes, and a few yards away in a marble tomb is Herbert Spencer, the friend of many years, who had probably more influence than any other on her later work.

She had a wonderful personality, and, with the exception of my husband, greater magnetism than anyone I ever knew. Something indefinable looked out of her grave eyes and lurked in the fleeting smile; some knowledge often seemed to be waiting behind them that she would fain use to help you, to give

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you pleasure, but that she held back for some wise reason she could not yet make known to you: meanwhile she gave you understanding and sympathy and, if you needed it sorely, tenderness. If you desired it, too, out of the store of learning with which she sometimes smothered her genius, she gave you the help or the courage that, perhaps unconsciously, you sought.

LUCY CLIFFORD.

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THE NATIONALITIES OF ULSTER AND WALES

THE late Professor Huxley, in his famous paper on *The Forefathers and Forerunners of the English People*, published in 1870, declared that modern historical and archaeological research has established beyond dispute that 'the population of Cornwall and Devon has as much claim to the title of "Celtic" as that of Tipperary'—or as that of Merioneth. Freeman and all subsequent writers have accepted and largely amplified this conclusion.

Down to the time of the Record Commission and the establishment of the Public Record Office, the idea was prevalent—and was often taken for granted without examination even by scholars—that the 'Celtic fringe' is inhabited by a people altogether differing in race and in the other *indicia* of nationality from the so-called Anglo-Saxon inhabitants of England and the Lowlands of Scotland. It was popularly supposed that the successive waves of Teutonic invasion, from the earliest piratical raids down to the Norman Conquest, came in the form of tribal immigration and settlement, accompanied by women and children, and exterminating or driving out the ancient so-called 'Celtic' inhabitants, setting up the Heptarchy and ultimately the modern kingdoms of England and Scotland as essentially Anglo-Saxon realms.

All this is now seen, in the light of the original authorities to which modern research has given us access, to be altogether wrong. As Professor Huxley observed:

> We have as good evidence as can possibly be attained on such questions, that the same elements have entered into the composition of the population in England, Scotland, and Ireland—and that the ethnic differences between the three lie simply in the general and local proportions of these elements in each region.

We now know that among the so-called Celtic tribes that inhabited these islands before the coming of the Teutons, and that were formerly regarded as indigenous, there were differences of race as strongly marked as any between Celts and Teutons—some of those tribes, indeed, having apparently been non-Aryan. Take, for instance, an early Irish account quoted by the learned

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O'Curry in his *MS. Materials of Ancient Irish History*, of the racial characteristics of two typical tribes of ancient Ireland, the Milesians of the north-east and the Firbolgs of the west:

> Everyone who is white of skin, with brown hair, who is bold, honourable, daring, prosperous, bountiful in the bestowal of goods, wealth, and rings, and who is not afraid of battle or combat—such are the descendants of the sons of Milesius in Erinn.
>
> Everyone who is black-haired, a tatler, guileful, tale-telling, noisy, despicable; every wretched, mean, strolling, unsteady, harsh, and inhospitable person; every slave, every mean thief, every churl, everyone who loves not to listen to music and entertainment, the disturbers of every council and every assembly, the promoters of discord among people, these are the descendants of the Firbolgs.

Here we see the indications, at a period probably long anterior to any Teutonic intrusion, of wide differences both of racial and of national sentiment between the Celtic inhabitants of Ulster and those of the rest of Ireland. Precisely the same differences are evident at all times between the Goidelic and Brythonic Celts of Great Britain. Gildas, who was a Celt of Cumbria or Strathclyde, says of his Welsh kinsmen that they were 'nec in bello fortes, nec in pace fideles,' and paints their character and their morals in the blackest colours. So Nennius, so Asser; and Gerald the Welshman, in his *Expugnatio Hibernica*—written after his travels in Ireland—describes the tribes of the south and west of Ireland as savage, faithless, and treacherous, in strong contrast to the men of Ulster, who are described as brave and chivalrous. He says, writing in the year 1182:

> Sicut ergo borealis Hiberniae bellica, sic semper australis gens subdola. Illa laudis, haec fraudis cupida: illa Martis, haec artis ope confisa: illa viribus nititur, haec versutiis: illa proeliis, haec proditionibus.

Now with regard to the 'ethnic differences' mentioned by Professor Huxley in the important passage I have quoted, a cardinal point brought out by the detailed examination and study of the chronicles and other early records, from the time of Gildas in the sixth century to that of Holinshed in the sixteenth, is this, that the Teutonic invasions of the British Isles were never tribal movements, nor were the Teutonic settlements as a rule accompanied by any considerable immigration of women and children from the Continent. We hear occasionally of the foreign wives of kings or chiefs—but much more frequently of their marrying daughters of the land; while no chronicler has even suggested that the masses of the Teutonic settlers, whether Norsemen or Jutes or Angles or Saxons or Frisians, either brought their womenfolk with them or sent for them afterwards. And, indeed, the difficulties of the sea voyage, and the general insecurity and great cost of the journey in those early times—which are de-

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scribed in graphic terms by Giraldus Cambrensis and some other chroniclers—would make any such suggestion almost incredible. And from this simple fact it follows that our modern population, even in those districts where the Teutonic strain is strongest, as in Kent and in some parts of East Anglia, is at least half Celtic; and doubtless the Celtic proportion rapidly increases as one travels west, until in Cornwall and in Merioneth (Giraldus calls it 'Merionyth hispida nimis et inaccessibilis'), the Teutonic element is negligible. Even from this one consideration alone, it is obviously absurd to pretend to fix anywhere a frontier-line between Celt and Teuton, as Mr. Asquith and Mr. McKenna affect to fix it on the borders of Monmouthshire.

Dr. Beddoe has shown conclusively in his *Races of Britain* that in Huntingdon, in Somerset, in Dorset, and in many other counties of so-called Anglo-Saxon England, there are considerable districts where it is probable that the Celtic population was hardly even disturbed by the Teutonic invasions.

The late Professor Freeman has pointed out that in Cornwall and Devon, and to a somewhat less extent in Somerset and Dorset, the population has always remained largely Celtic. And Mr. Round, who has examined and corrected all Mr. Freeman's statements by the light of the most modern research, seems to accept this view.

And the late Mr. J. R. Green, in his works on the history of the English people, while dwelling—with a perfectly legitimate regard for that graphic picturesqueness of style which has rendered his writings so popular—on the undoubted brutality and savagery of the early raids of the pagan Saxons and Danes, declares plainly that in Mercia and other parts of the Midlands and the West, Celts and Teutons amalgamated on friendly terms. And he refers specially to the probability of a strong Celtic strain in Shakespeare's ancestry, on the ground that his forbears lived in the district of the Forest of Arden.

That the whole distaff side of our national pedigree throughout the British Isles is practically Celtic is illustrated by the fact that in the modern English language the words connected with feminine interests and domestic avocations, such as *basket*, *babe*, *clout*, *crock*, *dad*, *darn*, *cradle*, *crab*, *crone*, and many others are generally of Celtic origin. The fact that many English words of this and kindred character are connected with servile occupations has been used as an argument to prove that, in the more Teutonic districts, the surviving Celtic population had been generally reduced to slavery; and it is true that in some Early-English documents the word Wealh (Welshman), which originally meant simply any foreigner or barbarian, sometimes meant a slave. But a consideration of Anglo-Saxon laws and customs

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shows that, while the 'theows' and 'esnes' (the *servi* of Domesday and later) were doubtless nearly all Celtic in race, there was also everywhere a considerable though varying proportion of Celtic blood among the 'ceorls' (the *liberi homines*, the *villani*, the *bordarii*, etc., of Domesday). And at the time of the Domesday Survey the serfs were 9 per cent. of the whole population of the enumerated counties of England, the villeins (generally landholders and considerable farmers) were 38 per cent., and the bordars (small farmers) and cottars were 31½ per cent.

Now in the laws of Ine of Wessex dating about A.D. 700, and after the conquest of West Somerset, it was expressly stipulated that a *Wealh*, or Celt, might be free, might own or rent land, and if he held so much as five hydes he might attain the rank or value of a 'sixhyndman.' So, too, the Welsh churl in Wessex was valued for weregild, if he held a hyde of land, at double the price of a serf and three-fifths of that of an English churl.

Dr. Beddoe, in his *Races of Britain*, shows that similar provisions for the Wealh or Celt were made in Northumbria according to 'The North Peoples' Law,' quoted by Thorpe; as also in Mercia and in the City of London. And the same learned author shows that the institution of gavelkind as the common law of succession for free tenants in Kent—both the name and the custom having been certainly of Celtic origin—affords a strong presumption that the churls of Kent who followed this custom were mainly of British descent. The same may be said of the custom by which the *tun-gerefa* or reeve was elected by the *villani*. And the laws of Ethelred, and the often-quoted Will of Alfred, contain references to a Celtic population everywhere.

Mr. Luke Owen Pike, late of the Public Record Office, and other writers have compiled vast masses of anthropological statistics, all pointing in the same direction; and the evidence of the skulls dug up from the earlier Saxon graveyards—notably that at East Shefford in Berkshire—seems decisive as to the rapid blending of the races.

That a similar community of race, formed by the blending of constituent tribes, extends to Scotland and Ireland as well as England, was clearly shown by the late Duke of Argyll and by the late Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury) in a remarkable correspondence that appeared in *The Times* in 1887. The Duke then wrote:

> Sir John Lubbock is unquestionably right when he asserts the identity of the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain, as regards their common origin in a mixture of the same races. There is absolutely no distinction between them in this respect. We are all mongrels, and not only are we all equally mongrels, but we are the result of the intermixture of precisely the same breeds all over the United Kingdom.

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The Duke recalled the interesting fact that in Scotland, during the period that intervened between the Norman Conquest of England and the war of Scottish Independence, five constituent races—the Scots, the Angles, the French (Normans), the Galwegians (Picts), and the Scandinavians of Orkney and Shetland—had so far retained their peculiar racial characteristics as to be often separately named in Royal Proclamations and other public documents. And he added :

> It was the work, the glorious and civilising work, of our best Kings to effect the welding and amalgamation of these separate nationalities into one—it is now the barbarous work of the Parnellite Liberals to undo the work of union all over the three Kingdoms, and to sunder the goodly fellowship which had been established by greater men and in happier times.

On such a point, surely no one could speak for Scotland with greater authority than the late Duke, the ablest Scot of our times, the Mac Calain More, and the traditional representative and head of Scottish Liberalism.

It is true that the great authority of Bishop Stubbs can be quoted for the view, having regard to the Teutonic character of the fabric of the English language, and to the statement of Tacitus in his *Germania* that the Saxons disliked intermarriage with inferior races, that there was probably no absolutely general amalgamation of the Celtic and Teutonic races in the kingdoms of the Heptarchy. But he failed to discover in the *Chronicles* a single reference to any immigration whatever of Teutonic women in numbers, or to the presence of women and children accompanying the invading hosts; and yet, if they had been present in any of the numerous campaigns of which we have some account, or if they had ever disembarked on these shores in any numbers, it is quite incredible that such interesting and dramatic events could have passed altogether unnoticed by every chronicler from Gildas to Holinshed. And Bishop Stubbs points out that in the great cities like London, York, and Exeter, there was continuous life, where Briton and Saxon lived side by side; while in the country the public lands of the new kingdoms required British cultivators, with a large servile or half-servile population, and some of the magnates, too, had made terms for themselves with the conquerors. Even down to the time of the Domesday Survey there were many lords of manors, and even some tenants *in capite*, like Alured Brito and Judhel of Totnes, whose names betray their Celtic origin.

It is satisfactory to observe that of late years there has been a marked tendency, equally among Irish Home Rulers and Welsh Disestablishers, to drop the claims of Ireland and Wales for separate treatment that were based on utterly untenable

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theories of race-difference, and to ground those claims rather on sentimental and intangible differences of 'nationality,' whatever that may mean. Formerly it was held by many conscientious Liberals that a different standard of political and moral principle ought to be applied to the excitable and highly strung 'Celts' of Ireland and Wales from that which is accepted in England and Scotland. As Professor Huxley, himself a great Liberal, put it:

> The desire to possess yourself of your neighbour's land was admitted to be a breach of the tenth commandment in Great Britain, but in Ireland such craving was 'earth hunger,' a sort of natural and commendable appetite innate in the Celt, and confounded with dishonesty only by the gross and unpoetic nature of the Saxon.

And though in England a prescription of twenty-five years may constitute an indefeasible title for Nonconformist endowments, in Wales no such title can be alleged even after an uninterrupted user of 1000 years for Church endowments, simply because Taffy, being a Welshman, has ideas about *meum* and *tuum* that have come down to him from a period anterior to the promulgation of the Decalogue, or at any rate from the time when he was a Firbolg.

Professor Huxley, in his letter to *The Times*, mockingly suggests that Home Rulers and Disestablishers find it very convenient to give up the 'race' theory, on which they can be confronted with scientific truth, and to shift their ground to loose talk about 'nationalities' where 'they have got out of the grip of Science, and can avail themselves of the popular connotation of a phraseology that is not susceptible of clear definition.'

Mr. Masterman, in the debate of 1912 on the Second Reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill, when pleading the claim of Welsh Nonconformists and Welsh Atheists to rob the Church on the ground of their 'nationality,' showed a keen appreciation of the convenience spoken of by Professor Huxley. He admitted that it was quite impossible to define 'a nation,' but he offered to describe it, and he did so in the following gushing rhapsody:

> If he were asked to describe it he would say it was an entity, mystical and immortal, composed of varieties of race, language, characteristics, sentiments, manners, hopes, and dreams to which all the transitory generations contributed, but which transcended the transitory generations, and able to command that utter devotion and service that could only otherwise be evoked by a lover or by God.

That is all very nice, but what does it prove? Even if the 'hopes and dreams' of Welshmen, 'to which all the transitory generations contributed, but which transcended the transitory generations,' had always transgressed the moral law by hoping

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and dreaming about the transfer of Church funds to their own or their friends' pockets, that would not justify the transfer.

So far as there is any meaning in Mr. Masterman's description of Welsh 'nationality,' it applies *totidem verbis* to the 'nationality' of my own county of Devon; and I have often heard precisely similar sentiments expressed, and have known them to be sincerely felt, at such gatherings of Devonshiremen as the annual Devonian banquet in Calcutta, or those in Bulawayo, in Durban, and scores of other places across the sea. The same may certainly be said of the local patriotism of Cornishmen, who are as closely akin as possible 'to the most Welsh of the Welsh.' It may be said, too, of Yorkshiremen, and doubtless of many other British districts of strongly localised characteristics or associations. If this be 'nationality,' then there are certainly two in Kent—that of the 'men of Kent' in the east and the 'Kentish men' in the west. And Mr. Lloyd George has discovered a Danish nationality in North-west Norfolk—so he told us in the House of Commons on the 5th of June 1912—of which, though eminently Teutonic, he entirely approves, because in a recent by-election he believed it had come to the rescue of the Liberal Party when threatened with a crushing disaster at the hands of the brutal Anglo-Saxon.

And what of the Manxmen, of the Scillonians, of the Orcadians?—all of whom are racially far more homogeneous than the Welsh, and in characteristics and sentiments and manners far more sharply marked off from their neighbours in Great Britain. In the estuary of the Clyde there are two islands, as everyone knows, whose pastor used habitually to pray 'for the people of the Great and Little Cumbrae and for the inhabitants of the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland.' Here surely we have one of Mr. Masterman's 'nationalities,' and, as a matter of fact, it is generally believed that the people are of Pictish, not Scottish, descent. Does Mr. Masterman hold that it would be a moral thing for the people of the Great and Little Cumbrae to seize the modest emoluments of their pastor because of this? Would Mr. Asquith give them a Parliament and a Government of their own? If so, we should be returning, not merely to the condition of the Heptarchy (as Mr. Churchill has wittily proposed), but to the state of affairs which the Romans found here, in which every countryside had its independent tribe.

But what is the real and serious idea of 'nationality' in the mind of sincere Home Rule Liberals that, in their belief, entitles one part of the British Isles to 'cut the painter' that attaches it to England, and to set up a Parliament and a Government of its own?

'Flummery' is a good old Welsh word, and seems adequately

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to describe Mr. Masterman's idea of this 'transcendental entity.' So perhaps that somewhat obfuscated view may be dismissed from serious consideration.

Let us, then, respectfully consider the view put forward by the Prime Minister in the debate of 1912 on the Second Reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. Mr. Asquith then enumerated the *indicia* of a 'separate nation,' which, he said, are to be sought 'in history, in language, in development, in traditions, in special needs, in social atmosphere.'

On the point of differences in language—it is true that there are, surviving in the remoter districts of Ireland, various dialects of Erse or Gaelic, of the greatest archaeological interest—just as there are four surviving dialects of Cymric in Wales, partly Brythonic and partly Goidelic or Gaelic—just as there are similar survivals in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, bearing traces of many ancient dialects; and just as there were similar survivals until comparatively recent times in Devon and Cornwall, and a Celtic dialect, said to be a Romanised Brythonic, was actually spoken as a vernacular in very backward districts of Cornwall until something over a century ago.

These survivals have been, and still are, most carefully studied by a large number of skilled and most enthusiastic scholars and antiquaries in our various archaeological societies, and our knowledge of them increases rapidly. But for practical purposes, the history of the Cornish language teaches us that, as civilisation and material prosperity advance, we cease to have any use for these dialects as vernaculars. No intelligent patriot with any regard for the material or moral progress of his fellow-countrymen—if he has also any regard for the laws of economic science—would encourage their continued use in this way. As a matter of fact, at this moment, not one-half of the population of Wales know anything of the Welsh language, and only an infinitesimal proportion—about 5 per cent.—use it as a vernacular. The spoken language of Dublin, Cork, and Galway is not Erse, but more or less identical with the vernacular of Cripplegate; and even the local expletives, such as 'Begorra' and 'Bejabers,' are only corrupted forms of common English swear-words.

But when Mr. Asquith speaks of differences in 'history,' and so forth, between Great Britain and Ireland, he may at once be confronted with the words of an Irish historian, Mr. Prendergast, the author of *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, who, as the Duke of Argyll pointed out in 1887, was animated with 'a fierce spirit of antagonism to those he calls "the English."' In condemning English historians for writing of insurgent Irish

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septs as 'the Irish enemy,' Mr. Prendergast uses the following remarkable words:

> Now, the 'Irish enemy' was no nation in the modern sense of the word, but a race divided into many nations or tribes, separately defending their lands from the English barons in their immediate neighbourhood. There has been no ancient national Government displaced—no national dynasty overthrown; the Irish had no national flag, nor any capital city as the metropolis of their common country, nor any common administration of law; nor did they ever give a combined opposition to the English. The English, coming in the name of the Pope, with the aid of the Irish Bishops, and with a superior national organisation which the Irish easily recognised, were accepted by the Irish. Neither King Henry the Second nor King John ever fought a battle in Ireland.

And in a later passage Mr. Prendergast added:

> The Irish gave no national resistance to the English; they had no dynasty to set up, no common Government to restore, no national capital to recover.

Not one of these statements by the Irish historian can be controverted—indeed, many of them might be carried further. They entirely destroy Mr. Asquith's argument for a separate Irish 'nationality,' in the sense in which he uses the term.

But if Mr. Asquith is honestly looking for differences of nationality within the British Isles by the light of differences 'in history, in development, in traditions, in special needs, in social atmosphere,' where can he find all these so sharply marked as between the Irishmen of Ulster and those of the rest of Ireland? Those differences were notable, as we have seen, even in the earliest Celtic times. The devastating Irish wars of Elizabeth's time were followed by the 'Plantation of Ulster' by James the First. After the cruel and bloody campaigns of Cromwell the whole population of Ireland was estimated at no more than 850,000, of whom no fewer than 150,000 were settlers from England and Scotland, mainly in Ulster. And all these events had the effect of introducing a strong religious element into the differences between Ulster and the South and West—a difference that is so obvious that I need not dwell upon it here. And the industrial development of Ulster—though it will be followed in the rest of Ireland under the same auspices if the Union be maintained—is at present confined to the northern province, giving it altogether 'special needs,' and a different 'social atmosphere,' to follow Mr. Asquith's definition.

But we may go to an even greater authority than Mr. Asquith on the Irish Nationalist side. Mr. Parnell, speaking at a banquet in the Dublin Mansion House on the 1st of September 1885 in reply to the toast of 'Ireland a Nation,' boldly declared that:

> Scotland has lost her nationality, and has practically become merged in England. But Ireland has never done this—and she never will.

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Here, then, we are enabled to learn exactly what sort of thing it is that Mr. Asquith and the Home Rule Liberals mean when they talk of 'nationality,' for Mr. Parnell says it is that which Scotland has lost but Ireland has retained.

And Mr. Bryce—himself undoubtedly one of the most eminent and most scholarly of Home-Rule Liberals—in a letter to *The Times* of the 28th of March 1887, was good enough to show us exactly what this is. Of course, he starts by declaring that Scotland has not parted with her nationality or become merged in England. And then he goes on to show the real inwardness of Mr. Parnell's dictum:

> By her acceptance of the wider nationality of the United Kingdom and of the English-speaking race throughout the world, she (Scotland) has not lost her proper national feeling, her attachment to her own law, to her own form of Christianity, to her own historic memories and institutions.

Exactly so. And Ulster stands precisely where Mr. Bryce says Scotland stands—she has accepted the wider nationality of the United Kingdom and of the English-speaking race throughout the world, without losing her proper national feeling; while Nationalist Ireland, befooled by agitators, blindly and angrily refuses to accept that wider nationality. Of course, Mr. Bryce argues that Nationalist Ireland has reason for that refusal. But he goes on:

> When we are reminded of the contrast between the attitude of Scotland and that of Ireland, our answer is twofold. Scotland is contented because she has received justice and equality, because she has practically been allowed to manage her own affairs. Why should not justice, equality, and the sense of responsibility bear their appropriate fruit in Ireland also?

Why, certainly, it is now doing so, and under the Union Jack, exactly like Scotland! But Mr. Bryce continues:

> Scotland, which so late as 1745 was a divided country, and whose national feeling was once bitterly hostile to England, is now a united country, and cherishes a local patriotism which strengthens instead of clashing with her Imperial patriotism. Why should not the same come to pass in Ireland also, when the springs of discontent and resentment have been dried up by a wise and generous policy?

Exactly, *rem acu tetigit*! The late Sir John Lubbock (Lord Avebury) replying to Mr. Bryce in the columns of *The Times* (April 9, 1887) echoed these words of wise statesmanship:

> Why not, indeed? But, Sir, we did not then yield to this 'bitterly hostile' feeling in Scotland; we did not constitute separate Legislatures in 1745; our forefathers maintained the union with Scotland then, as, if we are true to ourselves, we shall maintain the union with Ireland now.

Mr. Bryce's words, as they stand above, exactly express the policy of the Unionist Party. They exactly express the resolute

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Imperialist sentiment of Ulster, that North of Ireland nationality which now, as in the time of the Milesians and Firbolgs of old, is far more homogeneous and far more strongly marked than the peoples of the South and West, which comprises (as Dr. Beddoe points out) a far larger part of the intellect and energy and wealth of the country, which will never submit to be placed under the heel of those alien peoples. It is more than probable that Mr. Bryce's words exactly represent the inmost views of vast numbers of those Irishmen who are forced by the agitators to shout for Home Rule; while they are almost identical with the profession of faith that has been put forward by Mr. O'Brien and the All-for-Ireland Party, and they certainly embody the stern and unflinching determination of practically the whole of the Protestant population of the country, whether in Ulster or elsewhere. Dr. Beddoe is the scholar who has probably devoted more time and attention than any other to the study of this question of the 'nationalities' of the British Isles, and he says of Ulster: 'It is this second nationality of Ireland which Mr. Bryce and his friends would induce us to abandon, in the faint hope of conciliating the first.'

So the conclusion of the whole matter seems to be this:

(1) That the population of the United Kingdom is a homogeneous one, both in regard to race and in regard to nationality.

(2) That there are in many parts of these islands, as in other countries, strongly marked local associations and sentiments of local patriotism—sentiments which, when left to themselves and given fair play, strengthen instead of clashing with National and Imperial patriotism—sentiments which, in large parts of Wales and Ireland, have been warped and distorted by corrupt or misguided agitators in the pursuit of dishonest or disloyal aims.

(3) That there is a wider discrepancy in these local associations and sentiments between the people of Ulster and those of the rest of Ireland than there is between any other communities in these islands. Ulster is as truly Irish as Munster or Connaught. She is as truly British as Cornwall or Devon, and the rest of Ireland would soon become so too, as they approached Ulster in prosperity and enlightenment, if only they could find a modern St. Patrick who would deal with the agitators as St. Patrick dealt with the snakes. By every right of race and nationality, as well as by every right of a noble civilisation, Ulster is entitled to the hegemony—*primus inter pares*—of the provinces of Ireland. And it is unthinkable that English or Scottish rifles should be used to place her under the heel of those men who have retarded the advance of the other provinces.

ROPER LETHBRIDGE.

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'TIR NA BES'

A STUDY OF IRISH LIFE—AND DEATH

Nora Flynn was a stout buxom girl, and though she came of a very poor family, yet her stock was decent for all that; no man or woman of them had ever gone to jail for any 'dirty crime,' thank God, and if now and then a Flynn had been sent to prison, wasn't it only because the creature had hammered the 'peelers,' or taken a drop too much, or something 'innocent' like that? And what did it matter? True enough a Flynn now and then did poach a salmon, or maybe sometimes set a noose for a pheasant in the woods of the Great House over yonder, and where was the harm? His Reverence himself was proud to eat a cut of salmon on a fast day, let alone how it was caught.

All the same Peter Flynn was no regular poacher, it was many an odd job he picked up and they brought in a tidy sum, though dear knows difficult to count on; but little enough regular work could be got since the 'boycott' which drove the family of the Great House abroad, so most of Flynn's days and a great part of his nights were spent with many men similarly circumstanced, leaning against the walls and corners of the shops and houses which formed the squalid little seaport town of Kinbeg. When Flynn could command tobacco he smoked a pipe; in its absence he expectorated freely and constantly. Mrs. Flynn took in washing and Nora made crochet collars and cuffs with untiring zeal, and these the convent and visitors bought with equal persistency, and Nora sold her crochet more easily than most of the workers, as she was a careful, clean girl and her work was neater and finer than that of most of the other workers.

The Flynns' little cottage stood on the outskirts of Kinbeg, at the end of a long untidy street that straggled along for more than a mile, till at length a small and dreary patch of walled-in grass and gravel, intended to supply the inhabitants with a place for recreation, terminated in what was dignified with the name of the business portion of the little town. Further on came the fine sweep of a far-extending strand whither the citizens from the county town were in summer wont to resort to bathe and walk and eat sandwiches. A row of small and mean-looking houses

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betrayed the poverty of the land by the placards announcing that these uninviting-looking abodes were 'to let.' In the eyes of the denizens of Kinbeg these residences were all that could be considered desirable, and during the season a merry-go-round with glittering boats and gaily painted horses, and the inspiring music of a very unmelodious barrel organ, was considered as supplying everything the most fastidious visitor could desire in the way of entertainment. Nora often went to the beach, either alone or with a neighbouring girl, and was usually successful in disposing of her little store of work to newcomers soon weary of the strand and bored with the merry-go-round.

The Flynns' outlook on the world was very restricted and their life monotonous, but not devoid of interests. Every Sunday and holiday the family never failed to attend Mass, and when it did not rain the people talked and gossiped and criticised each other, as is the case all the world over. Sometimes a mission came, and the good fathers were stirring preachers and thundered forth denunciations of drink and the pains and penalties thereby incurred till their hearers shook in their shoes and all the most temperate of the congregation hastened to take the pledge. Once every six weeks the family went to their 'duty,' and the confessor was lenient and easily wiped out their small peccadilloes, and undoubtedly it is a great thing to have one's conscience quiet and clear and free from any semblance of reproach.

Every Christmas Eve Mrs. Flynn or Nora bought a tall Christmas candle and dressed it with berries of the tree that the Celts have held as holy from time immemorial, mingling threads and flowers of silver tinsel with the dark green leaves and crimson berries, so that the Christmas candle became, as it were, a symbol pointing to the possibility of vivifying stern old beliefs by the gracious influence of beauty and brightness. When evening fell the candle was lighted and placed in the window, and all night the door was left ajar so that if any poor woman and her infant came by and wanted shelter the woman would see the light and might come in, and welcome, for was it not on that night that the Blessed Virgin herself could find no shelter save in a stable, and God forbid that in Ireland such a thing could ever happen while there was a candle that could be lighted, or a door to open.

On St. Stephen's Day, too, there were great doings, for then the boys, and indeed some of the girls too, would dress up with masks and ribbons and go round carrying a holly bush and singing :

The wran, the wran, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day he was caught in the furze:
He was so cute and we were so cunning,
He hid in the bushes while we were a-running.

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Bobber in roll madrol madrolun,
Bobber and roll, sliver and shole,
Pebble the goat has a tambourine.
On Christmas Day I turned the spit,
I burned my finger—I feel it yet;
Between my finger and the thumb
There is a blister as big as a plum.

The wran, the wran, as you may see,
Is guarded on the holly tree;
A bunch of ribbons by his side,
The Kinbeg boys to be his guide.

And wasn't Tom Mahony one of the grandest of the wran boys, and hadn't he the loudest voice of any of them? He was the one that was always up to fun and a joke. It was no other than Tom himself who went round on many a St. Stephen's night daubing and smearing tar figures on the doors and houses of the old maids and bachelors. It was Tom, and no other, that climbed old Lenihan's roof for all the world like a cat, and stuck a big straw woman with a cap on her head and a shawl over her, and a pipe in her mouth, right on top of the old man's chimney; and it was old Lenihan who was fit to be tied next morning, when the neighbours were all laughing, and he knowing nothing of the fine wife he had on the roof all the time. That same Lenihan was a sour, crabbed old fellow, who never had wife or chick or child belonging to him, so right glad the neighbours were when he was so mad at Tom's joke. It was Tom had the laugh on his side—trust him for that.

And though Tom Mahony was the boy that would make you laugh the very life out of you, there was no one could beat him at his duties either. No matter how dark or wet the morning, he was the one who would be first at the Mass, and always held the plate at the chapel door collecting the money for the parliament gentlemen.

And when the summer came, and the priests in their fine capes and lace, and the lighted candles and the incense and all, and the Blessed Sacrament carried the round of the town, with the chanting and the singing, and flowers in all the windows, and all the people in their best, just like heaven itself, there was Tom Mahony walking just after the priests, with a long stick in his hand and a big silver star right on top of it; and a look on his face, and him so fine and grand, that you couldn't help but think of the blessed saints in the pictures. And didn't the Daughters of Mary walk in the procession too, and Nora Flynn along with them, for she had been a Daughter of Mary ever since she was eight years old and was confirmed. Oh! it was a grand scene entirely. One year the Bishop himself came, and the day was fine, and the children went in front scattering

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roses and lilies and geraniums and flowers of all sorts before the Tabernacle in which was no less than the Lord Himself. And wasn't it the Daughters of Mary that looked lovely that day, in their white veils and white dresses, with long blue cloaks on them? Even the Protestants couldn't but admire them, though they, bad luck to them, never went on their knees to the procession like the good Christians.

Tom Mahony lived over against the Flynns, and a steady, well-learned boy he was; and he and Nora had known each other all their lives, and Tom had no farm, or house, or pigs, or anything, and Nora had neither dresser, bedding, blankets, or furniture of any sort, so what harm was it but that they should marry and live with the old people, as their fathers and mothers had done before them? If Tom owned a few head of cattle, or a horse or two, it would be different altogether—he'd have to look for a fortune with the girl he married; and if Nora had had a tidy sum in her hand, maybe she'd not have been content under a small farm, or leastways a labourer's cottage, along with the boy she was to marry. But when both the boy and the girl were penniless, why should they not please themselves? So it was all settled, and Nora was to marry Tom Mahony next Shrove; and wasn't he the fine, clever boy that any girl who had no fortune might be glad of?

All went well till one day, coming home wet from fishing, Tom caught a chill, and the cold struck him and he didn't shake it off. Then he took a cough, and lost his appetite and grew thin, and his strength went; and one day he took to the bed and lay there and said he was tired.

Tom and Nora were cousins many times over. For generations the boys and girls of Kinbeg had intermarried; they were all decent people, and did not care for strangers from the neighbouring places, so all the poorer denizens of Kinbeg were kinsfolk, and all with one accord bewailed the approaching end of blithe Tom Mahony and mourned over his early doom. Nora's heart grew heavy, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she heard one and all declare that Tom must die. 'Isn't he my own first cousin,' exclaimed a neighbouring girl to Nora, 'and don't I see it's dying he is, like his brother before him?' 'His father was my grandmother's nephew,' chimed in an elderly woman, 'and isn't it the same way that all the family do be took off?'

Then the priest was sent for and came, God bless him, although the Mahonys could only give him two shillings in place of the half-crown he was in the habit of getting for a last anointing. Nora knelt by the bedside and wept bitterly. As the priest was leaving Nora followed him, and said timidly 'Me and Tom

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OLD ITALIAN VILLAS[1] AND THEIR LESSON

A LADY who is somewhat of a purist declared the other day to a deferential audience that nothing would induce her to admit such an Italian feature as a pergola to a place in her old English garden. Her hearers were duly impressed by such consistency, but glancing round at the balustrade, the clipped hedges and the terrace, the question arose, Why then let in any of these? For there is not one which is not distinctly Italian in its origin. In fact, though the formal garden has been borrowed and adapted for centuries past by England, France and Holland, and has acquired local colour from each nationality, its home is still in Italy, whence it was brought to us bit by bit from the fourteenth century onwards. Long before the Renaissance had established itself, intercourse between Italy and England was maintained by envoys and prelates and their suites, men of letters, and men of fashion, cultivated, observant, and eager to carry home all the customs of the time. Chaucer, whose mention and description of gardens is so constant and so vivid, was in Florence and Padua in 1393. In the fifteenth century Italian workmen were already largely employed on the architecture of English gardens, and except the bowling-green there is no one feature which our gardens do not owe to the Renaissance and to that taste which was forming before the Renaissance.

In Italy, too, gardens have behind them the force of a much older tradition. Many of the most famous pleasure-grounds are laid out upon the actual sites of those which the ancient Romans constructed, and these in their turn could claim the distinguished parentage of gardens designed in the classic age of Greece, were formed upon the same lines, and adapted, as we gather from Lucian, Herodotus, or the collection of writings known as the *Geoponica*, to the same 'delights.'

Our old English gardens, well kept, judiciously restored, and ablaze with the last triumphs of the horticulturist, testify to our love for flowers and our passion for improvements, but the garden-magic of Italy, owing to lack of means, or lack of taste for gardening, or merely from a tendency to *laissez-faire* on the

[1] The 'villa,' in Italy, includes the grounds as well as the house.

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part of Italian proprietors, comes to us out of the past, almost untouched, save by the finger of Time, and grants us a fine flavour of romance, a 'mingling of desire and memory,' which translates for us the inmost spirit of a distant day. We can hardly find fault with those in which English or American zeal has created an orgy of colour and perfume, but those villas which remain in Italian hands have a repose, a beauty independent of transitory effects, deep-seated, almost indestructible. Of all the places one has ever visited they seem to combine most perfectly the charm of nature with the fascination of art, the witchery of old tradition with the living influence of exquisite surrounding.

As we attempt to review and estimate these villas upon broad lines we find that a kindred resemblance underlies them all. The house is the *clou* to the whole composition and the architectural and formal quality is maintained within its neighbourhood, yet, while the changes are rung on balustrades, terraces, *ronds-points* and gazebos, we should be entirely mistaken in concluding that any tedious monotony is incurred or any want of invention displayed. Each garden has its own character and is able to declare the originality of its author in easy variations of the prevailing themes.

It is difficult to convey the spell and the charm of these gardens to those who do not know them, but all who have ever wandered in those dense ilex shades, who have basked upon those sunny terraces, who have watched the lizards slip along the time-worn stone and listened to the fountain trickling in its moss-grown basin will bear witness to their abiding enchantment and will forgive us for reminding them of their fascination.

We should like to describe two or three characteristic examples, some of which are probably known to the reader.

In Villa Gamberaia, near Florence, we have a small country house of the Renaissance tolerably untouched. It is a simple, white-washed building with broad eaves, standing in a narrow strip of ground. The *podere*, or farm-land, comes close up to its outskirts, and from the paved terrace upon which the windows open you may lean over the coping, with its quaint stone dogs and armorial bearings, and look down upon the olive orchards which roll their clouds of 'silver smoke' along the slopes to Settignano. The secret garden, now converted into a rosary, but still surrounded by clipped hedges, opens from one end of the house. On the opposite side of the terrace a long, narrow bowling-green runs the whole length of the grounds. A grotto crowned by tall cypresses rounds off one end; the other end closes in a belvedere with statues, from which a view is obtained of the domes and towers of Florence and the winding Arno.

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The ground above the bowling-green is on a higher level and is kept back by a retaining wall moulded in volutes and pedestals holding vases, and this high ground is divided into a fanciful little terraced garden, a small, dense ilex wood, and the orange garden, a veritable sun-trap, where old stone figures stand among the lemon trees, and which is bounded by the long *limonaia*, the building in which the plants are housed in winter. The space treated is not very large, but it is rich in contrivance and the eye is artfully deceived as to its extent.

Or, again, we look for a stately palace and we find it in the great fortressed villa built by Vignola for Cardinal Farnese upon the Etrurian plain at Caprarola. Here the chief interest centres in the upper garden, a sort of glorified *giardino segreto*, situated at some distance from the palace, but connected with it by a long scheme of avenue and majestic stair, *tapis vert* and rustic grotto. A massive setting of brick and stone surrounds a clipped garden of box, patterned in beaten earth, and on its parapet stand the famous Canephorae of Villa Farnese, twenty-eight gigantic sylvan figures, intermixed at intervals with ancient cypresses. Year in, year out, here stand the gods and goddesses of the woodland, laughing, frowning, whispering together, playing Pan-pipes and fondling birds, framed in their cypress bowers, with the misty blue of far-off mountains making an everlasting background. Owing to the depredations of a dishonest steward the leaden pipes have been abstracted and the channels are dry where water once dashed down the stone rail of stairways, gushed from the mouths of dolphins, raced down aqueducts and fell in cascades between heavy giants smothered in maiden-hair fern.

Caprarola has been untenanted for a century and a half and is the home of weird, forsaken melancholy. It contrasts sharply with another great creation of Vignola's, Villa Lante, near Viterbo, which, well preserved and little altered, retains all the joyous character of a pleasure-house of the Renaissance. The broidered parterre is laid out round a glorious fountain, a water-garden in itself. Its central group is composed of four athletes of heroic size, modelled in travertine which has petrified into the hardness and colour of bronze. The dark figures stand out upon a pedestal and hold aloft the High Mount, the Montalto, crest of that Prince of the Purple for whom they were devised. At their feet is a scheme of wide tanks in whose water deep bronze and golden lights are reflected, and on the rectangular balustrades by which they are held in stand stone vases filled with brilliant flowers. Terraces wooded with mighty planes and ancient ilexes stretch up the slopes towards Monte Cimerio, and the torrents which feed the great water-piece race down through stone runnels, pour between the claws of a gigantic crab (the insignia

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of Cardinal Gambara, one of the founders), and shower in sparkling spray from the fountains of the crescent, the dolphins, or the giants.

It is strange that of all the treasures in which Italy is so rich her gardens are perhaps the least widely known, but when we do know them there are none of her beauties which come back more vividly, stealing upon the inward eye, transporting us in recollection to every part of the country. Once more we recall the grave splendours of the Giusti Gardens, from whose heights, up which climb cypresses of a wild and fantastic growth, the towers and belfries of old Verona are silhouetted at sunset, purple against the rose-red west; or we think of spring days spent in lonely Campi, where the lovely garden was laid out round what was to be the site of a villa, a villa which after all was never added. Campi has a witchery all its own; there Pan plays his pipes and Venus holds her mirror and nymphs and fauns couch by stone-edged pools, and though the design is still ordered and discernible, all seems to have slipped back into a haunted solitude girdled by the austere blue of Apennine hills.

In the mountains above Pistoia the old villa of the Garzoni family presents a monument of the topiary's art such as can hardly be matched elsewhere. The voluted walls of box and cypress are of enormous height and width, sufficiently huge to contain paths inside them. The grounds are laid out in a vast amphitheatre of grottoes and balustrades, water-works and stucco figures rising tier above tier against the mountain-side. They are an example of roccoco work of the seventeenth century which would be tawdry enough if it were not redeemed by the splendid greenery and the glory of the country-side on which the villa looks. In the Val San Zibio, near Padua, one of the most beautiful gardens in Italy, the old water-works are still in action and the unwary visitor may still be entrapped and drenched by the jets which dart unexpectedly from the terrace steps, *jeux d'eau* looked on as veritable *jeux d'esprit* by the frivolous of bygone days.

The classic lines of I Collazzi near Florence are due to the genius of Michel Angelo, so little did the very greatest disdain to plan a house and garden. In Villa Pliniana, on Lake Como, a wild cascade of water dashes from the cliff and passes through the vestibule, making a cool, damp draught and filling the whole house with its thunder. At Frascati we pass through one great villa after another, each the creation of a cardinal, built in that outburst of the sixteenth century when size and display had replaced the restraint of an earlier day, and when every ecclesiastical dignitary thought it necessary to have his magnificent country seat.

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The most poetic, the most entrancing of them all, even if less architecturally perfect than some we have already noticed, is Villa d'Este, near Tivoli, built in 1570 for Ippolito d'Este, Cardinal of Ferrara and Governor of Tivoli, by Pirro Ligorio, who had just laid out the Vatican Gardens. The plan, in ample, generous lines, stretches down a spur of the Sabine hills. Humble houses, many of them survivals of the city's medieval days, cluster closely on its confines. The palace is entered from a tiny piazza in the town. A land of enchantment opens before us as we pass through the court and corridors and step out from the faded banqueting hall on to the airy *loggia*. At our back lies the gaunt austerity of the old palace, its wide walls only relieved by a centre-piece of lace-like balconies; the ground drops sheer down below its first noble terrace as into an abyss, stair and balustrade continue the descent, and from far below rises up a bevy of giant cypresses, veritable towers of dark velvet, 'the sentinels of Este' as the country people call them. They rise above our heads and overlook the town and stand out against the blues and violets of that storied plain over which sun and shadow sweep from dawn to dusk.

Water is the governing principle of the garden of Este. Not merely the delicate runlets and silver showers of other haunts; here the River Arno has been turned from its course and is hurled bodily from a height into a spacious water-court. Under the shade of immemorial trees, it foams into a wide and brimming basin set round with cool, moss-grown arcades, beneath which nymphs empty their welling urns. It races through the Gallery of the Hundred Fountains, pours through the mouldering relics of the 'Dragon' or the 'Organ,' where it once awoke a mechanism of singing-birds or rose in the form of the crest of a Pope of Mondragone. These conceits have perished, but the power of the water is still resistless; it reverberates through the green shades, it drips in mysterious caverns, it riots and frolics in its ruined freedom, and as it reaches the foot of the deep descent it lies still at length in a broad stretch of four deep pools of a mysterious, an amazing blue, framed in heavy parapets of tawny stone and surrounded by rich ilex walls. To linger here when the orange sunset fades and the purple shadows of Italy steal across the mountains, when no sound is heard but the rush of water or the distant chime of bells, is to receive a thrilling impression of mysterious solitude, when the garden seems to take you to its heart and to whisper all its secrets. 'What it may be in the summer nights, when the breath of the evening comes and goes in waves of drowsy perfume, and great white moths are fluttering about the fountains, and in the ilex arbours and gloomy

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alcoves there are strange mutterings, and deep-drawn sighs, and whispering voices, and flashes of ghostly white, I do not dare to say.'[2]

Passing from one to another of these exquisite haunts, so varied in their beauty, yet all bound fast together by the fundamental fact of their architectural design, we cannot but be struck by the persistence with which the formal garden has all through history imposed itself upon men's tastes and affections, and we can scarcely avoid the conclusion that its tenacious attraction rests not upon fashion or caprice, but upon certain underlying principles which have their basis in reason.

The truth is that the art of gardening as it has thus been handed down from remote ages follows step by step the art of life. The classic ideal of life in which these gardens, so little altered in their main features, first sprang into being was a spacious and ordered affair, significant in every detail. Classic buildings rose on clear and rational lines, and the grounds formed an integral part of the whole conception. The destruction of those splendid pleasure-grounds round Rome, of which Pliny has left us so minute a description, must have been a matter of centuries. How many summer suns cast their shadows on the mouldering pavements of such as were not converted into fortified places, but remained deserted and forlorn, or only used as shelters by shepherds and swineherds, before by degrees they collapsed and their piles of fallen stones were overgrown by vegetation or carted away to build medieval towers? With the invasion of the barbarians the occupation of the gardener was gone for many a long year, and some eight hundred years passed by before the gardens bloomed again in Italy; yet no sooner was comparative security restored than this most instinctive taste of the human mind reasserted itself, and as it did so we find that it naturally reverted to the old fashion and that in all its main features the formal garden of the early Renaissance reproduced the gardens of Roman times, just as the Romans had delighted to construct theirs after the model of the Greeks. In spite of the centuries of chaos and destruction and barbaric oppression that lay between, the classic mind retained its old Latinity, and the Italians, like homing birds, turned with unerring instinct to the same things which had been the choice of their remote ancestors.

Like all products of the classic mind, the formal or architectural garden is essentially the outcome of ideas. The designer has founded it upon reason and expediency. We can fancy him asking 'What is a garden for?' and replying, in anticipation of men of a later age, 'For sweet solace,' 'for

[2] *On the Making of Gardens.* Sir George Sitwell.

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delight in a green place,' 'for refreshment of spirit,' 'to call home over-wearied spirits,' 'for the purest of all pleasures.' The garden is to be adapted to life, to the country in which it is situated, to the persons who are to live in it, and, over and above practical considerations, the classic mind would not be content without due attention to beauty of proportion and that deep harmony of design which gives the inevitable quality to a work of art.

It follows therefore that the laying out of the grounds was as important as the building of the house itself, and the one could hardly be considered apart from the other. The first determining condition was the position of house and garden with regard to the surrounding landscape. The men of the Renaissance, like their prototypes of old, cared above all for an enchanting prospect. We have only to look at the greater number of these villas, set aloft on unlikely heights, crowning undulating slopes, lying upon steep hillsides, to assure ourselves how deeply they did care and what a determining factor was a 'view' in influencing their choice. Some part of the grounds is usually turned into a veritable amphitheatre from which the outlook can be enjoyed. The garden is to some extent planned with an eye to the character of the surrounding country, is grandiose in design where the scenery is grand and more fanciful where the setting is soft and luxuriant; it is laid out in relation to the house, and the convenience and pleasure of those who are to live in it through the long, hot summer are studied in every detail.

The last object therefore of an Italian garden-maker was to provide a place for the growth and display of flowers and fruit: he would as soon have chosen carpets and curtains before building his house as have begun his garden by the laying out of lawns and flower-beds. The garden was to be *built*; first and before all, a framework was to be made. Flowers were a *quantité négligeable*. As a matter of fact, Italians care very little for flowers, and flower-beds hardly enter into their scheme. An architectural structure such as the ground allowed was planned in conjunction with the house. As we look at an Italian villa, the lines of the building seem, as it were, to expand; the wide rooms and ample *loggie* acquire additional space and dignity from the rectangular lines of the hedges and terraces and the stately unfolding of balustrade and stairway. The proportions were determined not only of courtyard or orangery, but of spaces of sun and shadow. Rooms within were matched by rooms without, which only differed in being green and growing and open to the sky, and which were an extension of as well as an *encadrement* to the house. The garden satisfied a variety of social requirements: the broad terrace was used for the *al fresco*

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banquet; the long promenade, under the shade of a pergola or in *plein air*, the garden pavilion, the circular seats, and the sylvan theatre all had their uses. When a company of friends had sauntered long enough upon the dry and well-paved terrace, a belvedere invited them to watch the sunset from its vantage-point. The *giardino segreto*, the *hortus inclusus* of the ancients, with thick, enclosing hedges, made a cool, seductive nook, for study, for meditation, or for a solitude *à deux*. The dim ilex grove afforded a refuge from the noonday heat, the fountain freshened the air and made a soothing murmur, and the larger villas broke gradually into wilder ground where game was preserved and arenas were arranged for riding, and sometimes foreign beasts and birds were kept in cages.

And well as the garden was adapted to the life of every day, to peace and seclusion and quiet intercourse, its object did not end there. These garden-architects were past masters in arousing interest, in giving variety and producing striking contrasts. Nothing can be more dramatic than some of their surprises. As the visitor mounts the long ascent to Villa Mondragone, at Frascati, his way lies through dark avenues of ilex meeting overhead and making a tunnel of the deepest shade. Reaching the parterre, he passes through the quadrangle and, with one step on to a balcony, there unfolds before him a boundless view. Far below his feet, and stretching towards limitless horizons, lies that marvellous plain, where Tivoli gleams white upon the hillside, and Colonna is tossed up close at hand, where the bubble of the great dome is dimly discernible towering over Rome, and where the sun sinks in a rosy and golden haze below the faint line of the sea beyond Ostia. The steep descent between dense cypresses will be known to all who have visited the Boboli Gardens; melancholy and monotonous is the avenue, but it ends in the charming 'folly' of the *isolotto* or island, set in a miniature lake, upon which tiny boats could be rowed, and which is girdled with fantastic balustrades decorated with great terra-cotta pots of lemons, and where Gian Bologna's 'Oceanus' rises high in the midst. The designer understood perfectly the art of subdivision of space, and knew what a sense of mystery and privacy was obtained thereby.

Some people may find it difficult to picture the beauty of a garden where little provision is made for flowers, and in which beaten earth and stone paving are more often seen than emerald lawns, but the perennial verdure of these old villas has a fascination of its own. The grey-green of ilex, the dark of cypress, throw out the tones of old statues: statues which one could believe to have acquired a mystic sympathy with their surroundings. A nymph gathers up the folds of her drapery and holds

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aloft a cornucopia of fruit, a Diana, quiver on shoulder and hound at side, bursts from a leafy bower, a faun peeps slily from a bush—sylvan creatures who seem to hold the garden's secret in their keeping.

And to say that little trouble is bestowed on flowers is not to imply that there is any lack of colour; no more exquisite harmony can be imagined than that formed by the lemon trees with golden-green foliage, pale, waxy globes of fruit, and ivory blossom, set in huge red vases and relieved against rich ilex walls, with the throbbing blue of an Italian sky for their background. Judas-trees flush purple in the spring-time; in the summer the silver-pink of oleanders makes a rosy tracery, and the sweet common roses which need no care fall in sheets over a wall or tangle across a weather-worn parapet. These garden-makers knew nothing of herbaceous borders or improved specimen plants, but they reigned supreme in awakening poetry and imagination, and it is sentiment and romance that their creations still have power to excite.

In the great centres of Italian civilisation in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when villa-building was in its glory, men of high place and great riches were, so to speak, born artists. No commercial considerations obscured the supreme obligation of making all that they produced sightly and gracious. It was under the influence of a lavish conception of the delight of life and beauty, tempered by the restraint of perfect taste, that the famous gardens of the Renaissance were created. These followed the fashion of the ancient villa—at first, as we have said, by a sort of instinct; later, with intention and research. And the main plan of classic times suited them so well because their object was the same as that of the men of classic life. The description given by Pliny of the Villa Urbana shows how carefully sun and shade and retirement and pleasant seats and garden-houses and fountains were arranged to add to the pleasure of the rich and noble Roman. The courts of the house merged into the atrium, enclosed by a colonnade round which were placed statues and plants in tubs or vases; the rose garden and xystus, or flower garden, were framed by trellised screens and clipped hedges which displayed garden statuary to the best advantage. A finely ordered system of aqueducts brought forth water to cool the air and add its musical sounds to the other delights of the garden. And in later times men aim at the same perfection, and it is the art of life which engrosses them. Their prime consideration is to make the garden an agreeable place to live in, and it is the extraordinary livableness of these gardens which strikes us so forcibly. The undulating lawn set out with clumps of ornamental shrubs is not a place to live in; the stiff

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parterre, bare to the surrounding country and overlooked by every window of the house, which often passes in this country for an Italian garden, offers no such temptation. The French gardens, vast and soulless, repel us by their cold splendour, but the villa-gardens of Italy or any other country where these principles have been truly followed, charm and attract us by their intimate relation to life and carry back our thoughts to the delightful hours of confidence and intimate intercourse of which they have been the scenes.

Who can lean between the slender marble pillars of the loggia at Careggi or look down from the high terrace at Villa Medici, 'that magnificent and noble palace at Fiesole' which Michelozzo built for Giovanni, the son of Cosimo, without recalling the brilliant circle which gathered round Giovanni's son, the dark man with the saturnine smile and the genius for friendship who was its leader and its inspiration? 'A glamour, a fire, a radiance about him . . . the power of drawing all men to him.' We can almost hear the talk of those rare spirits who tasted life with so sharp a savour—wise, witty talk; graceful, animated Italian talk. At Este, Cardinal Ippolito and the attendant doctors and *litterati* who were welcomed in such numbers at the princely court sweep once more, for us, along the terraces in their rose-red and purple robes. They gather round the fountain in some cool retreat and Tasso's accents mingle with the sound of the silver spray, or they sit on the old stone garden-seats 'conversing' (as the chronicler Mureto tells us) 'with familiar and homely kindness.' At Villa Lante curving seats and close green barriers make a *giardino segreto* round the fountain of the dolphins and enclose two little painted pavilions which still seem to echo with all the laughter, the catches of song, the comedies—aye, and perhaps the tragedies too—of which they were once the setting. In the close-clipped theatres at Garzoni, or Sergardi, or Bernardone, near Lucca, we raise visions of love and merriment, triumphs and jealousies, on which the curtain has long fallen for ever. How can we pass up and down the Brenta without feeling ourselves shadowed by that laughing throng of gay Venetians who kept high holiday in those ghostly villas which stand like ruined wrecks upon the river-bank? How well we can repeople these forlorn and deserted haunts with coquettish dames in perruques and hoops, with powdered beaux such as Longhi painted, in three-cornered hat and *pelada*, with the black and white *bauta* and scarlet *tabarro*, their eyes flashing through their masks, smirking, bowing, dancing gavottes, singing duets to a tinkling spinet, making ardent, frivolous love in these discreet shades. As we stand at sunset among the mouldering statues and dim ilex groves

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of Cardinal Borghese's garden, Pauline Bonaparte flits by in her short-waisted Empire gown, surrounded by her throng of giddy courtiers. The Cardinal himself, the kindest, ugliest man in seventeenth-century Rome, seems to beam, as Bernini has immortalised him, in biretta and ample scarlet draperies from his earlier century upon the beautiful wife of the representative of his house. In the quaint semicircular water-court at Villa Aldobrandini we can still laugh with the witty, agreeable President des Brosses over the fun of the long June afternoon in 1745, and the tricks played with a group of companions among the elaborate water-works, when, having been soaked by the sudden gush from pipes round the basin of the dolphins, 'which looked dry and innocent enough,' and having changed into dry garments, they were caught afresh by 'a hundred little jets concealed in the stonework which spurted fiercely upon them as they sat listening to the music.' They gave themselves up to the fun, and he particularly commends one little staircase which, as the intruder ascended, 'sent out jets before and behind, so that there was no escape,' and describes with delight a trap particularly constructed *pour tromper les trompeurs*, which on a mischievous companion turning it recoiled upon him with a jet as thick as his arm and compelled him to beat a retreat with the water running out of his shoes.

Out of the distance, out of histories and memoirs, the echoes of their life come to us. No one has left a more delightful account of a day than Pietro Bembo, the courtly young cardinal, the friend of the Montefeltro, and though the garden of which he wrote has disappeared, it could be matched by the hundred in Italy. He comes across the Euganean Hills from the Court of the Este to Asolo, the little kingdom of the dethroned Queen Catherine Cornaro. The guests have dined in the wide loggia overlooking the glorious prospect where still to-day the silvery olive slopes are cut sharply by the dark points of cypresses, where the old church and monastery make a pile of cream and golden-brown colour, and, fold over fold, the misty blue and purple land is lost on the far horizon where Venice lies. The feast is over and music and dancing have followed; then, when the Queen retires for the siesta, Bembo, brilliant, handsome, and twenty-eight years old, with two young Venetian gentlemen and three young and fair ladies, strays into the garden. Between the cypress walls they wander on, their gorgeous satins and brocades making a brilliant globe of colour against the deep green, till they come to a broad stone basin over the rim of which the water laps and races down a marble runnel, and by the soft plash of the fountain, in the cool shade, the three ladies and their cavaliers sit down, and through the long after-

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noon, as the shadows fall, they 'spin out the cobweb of platonic love.' They have left us a picture of a class, leisured, exclusive, with an instinct for the exquisite things that life can give—learning, congenial intercourse, beauty and refinement. We cannot but look back wistfully at such companionship amid such surroundings.

Gardens in England, as has been pointed out, were derived mainly from Italian sources, and up to nearly the beginning of the nineteenth century retained their formal character. Beautiful old pleasaunces, pavilions, stone and lead work testify to the hold the formal garden obtained on the taste of our ancestors; but as time went on formality was carried to excess, its reasonable character was lost, and the designs became absurd and exaggerated. As long ago as 1713 Pope mocks at the senseless extremes to which the clipping of foliage was carried. He parodies the list of a nursery gardener and includes such groups as 'the effigy of a lady in myrtle and her husband in hornbeam'; 'pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap'; 'divers modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted'; 'a quickset hog shot up into a porcupine through being forgot a week in rainy weather.' The foolish grottoes for which there was a craze reminded men of Bacon's warning 'Beware of toys; you may see as good sights many times in tarts.'

Addison and Horace Walpole set out to denounce the geometrical style of laying out the grounds. The latter criticises the redundancy of ornament in French gardens, in one of which he counted 9000 pots of China asters placed along the walks on either side. The great gardens of France are indeed a warning to those who seek to achieve magnificence by mere magnitude. They aim always at a full-dress effect; they are laid out for display, for show, not for enjoyment, and are dreary and artificial rather than sympathetic. They speak to us of the heartless life of Courts for which they were created. The fountains only play on special occasions and at huge cost, and are in fundamental contrast to the ever-flowing fountains of Italy, where the sound of abundant water makes part of the design.

In a revulsion from the ridiculous excess to which a most artificial age had carried formality it became the fashion to denounce it and to rave about nature. 'In laying out a garden,' writes Addison, 'we are to copy nature as much as possible, to conceal every appearance of art, making the whole appear the production of nature only.' Straight lines were abhorrent to the new school and on all sides stately avenues fell before their relentless axe. Kent, 'Capability Brown,' and their followers avowed their dislike to stonework as artificial, and the stately schemes of terraces and balustrades gave place to undulating

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lawns, to sham ruins and 'rustic' concoctions, while instead of the straight promenades gravel paths wriggled in and out of arbitrary groups of ornamental shrubs in 'serpentine meanders.'

Yet, while the garden was formed into a miniature copy of the surrounding woods and valleys, flower-beds were cut out in eccentric shapes upon the lawn, carpet-bedding with all its hideous symmetry became the rage and culminated in 'mosaic culture' and 'painted gravel' abominations. While the craze for the 'natural' lasted, thousands of beautiful old pleasure-grounds were swept away; yet even during that time—some fifty years—instances of an inclination to return to the designs of former days were not lacking. Though taste is improved, there are still countless gardens in England laid out in the banal 'natural taste,' and many others have from time to time been planned without any real idea of what an Italian garden means, and, like the grounds of the Crystal Palace, are called by that name merely because they are stiffly arranged.

Many of the most pretentious and unsuccessful gardens in this country have been made during the past century upon these lines, and, like Chatsworth, Trentham, Castle Howard, and Alton Towers, are ugly, formal, and stereotyped in their idealess geometry. On the other hand, we find a popular writer of the present day preaching the doctrine that when we accept Design as the ruler of the garden we have come to finality; the garden is to be laid out in a certain way only, and we dare not afterwards alter it.

Needless to say, these are not the lessons that we believe are taught by the old formal garden, the Mother of all gardening.

At the root of the whole matter lies the thought that the garden is to be made a living-place and that its framework is to be definitely constructed; but within certain limitations, the garden may have as great variety as the house; the house is defined, it must have walls, a roof and floor, yet one house is quite unlike another. The practical use to be made of the garden is the determining factor in its design and its features are settled by the uses of daily life. An idea prevails that the Italian garden must be the adjunct of a very grand house; but, though the summer house of Italy often is a summer palace, and though size and space are more common there than here and rendered more necessary by the climate, the villa is often nothing more than an airy, whitewashed structure, simply built. Where the house is small, the idea of the garden as an extension is peculiarly grateful. One can imagine the welcome addition that the small enclosed garden, with its sheltering barriers and brick or paved flooring, makes on every fine day to the small sitting-room from which it opens, and once the garden is considered as part of the

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building there is nothing but convenience and taste to determine the size of the rooms built, and the gardens near the house are recognised as so many different apartments belonging to its state, its comfort, or its pleasure. In adopting the formal garden we need not copy it slavishly; it is its spirit and principle we want to revive, and then let us improve it if we can and consider what new elements we can introduce into it. A small bit done well repays one more than an ill-planned, straggling waste of ground.

A scheme which is present to the memory, where the house overlooks a fine view, consists merely of a wide terrace-walk along the south front, paved with large flagstones; a light balustrade has pots of lemon and myrtle set along its borders, and immediately behind, at a lower level, lies a long, narrow rose-garden, screened and divided by clipped hedges. At one end is a graceful garden-house, and that is all. The cost has not been light, for paving-stones and balustrading are costly items; but what has been undertaken has been thoroughly done; additions can be made at any time, and as far as it goes the garden is a joy, and practically an indestructible one. A pathway on which to pace, four abreast, dryshod in all weathers, overlooking the wide expanse of moor and sea; a secluded series of nooks in which friends can pass hours in sheltered seclusion: what more need we ask of a garden?

The thought that has been put into an old Italian garden can still be extracted from it, and we have much to learn in detail. The primary need of the garden being seclusion, we must notice the attention paid to walls and clipped hedges. Ilex, box, yew, beech, the quick-growing macrocarpa may all be pressed into our service, and the green background afforded by the fine, close texture of any of these is much more beautiful than that given by ornamental shrubs, which are generally ugly and out of place. Green barriers give a feeling of comfort and privacy, and they are the sort of garden furnishing which increases in value with every year. As they grow high and strong, they can be played with, arches cut in them framing glimpses of the distance, niches scooped to hold a stone figure or a vase, or even the common oil-jar, overflowing with rose geraniums or nasturtiums. There seems no good reason why we should not make our walls as varied and worthy a feature as they are in Italy. In England we find good old red-brick walls, or the white-washed, thatched cob, but the ordinary high wall is too apt to be an eyesore. We might have plaster walls with stone copings, moulded and voluted, with pedestals to hold vases; and why do we never use *clairvoyées*, through the wrought-iron screens of which we could look out over the surrounding country? Many visitors to Florence will recollect the beautiful curved wall of

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Villa Capponi, or the long, low wall, made with a seat running along it, which bounds the bowling-green at Villa Salviati, or the brick wall round the flower garden at Villa Palmieri, about four feet high, and to which slender brick arches have been added, affording a series of pictures framed in twining creepers and having pilasters formed by narrow, topped cypresses. Retaining walls, holding back a higher part of the ground, are practicable, and may be simple or as stately as you please. That at Villa Colonna is a fine example, with groups of pillars framing niches in which statues are placed; yet often the retaining wall is only a brick or stone facing, completed by a narrow coping, with perhaps a stone trough or basin at its base into which water trickles from the high ground above. Garden pavilions might take the place of our ugly and useless summer-houses. A garden-house, sheltered from the cold winds and open to the sunny side, if well built, of sufficient size, and provided with dry flooring and comfortable seats, would tempt us to sit under its protection on many a mild day from October to May. It may form a sort of centre-piece to social life, like those twin *casini* in the Lante garden, where the family archives tell us that all the company would gather, to act plays and recite and make love, when the great Roman family and their friends came out to pass the summer in the mountains. One sees no reason, now that *al fresco* plays have become so popular, why the outdoor theatre should not be revived; no doubt the wonderful clipped theatres of Italy were the work of several generations, but the best things are done with an eye to the future, and it is an attitude which makes the creation of a garden a work of real importance. The flavour of romance is handed down to us by the traditions of past frivolities. A libretto of the eighteenth century is preserved in one of these villas and against the rôle of the leading lady is the observation 'I cannot do this part justice, as Rinaldo is so luke-warm'! (*tanto tepido*).

Water is plentiful in our country, yet how seldom do we see or hear a fountain. Italian gardens are rich in founts and runnels, tanks and basins, and water in every form in which it can be used is one of the chief features of every composition. Those fountains are of endless beauty and variety, the smallest villa has its mossy basins, its aqueducts, and its set pieces. Sometimes they are fountains of sculpturesque beauty, such as that at Villa Petraia near Florence, where the shallow marble basin is carved with ribbons and garlands of the Renaissance, and where the nymph above, by a happy conceit of Gian Bologna's, wrings the water from her hair so that it falls in sparkling showers; or we have the grand reservoir of Villa Torlonia, where balustrading in the form of a great quatrefoil surrounds a deep

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pool, set in a shady woodland, or the high centre piece at Mondragone, where the dragons cluster round the base of three plateaux tossed up above one another, and the sparkling jet of water rises higher still. We could recall a hundred others, and the conception we gain of what water means as affording life and movement, of being to the garden what eyes are to a face, the delight afforded by its refreshing murmur and silver splash should encourage us, wherever possible, to include such a delicious adjunct. We may not be able to compass an elaborate water-piece, it might be quite unsuitable, but our 'pond' may be given character by a stone border and animation by a sparkling jet; water may spout from a faun's mask or drip over the edges of a shell, while we learn how much is often to be gained by the vertical scheme of lighting which a surrounding belt of green can impose, and how much the charm of a secluded retreat on a drowsy afternoon is enhanced by the refreshing and suggestive murmur of water mingling with the hum of bees and the lazy note of the wood pigeon.

Having planned the garden, let us think of its flooring. Nothing is too good in this way for the inside of our house. We should scorn the idea of covering every room with coarse matting or drugget, so do not let us be satisfied with the mean and inadequate material of gravel, at any rate for the more intimate portions of the ground. Gravel was unknown in old gardens, and though it may be convenient for extended walks, any substitute is to be preferred, both for appearance and comfort. Flagstones, river-stones, grass, brick, beaten earth are all excellent alternatives. The steep descents of the Boboli Gardens, though they have since been disfigured by gravel, were originally of earth, dark and moss-grown, across which narrow transverse bars of stone were placed at intervals of two or three feet. Much of the dignity of the courtyard in the Casino of the Vatican Gardens is owing to the noble old flagstones, laid without cement, with which it is floored. The same marked interest is given by this way of treating the ground, whether we find it on the paved terrace which Haddon Hall long ago borrowed from Italy, or on the flagged path of a thatched cottage; to either it adds an incalculable charm. A garden-maker who has not consulted old methods is too much inclined to lay bricks or stones with mortar or cement, thereby spoiling their character and depriving them of the irregularities which add to their picturesque quality. Stones should be heavy enough to keep their position, or should be imbedded in the turf or soil, while bricks ought to be laid in patterns in a thick bed of river sand, which drains away the moisture and prevents their becoming damp and slimy in wet weather. This is a fashion often

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found in old farm kitchens in the West of England and illustrates what we have already insisted upon, that it is immaterial whether such a detail is actually to be found in an Italian garden; the principle is the same, that of providing an agreeable and dignified floor to our pergola or terrace.

Steps share the same unidea-d fate in England and too often are stiff and hideous, whereas in Italy they are always beautiful. Even stately stairways can be ruined by steepness, by want of proportion and heavy sides, and it is seldom recognised to what happy designs short flights lend themselves. The entrance to the garden of the Canephorae at Caprarola has a low flight of steps formed out of heavy stones, hollowed and shaped into a deep inward curve, much more original than a series of straight lines, while in a flight at Campi the inward-reaching plan is treated octagonally. The idea of stonework is apt to suggest extravagant visions, but these are quite modest designs, and once a very slight framework is established, in addition to clipped hedges, the restfulness which is the peculiar quality of an old pleasance is secured. Such a garden need not be on a grand scale, but it will have the charm of stability and seclusion.

The use of vases and figures and other garden furniture is a point to consider. One wonders that young sculptors out at elbows for a job do not devote more time and thought to the production of stonework appropriate to English gardens. There are many types of figure which, if good and graceful and well placed, would add interest and distinction to a very simple scheme. The Seasons, the Months, the tutelary Goddess, a faun or *putti* all suggest themselves. Even now it is difficult to get the beautiful shapes and ornaments in modern work which distinguish the multitude of vases which adorn such terraces as those at Villa Torlonia or Garzoni. Everything of this kind, however, *must* be well placed, and here the Italians excelled. Their ilex walls as they grew high and thick afforded niches for statues, balustrades were planned to hold vases, aqueducts led to the fountain which was placed amid encircling seats or in an enclosing grove. It is marvellous what a magic can be imparted by a graceful garden figure, which in our climate soon loses its 'new' effect, though it need not be allowed to become too forlorn.

Sir George Sitwell, in *The Making of Gardens*, has grasped the spirit of the Italian garden and the lessons to be learned from the garden craft of Italy as few writers have done. Those who have the opportunity of building great gardens cannot do better than to study his pages and also those of *The Art of Garden Design* by Mr. Inigo Triggs; but such builders will always be in the minority, and the thought we would urge the ordinary

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individual to grasp is that the principles which underlie the old methods are applicable to moderate as well as to grandiose compositions. If ground is laid out with due attention to comfort and convenience the result will be a series of surprises as one feature leads on to and makes the next possible, and as the garden is drawn into life and becomes a place to be lived in rather than to be looked at.

It may be objected that nothing has been said about flowers. It is true, as has been noticed, that little care is bestowed upon them in Italy; but there is no intention to exclude flowers, which are only more lovely and make more effect, set against a background of sober green.

We have suggested the livable quality of these old villas as one secret of their abiding charm. Another quality they possess, which must impress all who study them, is that of durability. The beauty which lies in velvet lawns and wealth of flowers is lost by the neglect of a season; the paths and beds become choked, the lawns degenerate into rough meadows; if the neglect lasts for a few years, all traces of cultivation are obliterated and the decay becomes squalid rather than romantic. But a hundred years more or less make little difference to such gardens as we have been describing; they require and receive scanty care, beyond a yearly clipping. The stonework grows stained and hoary, the flagstones heave, the fountains gather moss; yet the whole effect is more beautiful than it was in days of early grandeur, while the harmonious scheme is easy to trace and always possible to recapture.

The writer is well aware that in upholding the principles which govern the Italian garden no forlorn hope is urged. For some years past architects and masters of design have been devoting their energies to make gardens a more integral part of the buildings they surround, and many of the small gardens lately built to lesser country houses are proofs of these efforts and their success. We all expect to see the demand and the response to it growing still more defined, and the present article is only one more attempt to accentuate the taste, to provide it with a basis in reason and tradition, and to deprecate more attention being devoted to flowers than to the setting in which they are to be seen.

Nor need we fear that a garden built upon these lines will lack that individual touch which, after all, gives a charm which can never be imparted by mere soulless copying or the arbitrary revival of a fashion. A definite and truthful purpose will inform the whole if its principles are intelligently understood.

The determination to do the work well, even if it be done by degrees, will result in creating something which shall be lasting, and the initial plan can be modified or carried out as

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experience and circumstances dictate. As logic and beauty meet, endless variety will be possible, and the charm of personal selection in detail will follow. The thought of building for the future, of creating in a durable form, is a worthy one and to be encouraged in these days of hurry and impatience. Whether we produce a well-built garden house, a graceful gateway, a picturesque hall, a flight of steps, a paved walk, a fountain, if it be good in itself and appropriate to its position, we are making something which posterity will not easily allow to perish. Let us plan our gardens as did those men who planned so long ago the gardens which delight us still to-day. Let us plan them clearly and strongly and build them well, with the thought of the joy that shall be taken in them by generations yet unborn: so they shall be places of rest and refreshment to all who are akin to us through their need of and their love for these things; they shall add to the enjoyment and the peace of daily life long after we are gone; and, though the garden-maker's very name may be forgotten, the garden shall still speak to ears attuned to hear of the thought and love and labour which went to the creating of its beauty.

EVELYN MARCH-PHILLIPPS.

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EUGENICS, ETHICS AND RELIGION

EUGENICS is a movement eagerly being forwarded by some people, misunderstood or ignored by a very large number, and actively distrusted by a few. I doubt if any good movement for the betterment of the human race has ever been without these three concomitants: encouragement, indifference, distrust; and the greatest movements have enjoyed or endured all three in the largest degree. The object of those who favour the movement is by persuasion and explanation to transfer some of those who form class 2 to class 1: and some from class 3 either to class 1 or 2; that is, to change them from being outspoken adversaries into supporters, even though they may have to pass on the way into the large, grey crowd of Englishmen whose demeanour towards eugenics will then take the form of shrugging the shoulder, and, perhaps, of holding the tongue. Some, however, we may hope, will skip actively over class 2 and swell the ranks of class 1.

Now class 3, if I am not mistaken, is composed largely of people who are genuinely alarmed at eugenics, and believe that it is characterised by an irreverent disposition to talk openly and crudely of things hitherto treated as sacred, and to advocate rather mechanical remedies for troubles mainly spiritual. Many of these critics are religious people. On the other hand, the eugenists are inclined to despair of the religious folk as being inclined not to leave well alone but ill alone: that is, they charge them with acquiescing in a very serious and appalling state of things brought about largely by reticence and mistimed prudery, and refusing to see that the one course to pursue when reticence has failed is to speak; and they are further inclined to hold that this mistaken view is encouraged by religion itself.

Such, roughly speaking, seem to be the feelings of two groups. We ought to be desirous of helping to a better mutual understanding, and I will attempt to indicate lines of thought which may forward this object by noticing first what the foundation principle of eugenics is. One of Bishop Westcott's pregnant sayings was that all controversy concerns details. If so, the deeper we go the better chance there is of reaching the point where controversy dies away.

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Eugenics, then, is concerned with racial development, and deals with the past in a scientific way; that is, as hoping to extract from it lessons for the future. It occupies itself with generations yet unborn. Now, if that were all, it might be called a form of patriotism; and if we could go no further than that statement, we should have reached a point fairly free from controversy. But we can go further. If I had said that the generations yet unborn meant exclusively the English stock, or even British stock, I think the definition would have been demurred to on the ground of narrowness. In other words, we have become cosmopolitan in our aims of bettering human life: but let us see what that means. Instead of our ground principle being simply patriotism, we must restate it as follows: Eugenics is a movement for emphasising certain aspects of the preciousness of human life. It has definite practical aims connected with, but not at all limited by, problems of sex. The reason why it has so far dealt mainly with those problems is that they seem to have been either neglected or misunderstood. But the important fact is that the ground principle of eugenics is a deepened sense of the value of human life. But this sense is a direct outcome of Christianity. No one has ever contributed to the deepening of that sense in any way comparable to that which was the work of Christ. I doubt if this will be disputed: but we must notice that Christianity teaches the infinite value of human life, not because healthy men make good soldiers, but because men are spiritual beings and have immortal souls. Whatever a eugenist might verbally deny, I hold that he virtually accepts that doctrine, else he would not be concerned with future generations of men not British; whereas at present he is quite ready to join an international conference and tell foreigners what he has learnt at home. This is a really striking fact in human history.

Does, then, eugenics do, or try to do, anything more than sensible Christians are trying to do? Perhaps not more than sensible Christians: but then, some Christians are not sensible, and even if they were, they would be none the worse for using some better long-distance glasses than they have used hitherto. The eugenist recognises that a sound idea of the preciousness of human life must operate in the biological sphere—a region where many good Christians are not quite at home. He is an interpreter of the spiritual or abstract in terms of the concrete: often without knowing exactly what he is about: forgetting, or never having grasped, what his spiritual starting-point is. Or he may have refused to recognise it because he has heard it advocated by men whom he cannot whole-heartedly respect. It may be that some cleric of the condescending school, stiff-collared and stiff-necked, has tried to commend the principles to him in words

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which he does not understand himself, and which he contradicts daily in his own life. Such things have happened, and have not helped to bridge the gulf, but to widen it. Moreover, the eugenist ought to be welcomed by the religious trainer of the young, since he can show him how vigorously Science corroborates the true principles of child-training. But I think a Christian educator can hardly be expected to give this welcome to biology unless it comes as an *addendum* to something deeper and more personal. This point requires some amplification.

By the word Christian I mean a man who really believes that at a certain period the Deity gave to mankind a revelation of truth and a power to live in it which they could not otherwise have gained. For such a man really holding that belief, it is inconceivable that there can be any higher aim in education than the implanting in a vital fashion, as a living and growing thing, that Truth which he has himself received: especially as he knows it was given in order that it should be passed on, and because he feels that there is in it a self-propagating power if the early planting is done according to nature. In other words, truths about man's relation to God must obviously take precedence of all truths which only deal with man's relation to his fellow-men or his care of his own body. That is to say, they take precedence not only because they were specially revealed, but because they underlie the others and make it possible for them to be learnt and practised. Of course, there are some who hold that this dependence of morality upon religion is absurdly overstated. But I am not anxious to dispute the matter now: my object is to show clearly what is the deepest of all the presuppositions in a Christian's mind in order that everyone may understand how he must approach all questions of moral education. Unless he is a sham he must be unshakably convinced that true thoughts about God, planted deeply enough in a child's mind and interpreted by every moral problem that arises as time goes on, and by every lapse from the ideal of which the child may be guilty, do really settle the whole question of character-training; with a few common-sense precautions, there remains very little else that requires to be done. If anyone thinks such a view irrational or unintelligible he is welcome to. I don't ask him to accept it, but to show consideration for it, because it is utterly impossible otherwise to work with him, and the eugenist and the Christian are really so near together that there should be no difficulty about co-operation between them. The first truth for the scientific eugenist is the second truth in the Christian series; it is the unspeakable value of human life; the eugenist starts with it, the Christian treats it as a corollary of something deeper and more mystic which the eugenist may or may not understand.

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Is there anything in this difference as to fundamentals which ought to prevent unity, even cordial unity of action and common purpose? I see nothing that *need* prevent unity, but there are many things that *do*, and one of them undoubtedly is a certain inability on the part of religious people to recognise the plain, practical outcome of their religious principles in ordinary life. If human life is so precious, as they are bound to believe it is, how is it they acquiesce so readily in its wreckage, and look askance at others who are labouring to pilot the vessels into harbour without dashing them on to hidden reefs?

That is one hindrance; here is another on the other side. If a eugenist has never made clear to himself why he estimates human life so highly, and yet makes his estimate a foundation of all his aims and endeavours, he is in some danger of forgetting that to a Christian all subjects connected with sex must be approached with reverence as sacred ground: not only because there are in his mind certain deep convictions about every man being endowed by his Creator with something of creative power shown in fatherhood, but also because if he has any experience of young boys he knows that if the sense of reverence in them is violated immeasurable harm is done, and that there is no subject in which a young boy demands reverence more urgently than in matters of sex. Now, when these are the man's convictions, imagine what must be his feeling when he hears some advocates of eugenist principles insisting on what is called a progressive programme in the dim twilight of the most personal, most mysterious region of our wonderful human nature; or when he reads some of the coarse, naked utterances which have been penned—mostly on the other side of the Atlantic—showing an incredible disregard for all that is meant by tenderness and delicacy of feeling, as well as for great and ancient traditions interwoven with all that is best and most stable and most living among earth's foremost peoples; if this, I say, has been his experience, he could only express himself in the words used once by a cricketer who was voyaging in a steamship with ten others to Australia several years ago. His companion in the cabin had ordered a bath, and in the morning the steward brought it in and poured out the cold water. Our friend, who was not a eugenist, but for cleanness trusted entirely to unassisted skin action, hearing the noise, protruded his head from his berth and asked 'Whatever is that?' and on being told it was a bath, said 'Ugh! take it away; it makes me shudder.'

Hence there have been barriers built on both sides by those who have had what may be called unfortunate experiences. But I wish to notice a misgiving felt by many eugenists about the effect, not of folly or extravagance in the professors of religion,

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but about its own inevitable influence. It should be noted that I am trying to explain the attitude of thorough-going representatives of both groups. Well, is it not the fact that the more thorough-going a Christian is in his loyalty to the teaching of his Master, the more unworldly he must be, and if he is unworldly, how can he be patriotic? How can he concern himself in any vigorous or persevering fashion with difficult mundane problems? Have not his efforts in the past been always devoted solely to spreading the knowledge of what he believes to be the truth, and leaving it to work its own effect on outward conditions? Doubtless there have been many even of the ministers of religion who have done good work in social matters, but are they not decried by their more spiritually-minded brethren, and, if so, is there any hope of eugenists securing these latter as allies?

These questions go deep into a quagmire of controversy which discusses the complex riddle of the relation between principles and practice, between meditation and action, faith and works, labour and prayer, and so forth. I cannot go far into the obscurity, but perhaps it will tend to allay some anxieties if I mention the change which has come about in the ideas of religious people as to the claims of this world and the next. Historically there would be much of interest to say in regard to the tone of feeling down to quite recent times; but I will only refer to one incident often mentioned by Mr. Gladstone. By a rare chance the well-known statesman Lord Melbourne once heard a plain, modern sort of sermon dealing with present-day problems in a practical fashion. His lordship on the conclusion of the service was heard, as he was pulling on his gloves in the porch, denouncing the sermon as follows (with suitable modifications): 'Hang it all! did ye ever hear such a thing? I believe in religion and all that, and want to hear a man preach about such things, but when you are talked to about matters of ordinary life—bless me! what next?' Such a comment would never be heard nowadays. Christians—Englishmen at any rate—have lately come to see that the Founder of their Faith not only planted new ideas in men's minds about their relation to God, and immensely strengthened the vitality of old ones, but He also extended His beneficent activity to so mundane a matter as bodily health; how, then, can anyone say that Christianity has no concern with the environment of our fellow-men? or their bodily health or the health of the next generation, in so far as it depends on the forethought of this? Of course, as soon as this aspect of the matter is discovered, a danger arises of men whose activities ought to be mainly spiritual, becoming absorbed in the 'serving of tables,' but that is not our concern at present; let it suffice that the example of Christ warrants us in believing

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that we are intended to beautify and refresh and cheer the lives of others in this present world, not only to prepare them for the next.

Thus many indications point towards co-operation, and both parties would gain by it in different ways. The religiously-minded would gain fresh insight into the application of their deepest principles to practical problems: while the scientifically-minded would gain in an increased reverence for facts connected with so surpassingly wonderful a thing as the propagation of human life, owing to a surer grasp of their own lofty principle, which I think we cannot be wrong in tracing directly to the influence of Christianity.

But if the co-operation is to be completely harmonious, and as effective in action as it might be, there is a very interesting corollary to be drawn from what has been said. It is briefly this:

In so far as we believe our fundamental principle to be true, we shall plant it in young minds for its own sake, not primarily because its outcome will be beneficial to humanity.

The importance of this corollary is so vital that I must devote a paragraph or two to explaining its drift. The deeper a principle is the more potent it is for good in solving practical problems: but it can only be applied promptly and with insight by those who have learnt to know it *as a living truth* by their experience since they were children. Now this knowledge only grows if the principle is given to the child as something sublime and self-evident, and needing no commendation from the requirements of practical life familiar to adults but outside the child's horizon. It is astonishing how often this canon is ignored. The child has a natural affinity for a mystery, but it must be presented in a form that appeals to his personal affections. Now take the ground principle of eugenists, the value of human life. Remember there are some people in England whom we classified as in group 1, who have a strong sense of that value. There is a vast number who have it not. How is this? Why is class 2 so large? The answer is fairly clear. It consists of people who in their childhood did not imbibe the principle as a principle to which an easy and decisive primacy of position belonged for its own sake, but either they heard nothing about it at all, or it came to them later *as something subordinate to a certain practical need*: the need of keeping the Empire going or buttressing up our commercial position against powerful competitors. But we cannot plant a principle which is to be the foundation of a policy by merely insisting that the policy without the principle cannot last. The principle must be self-evident and need no argument, or else it must be a corollary of some deeper one which commends itself to any healthy young mind.

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Here we can clearly see the immense advantage which the teacher enjoys when he finds that he has to do with a child in whom there has been firmly and effectively planted the idea of the Fatherhood of a Personal God. He can then presuppose in the child a readiness to see the preciousness of human life, and to shape his own conduct in conformity with that doctrine. I could say a great deal to show the appalling difficulty of planting that doctrine in any child's mind so that it will live and grow and bear abundant fruit, unless his view of life is already dominated and quickened by embryonic personal religion; but that is not my concern just now: I want here to appeal to those who on the whole agree with this statement and admit the necessary priority of religion, to take a further step and realise the plain need of the religion being taught, not because it will save England—though it will—not because it might make this world a paradise—though it might—but because it is what it is, the response of the human heart to a divine appeal. As soon as we see plainly that there is truth in that definition of religion, there ought to be no hesitation whatever in agreeing that religion must not be pressed on people because of its good effects on earth; for that is an attempt to base something divine on something human.

This is the mistake, for instance, of those who advocate the teaching of religion as a cure for the declining birth rate; the feebleness of the appeal being apparent as soon as an objector answers 'You assume that a declining birth rate is an evil: I doubt your assumption.' If, on the other hand, a eugenist or biologist tells me that he sees no evidence of there having been at any time a divine appeal to mankind, then what I am now saying has, of course, no message for him. I am not saying he is wrong but that, if he wants the next generation to be eugenically-minded, he must cast about for some way of making the doctrine of the value of human life a firm foundation for that which has to be built upon it—viz. eugenics, and perhaps he may agree with a lady who, though far from being ecclesiastically disposed, lately said that the only way of making head against our social disorders would be for the Government to subsidise every single religious denomination, that the principles of religion might be taught to the children by those who accept them. In a somewhat similar spirit Japanese inquirers come wandering over to Europe in quest of a set of religious principles which will play the part in their national training of Shintoism and revive or sustain the Bushido. But observe the cart before the horse; the clamouring for the fruit before the seed is sown. If you set about hunting for a religion in order to secure military efficiency you are in danger of losing both.

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But it is easy to misunderstand. This paper is not a plea for the truth of Christianity but an attempt to show the relation to each other of scientific faith and religious faith: and the possibility of their working together in perfect concord and with mutual respect in a movement concerned with the highest of all earthly aspirations, the bettering of the average standard of human life; the raising of the highest thing we know of in the created universe. I am afraid the reader is hoping for something more practical than I have yet attempted to say; but there is one remark to be made before the practical suggestion with which I will bring this inquiry to a close.

While we recognise the caution that is necessary in the view we take of religion as a social force, let us not be blind to the plain teaching of facts. It may be, and I feel sure it is, a mistake to try to make our children religious merely because, if we succeed, our own environments and theirs will be healthier and happier; but yet what a wonderful support it ought to be to our faith to see as clearly as most eugenists do, that the trustful surrender of ourselves to the highest mystery of which we can form any conception is the one hope for humanity, because, as soon as we begin to try to do this, there dawns upon the mind a new hope; and the outcome of that hope is the charity about which there is no disagreement. It is only another word for the eugenist's estimate of the value of human life, and for many centuries the deepest minds have recognised that the chronological order of the birth of new ideas is faith, hope, and charity: not charity, hope, and faith; and yet that the greatest stimulus to faith and the longing for it is the perception of the royal beauty of the hope and charity which spring from it with rapid growth and vital vigour. For instance, to-day, when we are appalled by the complexity and range of our social disorders, the woeful piteousness of the wreckage and havoc in young lives all around us, yet after all this very desolation is, and always has been, the most powerful of all possible teachers of truth. If faith in an unseen principle is the beginning of all healing, then at least let us understand that our troubles are an evidence of truth: they are forcing English people to do what they loathe—that is, think: they are gradually training us to the grandest of all practical perceptions—namely, that if disloyalty to a common faith has been the real cause of so gigantic mischief, then the return to our faith must be fraught with an almost infinite hope. If the ignoring of a principle can work so potently, how vast must be the power of obedience to it. 'Turn ye to the stronghold, ye prisoners of hope.'

But this change cannot take place in a day; and while we are conferring together time flies. If what I conceive to be

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possible comes to pass, there will be a saving revival of home-life in England, and of home training; but meantime we have to deal with innumerable young lives which have been in this respect stunted and starved. What is to be done with the thousands of children who have never learnt what love, obedience, and law mean from their life at home? There is no doubt about the answer. Maimed and marred though our efforts may be, we cannot be wrong in trying to play the part of foster-parents; and huge though the sum total of our failures may very likely be, we must not doubt that every worker who tries to quicken the lives of young people by inspiring them with the touch of love is doing his utmost to spread a great truth. I mean that ultimately everything depends on our community listening again, with feelings of awe and wonder, to Nature's still, small voice. She tells us in tones now of menace and heartrending appeal, now of the gentlest persuasion, that truths planted in the earliest years of life are the truths that live and bear fruit, and that the planter is the parent, whose responsibility cannot be given to another without loss. It may be, in short, the truest eugenics to revive in every class of society the meaning of home, as the place where the seeds of physical, moral, and spiritual life are sown.

E. LYTTELTON.

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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

WOMAN AND POET

BESIDE the giant Victorians, Browning and Tennyson, there stands a woman who, like them, is ranked among the greater English poets; a woman who, as they did, set great thoughts in great verse; a woman of the 'large utterance' belonging to the Olympians; one who possessed in heaped-up measure that vitality and verve, that fervid humanity, that keen realisation of the divine, with that inspiration which has rightly been described as august.

The poetry of Elizabeth Barrett Browning is classed, and inevitably classed, with that of these men, not merely because she won her bays about the same time that they were winning theirs—one of them slowly enough—but on account of the mass and impact of her verse, which makes it impossible to rank her, even in the very forefront, with any of the women singers who had sung or were singing in England in early or mid-Victorian days. Nor can she be classed even with the women of richer and fuller music than those, women who have sung or who are singing among us now. Yet the greatness of her work is not sexless: her womanhood beats through it like a pulse. It is womanhood, not femininity, still less feminism. Therefore, it seems meet to call her, as she called her Italian sister, Laura Savio, Woman and Poet.

Mrs. Browning could have done otherwise in the way of expression than in the writing of verse: as a matter of fact, she did write prose, and good prose too; but poetry she must have written, for the compulsion was on her, the compulsion that is laid upon those poets of whom we say that they are born, not made.

Her early life was that of the 'golden childhood' which is among the fairest and sweetest of gifts for strength in years to come, and for that memory which to many is, we are thankful to know, not 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow' in days of change and trouble, but indeed a light behind 'clouds of glory.' Unhappily such was not consciously the case with Miss Barrett.

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This childhood of hers was none the less natural and wholesome for her mental travellings in the realms of old, instanced by the fact that, on her ninth birthday, her association with the number which, as our children say, she had just struck, was that the Greeks had spent nine years in besieging Ilium. Her garden, too, held a huge figure meant for Hector, cut in turf, with gentianella eyes, gillyflower and box nose, daffodils for helmet, a sword of flashing lilies, a breastplate of daisies, and a belt of periwinkles. The life at the beautiful home, Hope End, was deeply imprinted upon her heart and mind; we trace it through much of her poetry, generally, indeed, with the touch of sorrow. We like to think of her, as she paints herself in *The Lost Bower*, as one who did not care for the straight walk that made a bit of mischief impossible, but is drawn into the depths of the wood 'by a glamour past dispute,' and finds a reward for her enterprise with its wholesome little touch of naughtiness, the wonderful bower that is hers for this one day, but is never to be found again. But to her the memories of her childhood are bringers of sorrow, and for nothing would she, in the days to come, see again the 'Malvern Hills for mountains counted' which she had loved in days of her early youth. The descriptions of nature in *Aurora Leigh* have the ring of memory, not of imagination. She puts them into the mouth of a child who has unchildly thoughts and ways, and steeps them in the little girl's bitter tears. But there are happier things in *Hector in the Garden* and *The Lost Bower*.

The first cloud upon her girl-life was an accident which made her a captive to a couch for some time. Then there came family losses, the chief of which was the loss of Hope End. After the country freedom, and the fresh air and sea-breezes of Sidmouth, where some time was spent, there came the closeness and comparative confinement of the London life, to grow, before very long, into a closeness and confinement more heavy still. But the life was a time of production, and the country-bred girl adapted herself, with what seems a curious facility, to her new conditions, and read omnivorously, and wrote and wrote. In 1833 she published a translation of *Prometheus Bound*, with other poems. Her rendering of Aeschylus was condemned by the *Athenaeum*, and strongly condemned by herself. She had written it in eleven days. The translation of the *Prometheus* which is included in her collected works was made some twelve years later. The early one has a special interest from its having led to her writing her *Seraphim*. She felt that the subject of the Crucifixion might have been worthily set forth by such a pen as that of Aeschylus; and the haunting of the thought of this greater than the passion of Prometheus at last seemed to

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force her to write of it as she did in a poem distinguished by much beauty and sublimity, from which we should much like to quote more than the line 'His will is as a spirit within my spirit.' Miss Barrett wrote much, and in various ways. It is odd to think of her as writing poems to fit the illustrations in Finden's *Tableaux of National Character, Beauty and Costume*. One likes to linger over the pre-Victorian flavoured title of this production, the editorship of which passed from Mrs. S. C. Hall's hands into those of Miss Barrett's friend, Miss Mitford. But long ago literary people did not seem to object to be associated with this kind of thing; Sir Walter Scott, for instance, printing *The House of Aspen* in *The Keepsake*.

One of our poet's contributions to Finden, *The Romaunt of the Page*, has an interest for us in connexion with an old childish wish of hers to dress up as a boy, and run away to be a page to Byron! The poem itself is not without beauty and suggestion, but the situation is an anachronism, the knight, in his disapproval of the lady's disguise as a page, being really an early nineteenth century gentleman of much propriety in his decided views as to what was correct for young ladies to do.

Elizabeth lost her mother when she was about twenty. Between her and her father there was a very deep and strong attachment, a great sympathy being given to her by him, and a great helpfulness, which her dedication to the volumes published by her in 1844 fully acknowledges. This should be remembered, even though we know of the sorrowful estrangement of later years, an estrangement as unreasonable as cruel. The estrangement is writ in brass: let us not feel that the more beautiful part of the relation between Mr. Barrett and his daughter has its story writ in water. Her love for him was intense, and the suffering entailed by the loss of his affection very deep.

That sympathy of his, that fervid belief in her as a poet, must have been to her of great worth, coming, as it did, at the right and needed time. He seems to have been of the kind, however, that likes to make people happy not in their own way, but as it sees best: a kind that is surely with us still. Nevertheless, we remember how he gave up much of his own comfort in breaking up the family life that his daughter might have companionship at Torquay, when she was sent there as an invalid.

We have said that Elizabeth was an omnivorous reader; and even if we take her account of her own reading, given in a letter to Horne, with a grain of salt, there remains the fact that she did, all through her life, married and single, read more than most people have time or inclination to read. The chief fascination of her earlier days was Greek literature, the

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one which has left so large a mark on her work. She was gripped by the greatness of it. It is interesting to note how she says that she has heard of Mr. Browning's interest in the Greek dramatists.

The terrible sorrow of her brother Edward's death, a sorrow enshrined in her great *De Profundis*, had a most deep and lasting effect upon her; and there were other sorrows, too, for her to share; and the shades of the room of a hopeless invalid were to wrap her round. But these things would not absolutely account for the absence from her poetry of that elastic joy in life and external nature which is surely a gift divine, and a gift by no means confined to the whole in body and spirit. Some are pleased to call this natural joy of life and in life a pagan thing, incompatible with Christianity. 'La Croix barre plus ou moins la vue libre de la nature,' said Sainte-Beuve; a saying against which let us protest with all the might we have. It seems as if our poet had somewhat suffered from the infection of thought like this. Her view of life seems to be that, after the days of childhood, the earth is but a place of trial and probation, offering little to tempt the immortal spirit from its allegiance on high, and yet perpetually tempting and snaring. Whereas Christianity, including as it does all the gifts of the Supreme Giver, must have a place for the joy of life and the delight in beauty; and the splendid unison in which the needs of the flesh and the spirit are reconciled is assuredly to be desired. That renunciation which we value so deeply is the greater and the more august by reason of the greater and fuller power of possession. If the hand be upstretched to receive all the sovran good that it can hold, the more can it lay upon the altar when it curves downward with its gifts. As there will always be the need for readiness to renounce, so there must ever be the need for readiness to use. If the sons of God shouted for joy when the universe was made, should we not also rejoice in its splendour and its beauty, and in its mystery, too?

Wordsworth, of the wholesome heart, speaks of the deep power of joy. Not to religion, but to the narrowing of the view of it, may we attribute what seems a defect in the conception of life possessed by Elizabeth Barrett; and the atmosphere of an invalid life, and the suffering that was her lot in various ways, did not tend to give her a free look-out. She was brought up in the orthodoxy of a Nonconformist communion, and though her wings carried her into freer regions there did not come to her until her later life the broadening which she tells of in a letter written in March 1845. Speaking of a friend who had joined the Plymouth Brethren, she says 'He was always straiter than I, and now the difference is immense. For I think

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the world wider than I once thought it, and I see God's love broader than I once saw it.'

She described Chaucer with 'his infantine Familiar clasp of things divine.' This was not her own experience; she did not know that familiar clasp of things divine which, with that insight of hers, she attributes to the poet of the days of Faith. He was born to it. She did not obtain that freedom. But her view of life broadened, and, as a consequence, it must have deepened. Yet even after the great joy that came to her own life, and proved to her what life could be, the minor is still dominant in her poems.

To look for anything like the joy of life we must take her with the children whom she loves to speak of: their joy is a natural thing, and she would not have life without them. The children whom she actually brings into her poems are, however, very unchildlike. Witness the child in her *Vision of Poets*, and him also in *The Lay of the Brown Rosary*. With these we may compare the little brother in Rossetti's *Sister Helen* and the delightful boy in *The Winter's Tale*, whom, to the present writer's shame be it spoken, she most blameworthily forgot when, in the pages of this very Review, she spoke rather slightingly of Shakespeare's children. It is Mrs. Browning's description of children that is beautiful. What mother but would recognise the lovely picture of Marian Erle's baby?

If we have not in her work the joy of life, and of nature, we have however the ardour of faith and the patience of hope, and these things are great, and we need to possess them.

Mrs. Browning's sense of the poet's mission was a very deep one. It runs through her verse and finds its expression more particularly in *A Vision of Poets*, as far as her earlier work is concerned. Here the poet is the sufferer. He has to drink terrible draughts at the bidding of her who has come 'to crown all poets to their worth.' But he is to lift no cup of joy to those lips of his. He has the gift of the beauty of earth, and bears in his spirit 'a beauty passing the earth store.' He believes that poets are 'scorned By men they sing for, till inurned.' He drinks in obedience of a chill water on which the star-rays quiver like javelins. He drinks of the bitter wave, *World's use*; of the sickening water, *World's love*; and the ghastly fourth pool with weights of shadow downcast upon it; with snakes gliding by, and toads crawling; while the clinging bats' wings are spread in his face. This is *World's cruelty*. He sees the vision of those who 'died for Beauty as martyrs do For Truth—the ends being scarcely two.' Then, in a great church, he sees a vast company around the altar, and these are the chief poets of the world. Brief characteristics of each of these poets are

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given, often with a felicitous seizure of their main qualities, and always in verse of wonderful dignity. With all of them we see the great wound where the heart should be, and the falling of the drops of blood. For they have given their 'liberal hearts to make the harmony of the world.' All are content with their suffering and all accept it, in union with that of the Chief Sufferer.

It is a noble poem, and the occasional passing of hyperbole into exaggeration, with now and then the running of depth into obscurity, cannot largely detract from its value as a great song of great things. Yet, with all reverence for that which lies so deep at the heart of things, the need of sacrifice and the teaching of Pain, we feel that there is a vaster truth than our poet tells of, and a healthier atmosphere than the poets of her *Vision* have breathed.

This poem has been dwelt on at length because it gives that insistence on the poet's mission, with the poet's heritage of suffering, which seems always to have clung to Elizabeth Browning, and which, in fine form and in passion-deep loveliness of expression, appears in one of her latest poems, *A Musical Instrument*. Here again we have the convention of the doom of the poet. The poet's temperament does mean greater capacity for suffering; but surely the corollary of this must be a greater capacity for joy. We compare the condensation here—there is not a superfluous word in it—with the treatment of the subject in the *Vision of Poets*.

Is there not a certain amount of conventionality in the assumption that the world is such an unkind being, treating not only its poets but its ordinary inhabitants with coldness and cruelty, especially if our sense of humour reminds us that we who thus speak are the world to those of whom we speak?

Mrs. Browning did not escape this—was it not in the air?—little as her own experience could have given her of cruelty or neglect or the general misery in which she steeps her poet. This sense of the world's cruelty has perhaps its finest expression in her *Confessions*, where one whose life-work has been to love in the perfect way those who have, in return, dealt thus with her, says:

> God, over my head,
> Must sweep in the wrath of His judgment-seas,
> If *He* shall deal with me sinning, but only indeed the same
> And no gentler than these.

The poem itself is beautiful. There is a sweeping force in the metre, a rush of emotion; the lyric cry sent up, not out of a tumult, but from the very heart of a sorrow of the wounding in the house of friends.

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This poet always retained her belief in Christianity, not only as the greatest and grandest of the ways of the speaking of God, but as the perfect revelation, as the living power of life temporal and eternal. This is the inspiration of what must count among her greater poems, *The Dead Pan*. It could not have been written by one unfamiliar with the old mythology of Greece, which is set forth with marvellous beauty and power. What a conception is that of the old gods, perhaps shut into floating islands, driven to the centre by the wind that keeps them out of sight of shore. The intense and solemn grandeur of the description of each god; the metre with its falling trochees passing along in their dignity and bearing with them the very heart of a lamentation; the refrain that tolls in, not too frequently to bring irritation to the ear, but just where it is naturally received and welcomed. We can hear the 'silver clash of wings' of the 'Twelve great gods of Plato's vision'; we can see the eagle of the Thunderer, now no more in his triumph, but blind and old, as he 'roughs his feathers in the cold.' Gradually the note changes into the perfection of the bringing in of the True. The palsied mystery of ancient Vesta is there with the grey chin dropt on the knee.

> . . . that Greece who took your wages
> Calls the obolus outworn:
> And the hoarse, deep-throated ages
> Laugh your godships unto scorn:
> And the poets do disclaim you,
> Or grow colder if they name you—
> And Pan is dead.

Then comes the great 'Calm, of old, the bark went onward'—the bark whence the mariners were said to have heard the cry of 'Pan is dead,' just as the Redeemer gave up His spirit. The poem is full of strength and beauty, and may be cared for even as we feel that there is a greater and a wider interpretation than our poet gave; for we may say of Spenser and Milton that they knew more of the mightiness of Pan, who has kindly come to dwell with them below.

> By your beauty, which confesses
> Some chief Beauty conquering you,—

Yet the chief Beauty conquers by including.

It may seem difficult to reconcile the note of sorrow and resignation running through so many of the poems with the frequent buoyancy and even crisp fun of the letters. In speaking of her letters, there is no inclusion of those written to Robert Browning during the courtship; nor need we include those written after her marriage as holding any brightness not difficult to be accounted for. In considering, therefore, the frequent difference in tone between letters and poems, we have to re-

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member that verse-form is in itself a kind of veil; at least, that verse need not be the direct expression of personal feeling, and therefore what is said in poetry can escape being taken for the expression of a personal experience, whereas in a letter the writer, as it were, speaks face to face with its recipient. At any rate, the letters would prove the vitality of Elizabeth Barrett's being in altogether another way from its revelation in her poetry. In that poetry we have in art form her wide sweep of vision, vision far-reaching, if sometimes limited by the mist of tears; the selection of material to sing about; the soaring wing, or the swiftly gliding footstep. In the letters she is for the most part among us the woman full of interest, full of deep affection and home love, large-minded, bright, natural in expression. She is there revealed also as the valiant woman. Nothing could have been less descriptive of her than that she lay 'rusting in a pool of tears.' Which of us could have been braver? Which of us as brave? The amount of work that she did was wonderful. Poem after poem, reviews, translations, as well as letters innumerable. Her power of abstraction was great: she could write on little pieces of paper, putting the work away at call, and resuming it at will. It is difficult to realise that it was thus that *Aurora Leigh* was written.

It cannot possibly be granted that, as it has been ungenerously said, Elizabeth Barrett was a *malade imaginaire*. Her illness was a very real thing; illness upon illness indeed it was, from the injury to her spine as a young girl to the illness which left behind it the delicacy of the lungs which at last developed into the disease that killed her. The anguish of bereavement also wrought havoc on one so fragile, and as sensitive as fragile, and it is quite fair to suppose that the usual treatment of an invalid at that time was hardly conducive to the strengthening of a feeble frame. Such a complete change has come over our way of treating invalids that it is difficult to realise the window at Torquay once or twice open for an inch, or the darkening of rooms where we desire to admit light as well as air. But even her invalid imprisonment was much exaggerated. In 1844 she tells Horne, who had been guilty of this exaggeration in what he had said of her in the *New Spirit of the Age*, 'I have not been shut up in the dark by any manner of means.' She enjoys the joke of a barrister who said to her brother that, by the way, he supposed his sister was dead. 'Dead? Dead?' was the astonished reply. 'Why, yes. After Mr. Horne's account of her being sealed up hermetically in the dark for so many years, one can only calculate upon her being dead by this time.'

There are certain compensations in the life of an invalid, of which Miss Barrett availed herself to the very fullest extent.

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There is the plenitude of time in which to think out great thoughts, or to digest mental food. There is the absence of the burden of conventions, so necessary in customary social life; there is also the freedom from ordinary home duties which to some, at least, may have barred the way to literary success. There is the possibility of choosing among proffered visits, without a reasonable fear of offending.

What a hold she had upon life! She lived as few have lived who have had the weight to carry that was laid upon her, and which she bore not merely with patience and resignation but with vigour and power. She flung herself into her work—it was work to her, not a graceful relaxation; and yet all the time she never failed in tenderness and the high courtesies of affection in her home and with her many correspondents. She said that all the life and strength that were in her had passed into her poetry, but this was not the case. Song was not the only channel in which the waters of her soul were flowing, though it was to her, she said, the *pou sto*, not to move the world, but to live on in. 'Which is hardest?' she asks in *The Book of the Poets*, 'self-renunciation and the sackcloth and the cave, or grief-renunciation, and the working on, on, under the stripe?'

In 1839 she writes to Miss Mitford:

> For my own part, I can't understand the craving for excitement. Mine is for *repose*. My conversion into *quietism* might be attained without much preaching; and indeed all my favourite passages in the Holy Scriptures are those which express and promise peace, such as 'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always and by all means'; and 'He giveth His beloved sleep,'—all such passages. They strike upon the disquieted earth with such a *foreignness* of heavenly music. Surely the 'variety,' the change, is to be unexcited, to find a silence and a calm in the midst of thoughts and feelings given to be too turbulent.

This is given us in poetic form in *The Sleep*, which for many of us is inseparably associated with the funeral in the Abbey on the last day of 1889.

That she had this longing for quiet makes her merit all the more in her grappling with life and work; in wrestling a fall and winning despite of such odds. Hers was the unconquerable spirit. We have had others of that ilk: Stevenson, who, it was said, wore his crown of thorns as a garland; and Henley, too.

Miss Barrett had compensations, which she would have generously counted as such: family love, comfort, attention, many friends, the being in touch with those connected with the world of letters, and the knowledge that her poetry had come home to so many. Still, we must see that her life was for a long time narrowed. This narrowing brought with it no tempta-

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tion to be content with littlenesses and pettinesses, those things which easily pass into meannesses. Far from her, also, was anything like querulousness or irritability. Her nature was too fine, and her will-power too large, and her interest in great things too deep to allow of this deterioration of mind and soul; and assuredly she was helped here, as well as otherwhere, by her vital belief and ardent faith in that which is 'beyond these voices.' Her gift of song knew the 'gathered intensity' of the torrent that is bound between rocks, pent into a bed of depth unmeasured, and gaining within those bounds such a force as, dispersed, it could not have known. The walls of her room could not keep her in prison, nor its closed window cage in her undaunted soul.

Probably no part of Mrs. Browning's work has so closely come home to our bosoms as the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

If her other sonnets are to be compared with these they had better be read first in order. They are on a very different plane. Their titles have a stiff sort of resemblance to Wordsworth's later ones. *Cheerfulness taught by Reason* is a heading ponderous enough.

When we go to the third volume of the collected Works—that which contains these sonnets—we find immediately preceding them, and themselves preceded by *Catarina to Camoens*, the poem from which, as we know, came the finding of the title *from the Portuguese*, half a dozen poems unprefaced by any words proclaiming them a group or a sequence. All these six are as surely the outcome of the courtship as are the great sonnets themselves. Here we have the like expression of the hesitancy of one who had long been a spirit in prison to obey the call that bids her stand out free in the light of such a day as only dreams—no, not even dreams—could have shown her; a day lighted by the sun of her earthly Paradise.

The *Sonnets from the Portuguese* very narrowly escaped destruction before they were seen by the inspirer of them; for some words of Browning's led his wife, in the early days of their marriage, to fear that this was a kind of expression which he did not care for. It was well that she did not act upon her impulse to burn them.

Here we have sublime expression of sublime emotion, underlain, as the highest expression must be, by that reserve which belongs to the chastity of the soul as well as to the perfection of the artist. They are well known as a great tribute to a great love; a tribute paid in song that has in it ineffable strength as well as ineffable sweetness. At first the singer cannot dare to believe that such glory could indeed be hers, for her humility is deep. She has the sense of unworthiness, the lack

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of all that attracts externally, the being worn with years and with sorrow. This was the woman of whom it was said that she had every gift except the gift of beauty; and to what woman can the missing or the loss of that gift be without pain? Browning knew her better than she did herself. To him, and always, she was the divine treasure of his life, 'a wonder and a wild desire.' He read her soul as none else could do, and what she gave him, as well as what he gave her, was of priceless worth. The first time that ever he saw her, after delay and hesitation on her part, hopelessly crippled as he believed her to be, he asked her to be his wife; and refusal persisted in for long made no difference to him. Her unselfishness (years afterwards an intimate friend of Browning's described her as the most unselfish person he had ever known), as well as the fact of her more than delicate health, delayed the betrothal. But the marriage was to be, and these lovers were to belong to each other outwardly, as they had for some time belonged wholly and entirely. The story is now a part of English literary history, and in its fulness should be read in Mrs. Browning's own words, in her letter to Mrs. Martin, dated October 1846, and written from Pisa.[1]

Seven only of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese* have the Petrarchan form, keeping the octave and sestet separate. In IV, after the full pause of the remonstrant,

> . . . . and canst thou think and bear
> To let thy music drop here unaware
> In folds of golden fulness at my door?

the sestet cries softly:

> Look up and see the casement broken in.

In VIII the octave enfolds the question, the sestet the answer. In XIII the sestet gathers up the beauty of love assertive by silence, after the octave that has sung of the powerlessness of speech. The sestet in XVI carries on the octave thought by a simile. In XXVII the octave rolls forth wave upon wave of gladness, and the sestet has the high ninth-wave-roll of splendid joy. In XXXV the sestet gives the full response to the octave's expression of trembling awe in the exchange of the old known for the new unknown.

Usually the octave, in the sonnets, rolls on into the sestet, when we have a pause, partial or complete. This pause occurs

[1] *Letters*, vol. i.

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most frequently after the fourth syllable. In XXIII after the fifth

. . . . Then my soul, instead
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.

In XLIII the sestet sounds the solemn note of the eternal consecration:

and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

What of the publication of the love-letters of Robert and Elizabeth Browning?

There are those who feel that, in the face of the wonderful worth to the world of possessing such a record of perfect love, they should not have been withheld, once their writers had passed beyond the possibility of being hurt by the publicity given to their most sacred of sacrednesses. Others have felt, and felt as deeply, that there are things which the world has no right to claim, or even to expect. There are mysteries whose heart, they say, there should not be any attempt to pluck out; there is the hidden manna not to be shared with each and every; there is the writing on the white stone for none to read but he only for whom it is written; there is the beauty of the spring shut up, the fountain sealed, which is not for the eyes of all who are passing by. These things, they say, are of the arcana into which no stranger's foot may come; they are things indeed on which no stranger's eyes should look.

Was it not enough, we may ask, to have the possession of the *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, where the chaste and glorious passion is revealed in its sublimity? Have not they who think thus a right to quote Mrs. Browning's own words, showing what she thought of these things?

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!
And yet they seem alive and quivering
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.
This said,—he wished to have me in his sight
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring
To come and touch my hand . . . a simple thing,
Yet I wept for it!—this, . . . the paper's light . . .
Said, *Dear, I love thee*; and I sank and quailed
As if God's future thundered on my past.
This said, *I am thine*—and so its ink has paled
With lying at my heart that beat too fast.
And this . . . O Love, thy words have ill availed
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!—Sonnet xxviii.

Have we not cause to be thankful that a more perfect expression still than even the sonnets has been kept from us? In his letter to Miss Haworth, written not a month after the

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parting, Browning says of that last night 'Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer—the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her.' Of the recent sale of the autograph love-letters one does not care to write.

The criticism of our poet's rime-system was early made, and is still afield. That it was really a system with her, and not the product of carelessness, we have her own word for believing. She thought that double rimes, feminine rimes as we call them, were employed far less in serious poetry than the language would admit of; and believed that the use of them would add another string to the lyre of our Terpander. As there were so few perfect ones, the use of imperfect double rimes might fairly be allowed. With reference specially to the rimes in *The Dead Pan*, she says that she has chosen them, selected them on principle, and with the determinate purpose of doing her best. She encloses to Horne, to whom she is writing, a letter from Browning written to a friend who had lent him the manuscript of the poem in question, in which approbation is expressed of what she calls her rhymatology, with a figure used to illustrate it, which has charmed her with its beauty.

Mrs. Browning used not only imperfect rimes but assonances: such as *tyrants*, *silence*; and imperfect assonances: such as *marvel*, *travail*; *glossy*, *closely*; *door were*, *warder*; just sounds with some affinity with each other. May it be said that in some places at least it may be a question whether the 'sonances' hurt the ear any more than in the old ballads it is hurt by the imperfection of the end-line music; and that elsewhere the rush of wings is so heard and felt that criticism has to be silent?

Though she thus defended her 'rhymatology,' it is interesting to notice that she did, later on, revise her rimes. This will easily be seen by a comparison between the early version of *The Cry of the Children* and the later one. Note especially how the rime of *tyrants* with *silence* has been changed to that of *heaper* with *deeper*, thus not leaving the irritation of an imperfect rime at the close of the poem. How specially irritating a false rime can be at the close of the music one knows well. The present writer is no doubt not alone in the devout wish that Browning had not ended the lovely *Home Thoughts from Abroad* by riming *Africa* with the close *a* sounds that run all through the poem. He was seldom guilty of a false rime, though he made so many grotesque and even forced ones.

Aurora Leigh, which Mrs. Browning probably considered her greatest work, was the product of several years, though, towards the end, it was rapidly written. On its appearance it was hailed with acclamation, and its author was felt to have reached a higher

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height than even before. 'I had no idea that anyone in this age was capable of such poetry. I am half drunk with it.' Thus said Landor, and he has not been alone in realising the intoxication of its beauty. It is difficult for some of us to criticise it, who in the time of youth felt its enchantment, its fiery force, its lovelinesses, and missed the feeling of its defects.

The poem is full of nobility of thought, splendour of diction, and unforgettable description. Quotation after quotation might be chosen, and yet there would remain a mass of infinite riches. Yet, though for its poetry and all that poetry means it is great, as a whole it can scarcely content us. Although the story is not a mere thread to hang thoughts and theories upon, some of us would perhaps be not unwilling to do away with it, or at any rate with some of its incidents. Certainly we would gladly part with the creations whom the poet's fancy took for denizens of a world of which she was ignorant. The repulsive vulgarities of her (St. James's) upper-class people and the equally repulsive description of the people whom she took for inhabitants of St. Giles's would leave us nothing to lament in their absence. The beauty of her thought and the grandeur of her blank verse—for she plays nobly on that noble ten-stringed instrument—command our joyful and reverent admiration, and for all that she gives us in this coin we are indeed grateful. But it seems to us that in this poem specially we have to lament what we must confess to be evident, the lack of that fine perception of judgment which we are apt to call taste; or perhaps rather the possession of so perfect a feeling that unconsciously it is set in the seat of judgment.

One piece of description of an English landscape put into the mouth of Aurora, who, for once at least, is happy as a child, may find place here:

> the skies, the clouds, the fields,
> The happy violets hiding from the roads
> The primroses run down to, carrying gold;
> The tangled hedgerows, where the cows push out
> Impatient horns and tolerant churning mouths
> 'Twixt dripping ash-boughs,—hedgerows all alive
> With birds and gnats and large white butterflies
> Which look as if the May-flower had caught life
> And palpitated forth upon the wind;
> Hills, vales, woods, netted in a silver mist,
> Farms, granges, doubled up among the hills:
> And cattle grazing in the watered vales,
> And cottage-chimneys smoking from the woods,
> And cottage-gardens smelling everywhere,
> Confused with smell of orchards . . .
>
> . . . . . .
>
> And ankle-deep in English grass I leaped
> And clapped my hands, and called all very fair.

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And this of the work of the artist, which is what her husband might have said, and must have felt :

> he holds that, paint a body well,
> You paint a soul by implication, like
> The grand first Master.

'Grateful Florence' has praised her as the linker of Italy to England by the golden ring of her verse : her husband hoped that his *Ring and the Book* might also prove a link-ring to lie outside hers. Her passion for Italy was intense. Of classic Italy she writes in *Casa Guidi Windows* :

> For still I have heard thee crying through my life,
> Thou piercing silence of ecstatic graves
> Men call that name.

And a voice cried through her life, the voice, as she believed, of a land struggling for her freedom, in a struggle to be long continued, a land to be flattered with hope and to find that hope vain ; a land to trust to a Deliverer and to find her trust betrayed. All this as the poet watches from the windows of Casa Guidi. And later on, in the *Poems before Congress*, we have the same passion of sympathy, the same vivid scorn for such as have failed to help the nation in her throes of freedom. She cannot imagine the possibility of another way of thinking of the movement ; a way not necessarily mean or unjust.

Her faith in Napoleon the Third as Italy's deliverer was, we know, marvellous. Even after Villafranca she believed that he had done all he possibly could. She was able even to forgive him the annexation of Savoy and Nice. She paid a great price in physical suffering for the excitement she went through for Italy's sake, but one feels that for what she believed to be a great cause she was glad to suffer. In Griffin and Minchin's *Life of Robert Browning* a passage is quoted from a letter of hers, not included in the two published volumes, which says :

> Women don't generally break their hearts on these exterior subjects, but I am otherwise made. Whatever small worth may be in me (among my innumerable weaknesses and defalcations) arises exactly from the earnestness and thoroughness of thought and feeling upon subjects which don't personally touch me. December 31 (1859).

Mrs. Browning loved Italy only less than she loved England. Her verse wields a scourge for her own country, because she is so certain that England's duty as a nation was to take open part with Italy. As she puts it in her preface to *Casa Guidi Windows*, 'What I have written has simply been written because I love truth and justice *quand même*, more than Plato and Plato's

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country, more than Dante and Dante's country, more even than Shakespeare and Shakespeare's country.'

Her Italian poems connected with the uprising of Italy against Austria, it may fairly be said, are not her best work. When she treats of great passions common to humankind, as in *Mother and Poet*, which may rank with *Little Mattie* and *Only a Curl*, poems which come straight out of her own motherhood, she is great; and when, as in *Parting Lovers*, she sings of that freedom which has within it our greatness as men, she is great also. But when with her song she mingles political bitterness and religious insularity that is bitterer still, her wings droop and well-nigh trail.

The Dance, which is not one of the best known of her poems, is an instance of the occasional lifted into the sphere of the universal. We have the Piazzone at Florence with just its ordinary assemblage of leisured people, noble ladies and beautiful, smiling and chatting with the friends surrounding their carriages with all graceful attentions. The flower girls are offering nosegays; roses are piled on roses by the buyer signed to by the movement of a finger. The French camp is there, and 'the liberating nation' mingles with the people. An impulse comes to the noblest lady there, and she speaks nobly for the rest. The French officers, at the invitation of these ladies, lead out, each a proud signora, to the dance, just a touch of emotion on his face. We can feel the silence of the people who stand around, and see the lips a-tremble, but not with the coming of a jest. The dance goes on in the solemn hush.

> And they danced there till the blue that overskied us
> Swooned with passion, though the footing seemed sedate;
> And the mountains, heaving mighty hearts beside us,
> Sighed a rapture in a shadow, to dilate,
> And touched the holy stone where Dante sate.

The cheer goes up from the people and there are wet eyes among them. There is a thrilling and beating of emotion deep and full. In that dance has been symbolised the meeting of nation with nation in brotherhood. We have in that verse been lifted from plain to hill, and from hill up to a mountain peak.

The *Casa Guidi Windows*, in *terza rima*, contains fine passages and touches of description that seem to be close to the core of what is described.

> All great men who foreknew
> Their heirs in Art, for Art's sake have been glad.
>
> Cellini's godlike Perseus, bronze or gold,
> (How name the metal, when the statue flings
> Its soul so in your eyes?) with brow and sword
> Superbly calm, as all opposing things,

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Slain with the Gorgon, were no more abhorred
Since ended?

. . . that dim bust of Brutus, jagged and grand,
Where Buonarroti passionately tried
From out the close-clenched marble to demand
The head of Rome's sublimest homicide.

Here is her description of Vallombrosa:

. . . O waterfalls
And forests! sound and silence! mountains bare
That leap up peak by peak and catch the palls
Of purple and silver mist to rend and share
With one another, at electric calls
Of life in the sunbeams,—till we cannot dare
Fix your shapes, count your number! we must think
Your beauty and your glory helped to fill
The cup of Milton's soul. . . .

It was a pity that Mrs. Browning disfigured much of this poem by blind prejudice against, and ignorance of, a religion which was not her own. Some of her verses seem to be made, partly at least, by these things, and they are but ignoble shapers. The power that shaped by far the larger part of her verse was, we are thankful to feel, a great one indeed.

Mrs. Browning's last poems are inscribed by her husband 'To "grateful Florence," to the municipality her representative, and to Tommaseo its spokesman, most gratefully.' They include several Italian poems, fine in their motive, simple and universal, such as *A Forced Recruit*, *Mother and Poet*, and *Bianca among the Nightingales*. With these is given the *De Profundis*, which seems to belong to an earlier time, the time of the death of her brother Edward, the giver of that pet name which was unused for many years and then given to Robert Browning to call her by. *Lord Walter's Wife* is a vehement protest against the misinterpretation of the ordinary kindness of a woman to her husband's friend. The protest is couched in language so fiercely strong that Thackeray, to whom it was offered for the *Cornhill Magazine*, which had published two or three poems of Mrs. Browning's, felt it impossible to use it. His letter of refusal and hers in return are admirable specimens of gracious tact on the one side and of a gracious temper and understanding on the other.

These later poems show not less strongly than ever her passionate intensity and her sincerity, and are not without the ring of sadness which is so often present in her voice. The last poem she wrote, *The North and the South*, is a graceful and beautiful compliment to Hans Andersen, the beloved of our youth, and, let us hope, of our maturity as well. It was written at Rome in May 1861, the month before she died. On the

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29th of June she passed from the sight of him who had been to her the one love supreme and perfect. Her youth came back in that last hour, and it was then that she spoke, and to one and for one only and ever, such words as never before she had set in speech or letter or song.

Something has been said of the brightness of Miss Barrett's letters and of the witness they bear to her possession of at least the sense of fun. But in her verse she is almost invariably intensely serious. Humour there is none. We do not find that beautiful gracious thing whose lips are baptised in the waters of charity, and whose eyes are sweet in their smiling; nor that brightness winged as the humming bird, which just catches up the fun of absurdities and grotesqueries, and shows it in the light of laughter good and wholesome. Satire we find, and sometimes at least satire that has bitterness at its core, as in *Casa Guidi Windows*, or a something that cannot be classed as humour, unless we give that name to what is clumsy and even vulgar. An instance of this may be given in Lord Howe's description of

> A spacious lady, five feet ten and fat,
> Who has the devil in her (and there's room)
> For walking to and fro upon the earth,

Shall we say that the lack of humour is—Miltonic?

It is always a fascination to seek a poet's kinship. It would be difficult indeed to find Elizabeth Browning's among Early or Mid-Victorian writers. Nor can we, as it seems, point to any of her predecessors to whom she can be shown to be indebted in a degree greater than that in which all poets are indebted to those who have gone before them. The influences that moulded her were many and various, and her own individuality was too strong for her ever to have run the chance of being classed, even by the reviewer of least insight, among imitators. It is true that she was accused of imitating Tennyson, but not in any essential way. It was simply in her accenting of the *-ed* in passive participles and in her fondness for the adverb 'very'; both of which things do not in the least necessarily imply, still less involve, imitation. In one or two of her later poems, such as *Where's Agnes?* there is, as it appears to me, some token of her husband's influence; but, on the other hand, she was strong enough to influence him who was so far from weak. That she did influence him in faith, in warmth of colouring, in his conception of motherhood, and otherwise most probably it is not hard to believe.

In seeking for poetic kinship we may go astray, and far astray; yet the sense of it sometimes comes to us, even flashes upon us, and we feel that we have found it, perhaps where we

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should have least expected. It seems at least to be traceable between Elizabeth Browning and Milton. It is not, as we believe, any imitation on her part that gives the Miltonic ring audible in the *Drama of Exile* and elsewhere; nor is it the nature of the subject which in the first-named poem she has chosen. It is the affinity of poets who alike have known the visiting of Urania the heavenly. This affinity seems to us also to exist between her and a poet who was but a babe when she passed away: different circumstances, his and hers, have rendered this kinship less easy to distinguish, as they have made it less prominent, but there are certain things in Francis Thompson and in Elizabeth Barrett Browning which point to a spiritual affinity not of the slightest.

Has any poet of modern times more nearly approached the things invisible than Francis Thompson? Has any more grandly and solemnly and joyously sung of that approach? In her vivid vision, in her depth of emotion, in her eager reach out to the things eternal, may it not be said that she is nearer to him than to any other poet?

He had what was ungiven to Elizabeth Barrett Browning: he had what gives to his poetry that something unattainable otherwise, the possession of the Faith of our fathers. The setting of his verse was the fine gold that needed no alloy to make it work, so malleable, so elastic in its beauty and its preciousness. And it is not the setting only; it is inextricably blent with his whole being, made part of it by a union divine: so that he has given us what none other than a poet of the Faith could have given. With her superb reach and the strength of her clasp what might not the poet here have written of, with this gift added to and interpenetrating all the glory of the other gifts so many and so great?

Sublimity was a characteristic of her genius as it was of his, and they are alike in the high daring which in smaller souls would be merely audacity.

See the invisible, that is what the mystics do, and our poet's tendency was towards that which in Francis Thompson is woven into the very being.

> Mine eyes saw not, and I saw . . .
> Mine ears heard not, and I heard.

This he tells us. She, too, saw when her eyes saw not. She, too, knew of the connexion of all things with each and every one.

> When to the new eyes of thee
> All things by immortal power,
> Near and far,
> To each other linkèd are
> That thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling of a star.

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he has sung. Let us hear her voice as she proclaims :

> No lily-muffled hum of a summer-bee
> But finds some coupling with the spinning stars;
> No pebble at your foot but proves a sphere;
> No chaffinch but implies the cherubim;
> . . . . . .
> . . . earth's crammed with heaven,
> And every common bush afire with God.

She knew, too, how it is better to be great than glad : she knew that there was an ultimate and glorious meaning in pain. Yet we feel that she could not have told us how

> All the spines upon the thorn into curling tendrils start.

She tells of the triumph in which Pan is dead and Apollo is lost; but it could not, as it seems to the present writer, have been hers to tell us how from the laurel the Crucifix may be carved. Perhaps some of the things that beat themselves out in his music may have struggled within her for utterance.

There is a very interesting passage in a letter of Elizabeth Barrett's to John Kenyon, whose translation of Schiller's *Götter Griechenlands* had been partly the suggestion of her *The Dead Pan*, which reads almost like a prophecy. Kenyon clearly had objected to her definiteness, to her naming of sacred names as she had done, and had said that ' our religion is not vital—not week-day enough ' to allow of its being handled in what was not meant to be read within the walls of a church. She says ' My conviction is that the *poetry of Christianity* will one day be developed greatly and nobly.' Has not Francis Thompson developed it?

There is no need to claim for Mrs. Browning the position of a poet belonging to the class, below Shakespeare and Milton indeed, but including those whom we name as our greatest English poets. Her originality, her force, her strength of inspiration have won for her full recognition as such. Whatever may be said as to her weaknesses, such weaknesses as have been touched on here, as it is hoped not ungraciously, still less unjustly, there remains after all deduction a total splendid indeed.

A good deal of the verse which we have had since her death can be classed as, in part at least, the product of culture. This can never be said of hers, for she sang by the very law of her being. Her learning, as well as her literary lore, were of an unusually high order, and there is in her discoverable no sign of pedantry. Her knowledge of the earlier as well as of the later sources of the world's culture is evident, but evident by its assimilation rather than by its display. Not to let it be seen was impossible because of her thorough intimacy with all that this meant and involved. Saturated with classical lore as she is, her references, allusions, quotations, all come with the natural-

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ness of one who is using the possessions of every day, never irritating, but adding to the richness and fulness of her expression.

Mrs. Browning always wished to be judged, not as woman-poet, but as poet only. We can scarcely help, however, making a comparison between her and writers of her sex, later ones at least, for we may, broadly speaking, pass over the earlier as belonging to a different sphere from hers. A far higher standard of technical perfection is now aimed at, and often also attained, than was dreamt of before the Victorian 'forties: great work has been done by women-poets, and among those gone from us more recently than Mrs. Browning we owe deep reverence and admiration especially to Christina Rossetti for her thought and for her art. But there has been none to take the place of Mrs. Browning; none of the 'poeticall sinewes' which Sidney speaks of so developed as hers, none to approach her in sheer inspiration and the glory of her sending of it forth. We judge the others as women-poets; we judge her as a poet who was a woman.

EMILY HICKEY.

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RESCUE AND RANSOM AT THE GATES OF INDIA

'My pang shall find a voice.'—*Manfred.*

In every case of a great evil some hope coexists that the calling of public attention to such an abuse may constitute a first step in the requisite reform; and I have found encouragement, in my present endeavour, through many communications addressed to me during the past few weeks, seeking information as to the number and strength of the several Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals now at work in India, and earnestly inquiring as to the volume and scope of their labours. I have also been asked, in order that this subject might be grasped and understood, that mention should be made of any fairly formidable obstacles calculated to block that path of progress which ethics, right, justice, and mercy demand that we should pursue.

In referring to the general prevalence of cruelty to animals in India, it will be well to say at once that we must not shirk our duty of inquiry into such wrongs and into the finding of remedies for them because this question presents some difficult phases, for some curious features must always arise where two civilisations meet which, though united in the view that mercy must be shown to all living creatures, yet differ considerably in their application of that principle. These differences are, however, not insuperable, so let us boldly determine to discover the nature of such hindrances to humane advance and afterwards do all in our power to overcome them. This will be a move in the right direction, though the direct method is generally considered dangerous in India, because it is as a rule efficient.

Two things may be recognised at the outset. The first is that in all Eastern lands there is a total absence of public opinion and of the controlling power of thorough and prompt investigation; and also that into few men's daily scheme of existence enters an ideal of conduct and a sense of responsibility and justice towards the lower creation. There is, no doubt, a degree of personal and communal righteousness in the transaction of

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much official business in India, but so far animals have rarely been included in the sphere of such duties and interests, and work in their cause has never been specialised in that country. Another hard enemy to fight is an all-pervading apathy, difficult of conquest; and all that upholders of this movement can do in this direction is to win more support by appeals to reason, and to that sense of justice which is generally to be found somewhere in the heart of every man and woman.

Other complicating features consist in the constant changes of officials, and the strain involved by the enormous amount of miscellaneous work with which they are at all times encumbered; as well as the great distances, which render any steady supervision by Europeans almost impossible, except in towns or large centres. Civilisation is apt to bring fraud in her train, and more particularly is this the case when the higher stages of the development have not yet been attained; for the standard of Indian police conduct is very far from reaching European ideals, and the prevalent corruption offers a serious drawback to moral, material, and political progress.

The gravest obstruction in the road of reformation, however, is the erection of mighty barriers by the British officials of the Government of India themselves, for it is possible to find members of the Indian Civil Service who are sometimes prejudiced; and these mental habits mean limitation and blindness in the very direction where understanding and sympathy are essential, as the Indian people will never give public adherence to any cause unless it is unhesitatingly supported by men of weight and position, and are afraid to place faith in advocates who refuse to come out into the open.

It is indeed within the realm of legitimate criticism to deprecate the indecisive measures in regard to the prevention of cruelty to animals which at present obtain in India, to protest against the continuance of certain methods in vogue, and to refuse belief in the soundness of a policy of inertia dictated by apathy and unwillingness to raise a fresh question.

What record of protection have we made in the annals of our great possessions for those frail lives which have bent as reeds before the adverse winds of immovable, immemorial, inexorable custom?

Thirty-seven years after the establishment of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the barbarous and wanton acts of cruelty towards animals having greatly impressed some of the leading members of the European and Indian community, a provisional committee was formed in Calcutta, mainly through the exertions of the late Mr. Coles-

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worthy Grant—a lifelong champion of the lower creation—to consider the desirability of establishing kindred institutions in that city. Accordingly, in consultation with the English Society, that of Calcutta was established in the year 1861, being the first of its kind in Asia.

The name of Mr. Colesworthy Grant will ever be linked to the humane cause as the founder of this much-needed association; and the honoured memory of this artist, author, and professor of drawing requires no monument of stone or brass to keep it green in the hearts of all those who possess knowledge of his noble efforts in the cause of the animals, and of British prestige in the East.

Lord Elgin, then Viceroy of India, lent the newly formed Society his powerful support by consenting to become its first patron, and the objects for the fulfilment of which it was brought into existence were stated as follows:

(1) The Society is called 'The Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.'

(2) The objects of the Society are to prevent the cruel treatment of and to secure the welfare of animals throughout India.

The Society especially endeavours to realise these objects within the town and suburbs of Calcutta and places adjacent thereto.

(3) The Society seeks to secure the objects it has in view by the following means:

(*a*) By the employment of paid agents charged with the duty of watching, cautioning, and, if necessary, prosecuting all persons guilty of offence against any Acts for the prevention of cruelty to animals or for the prevention of glanders and farcy among horses in force in British India, or against any Acts in furtherance or extension of, or *in pari materia* with, such Acts or any of them.

(*b*) By the distribution of papers and pamphlets in English and the various vernacular languages inculcating kindness to animals and furnishing useful information as to the treatment of domestic animals, and containing information as to the law with regard to cruelty to animals in force in India.

The number of convictions obtained by the Society in the first year of its existence amounted to no fewer than 506, and the fines imposed amounted to upwards of 1300 rupees.

The flagrant forms of cruelty towards draught bullocks proclaimed that the existing law was inadequate, and the overloading of vehicles was not covered by the Police Acts. Accordingly a Bill was introduced in the Bengal Legislative Council by the late Baboo Peary Chand Mittra, who was an active member of the Society from its foundation. This Bill, with

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slight modifications, afterwards became Bengal Act I of 1869. Another Act, known as Act III of 1869, was passed in the same year, giving power to arrest offenders without a warrant. A new Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, known as Act XI of 1890, was passed by the Viceregal Council, and Bengal Act III of 1900 has since been added, amending Act I of 1869.

Each successive annual report of this Society is a compilation from the perusal of which one rises with the feeling that man is vile indeed, and that statistics of such a nature must surely tend to darken the sun of his self-esteem. These records of daily cruelties inflicted upon draught animals, and of the suffering caused by neglect to caged creatures in the large bird and animal market, form a veritable tale of horror, and the deeds to which their pages bear testimony are a disgrace to humanity. The prosecutions have been instituted chiefly in the interests of starved, wounded, lame, emaciated, overladen, cruelly beaten buffaloes, bullocks, horses, donkeys, monkeys, dogs, and maltreated fowls; while in forty-eight cases in 1911, cows were milked by the process of 'phuka,' which causes great agony to the victims. The instances detected represent but an infinitesimal fraction of the brutalities, of which no register exists, involved by this terrible practice upon animals ever sacred to Hindu thought. This cruel method of drawing milk is forbidden by a clause of Act XI of 1890, which expressly states:

> 4. If any person performs upon any cow the operation called Phuka he shall be punished with fine, which may extend to one hundred rupees, or with imprisonment, which may extend to three months, or with both.

The number of various prosecutions instituted in 1911 was 7979, and convictions secured 7895 (the highest since 1900), an increase of 292 and 310 respectively on the figures for 1910: the number of cases warned and discharged totalled fifty, and those discharged for want of proof thirty-four, against seventy-three and twenty-nine. The total number of animals dealt with was 9386, against 8931, an increase of 455. Of these 4744 were bullocks and buffaloes, against 5620 in 1910; 4379 horses, against 3281; 201 fowls; sixty-two monkeys and donkeys, against thirty. The fines actually secured from convictions returned 27,103 rupees, or 4262 rupees in advance of 1910.

A small outdoor dispensary connected with the Society for gharry bullocks and ticca-gharry horses, where medicine and professional advice can be obtained without charge, does good work in the town; while the Pinjrapole (refuge for animals), situated a few miles from Calcutta, is entirely controlled by the members of the Jain community. The Marwari and Gujarati

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bankers, brokers, and sowcars of that city bind themselves to devote a certain percentage of the profits of each business transaction towards the upkeep of this establishment. It says much for the magnitude of these transactions that the sum that periodically reaches the Pinjrapole as a result of them is substantial enough to ensure its prosperity.

The excellent Srikrishna Gowshala Sabha (house of protection for cows) was formally established under a committee in this neighbourhood in 1905 at Lillooah by Hasanand Varma, a native of Baluchistan well known in Calcutta, for whom the cry from the dark recesses of animal misery assumes the force of a mystic command—a spiritual exhortation to carry on an active propagandism on their behalf, and to sow seed which may develop into a united movement to remedy the grievous wrongs of their present state. The building consists of a fairly large model cowshed, situated in the midst of pastures, and was designed, in the quaint language employed by its enthusiastic founder in petitions to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and fervent appeals through the medium of the Press,

> to protect the mammals, and notably the milch-cows, from the untold, indescribable, and heinous cruelties to which they are subjected by the milkmen and others of Calcutta. Seeing them I have been making huge efforts for the protection of these dumb, hapless creatures, and have become greatly troubled by them. I have found a place at Lillooah, about three miles off from Calcutta, measuring about 1200 bighas more or less, the cost price for the purchase of which, as also to make it suitable for the Protection House for the dumb creatures, viz. to have provision made for habitation, grazing purposes, and pasture, as also to provide for drinking water for these hapless dumb creatures and other incidental suitable arrangements, has come to about 2 lacs of rupees.
>
> Kine from the following different places are being brought to Calcutta to be slaughtered: Mathura, Brindaban, Bharatpur; notably Brij, Jaipur, Jodhpur, Nagore, Alwar; the Rajputana, Rewadi, Ferozepur, Gurgam, Lahore, Amritsur, Umballa, Patiala, Jhind, Nabha, Saharanpur, Rohatak, Delhi; and notably also their interior districts, Cawnpur, Prayag, Benares, Patna, Bhagalpur, the United Provinces, Behar, Jaganath, Cuttack, Khadagpur; the Orissa and Bengal Provinces, Budhware, Shukurware, Phihabare.
>
> On the 27th of March 1902 I, while strolling, witnessed a horrible scene of slaughter. Prior to this I followed the profession of an exchange broker, and with a monthly income of about Rs. 150 or 200 passed my days comfortably among those who were dear and near to me. But the heartrending scene of slaughter immediately made me to give up this calling as broker, and gradually I had to forsake my children and break my connection with household concerns, and turned my attention to find out means to avert the catastrophe every day befalling the dumb creatures, and generally to ameliorate their distressed condition. The loss of all family ties of affection followed suit the loss of brokerage calling. But leaving off all that peace and comfort of an Amin, I have become a fakir (mendicant) in my efforts to find out means for the protection of the helpless dumb creatures, and lament over my inability to cause the needful to be

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done in this respect. Nobody pays heed to my pleadings. Being uneducated, mistakes are abundant in my writings. Since I have undertaken the task of protecting the cows, and begun to devote my life in this pursuit, I have learned but very roughly how to read, write, and express my ideas. I therefore request my readers to be kind enough to overlook the mistakes while going through these pages.

But grief for the suffering of the dumb creatures has become an inseparable accident with me; I am collecting funds by raising subscriptions. By leaving the hapless cows and calves for some ten to twenty days in houses of different people and pleading for these dumb creatures I have been collecting money. The reader will imagine for himself what tortures I am put to for all my efforts. I cannot adequately bring home to you what my troubles in this respect are, but I would rather prefer giving up my life than give up my attempts for the protection of the kine.

The distress of the carrying milch cows at the hands of milkmen to whom the trader has sold them is simply unimaginable, but an idea of which could be formed from the pages to follow. In Bombay I found less of cows and much of she-buffaloes. The milkmen there sell their young ones, throw them off, starve them, finally by hook or by crook kill the young ones of the she-buffaloes. The state of she-buffaloes there is not as bad as that of the cows in Calcutta. I have heard from people in Nagpur, Wardha, Fulgaon Arbi, that milkmen there who have their she-buffaloes out of towns also throw off the young ones, for greater quantity of milk, into the forests. The state of places throughout India is similar to that of Bombay and Calcutta. What the Hindu community is doing passes all conception!!! The writer is distressingly mortified to see that the Hindus do advocate with lip-oratory, pure and simple, the cause of the prevention of cruelty towards dumb creatures. Eventually I appealed to the Hindu Religious Preceptors; Brahmins, Sadhus, Sanyasis, Sants, Mahants, etc., at Benares, Prayag, Gaya, Jaganath, Puri, Sankracharya, Jugut Guru, Sri Bulubkul, Gokalia, Cosains, etc., that the Hindu religion has reached its worst aspect, and you people have, in the name of religion, only collected money and not done your proper duty, which is really very disgraceful. The writer would not in the least have felt it, if he himself was maimed or crippled in any one of his limbs, but he is sorely distressed at heart at the agony of the kine.

O Krishna Murari! do thou protect the kine! Oh thou Benefactor of thy disciples: so very full of mercy: be good enough to look into the wailings of the kine species. Time was when Rajas and Maharajas were ever ready, even at the cost of their estates, to protect the kine. Sri Krishna Bhagwan, otherwise known as Gopal, once used himself to graze the cattle, but how wonderful it is that now, in broad open day, in open space, the Hindu is selling the cow and the calf for being slaughtered by the butcher, and is daily torturing them in the milkman's sheds. The animals who yield milk and do agriculture are the sun and the moon of India. Just as sunset and dark nights bring about darkness, the annihilation of these animals also will bring on darkness. After their annihilation who will feed and protect humanity? I implore the assistance of Government to save the country by protecting the kine.

It is the cardinal duty of the Government to make early arrangements for the preservation and protection of these creatures for the common weal of the subjects. Whatever religion or creed the King may belong to, it is his cardinal duty to protect his hapless dumb subjects, so useful to ryots (ruled) and rulers alike, for which God has created him.

Glory be to the entire Ind when this shall be accomplished!!!

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But till this is done the writer cut-to-the-quick of his heart shall ever go on being cut deeper still, and he could never rouse from his despondent tone of living and thinking, till the object on which he has set his heart in forming Gowshalas (houses of protection for cows) has been fully realised.

Servant of all, and expecting nothing from the world,

HASANAND VARMA.

In March 1910, accompanied by Inspector P. Sweeney, of the Calcutta S.P.C.A., I visited some of the various nests of cattlesheds in the suburbs of Manicktollah and Entally, and found that they were mostly situated in narrow lanes, leading out of crowded thoroughfares, the walls being merely palisades of bamboo; and all conditions continued precisely identical with those described in the following notes from the pen of Sir C. Brett, late Judge of the High Court, and President of the Calcutta S.P.C.A. This report is a powerful indictment against those responsible for permitting such a disgraceful state of affairs, for it is hopeless to expect the native *gowalla* (cowman) to undertake anything on his own initiative. It speaks volumes for the very slow progress of reforms in India that these words are as forcible and true to-day, as was the case years ago when they first saw the light; and that, though such a long time has elapsed, no practical steps seem to have been taken by the Corporation to amend the evils indicated.

The waste of calves and milch kine entailed by these cowsheds appears to be lamentable, and the lives of the cows spent in them must be peculiarly wretched. From the time a cow enters the shed she is tied up day and night till she leaves it; she never sees a green field or eats a blade of green food. She is crowded up in a semi-dark and vitiated atmosphere, with room only to stand up and lie down, and with no space in which to step forward or step back. Her calf is taken from her nearly as soon as it is born, and after a wretched existence of from six to twelve months she leaves the shed only for the slaughter-house.

The Superintendent of the Calcutta S.P.C.A. informs me that after a year the cow has become barren and useless, the result of practising on all of them the process of *Phuka* for the purpose of increasing the supply of milk.

Under existing circumstances it is perfectly impossible for officers of the Society to detect, except by accident, instances of the commission of the offence of *Phuka*. The sheds are kept locked up, the light inside is dim, and the cattle are crowded together. The offence can be detected only by undignified espionage; and even then the offenders have full facilities for escaping arrest.

It would seem to be desirable, if the present arrangements are to continue under which cowsheds are licensed in the thickly populated parts of the town, that new bye-laws should be passed dealing with these matters.

In view, however, of the present unsatisfactory condition at present obtaining in connection with the cowsheds, the practical absence of all supervision and control over the keepers of the sheds, and the difficulties which exist to prevent inspection for the purpose of preventing offences, it would seem to be a matter for serious consideration whether some attempt should not be made by the Calcutta Corporation to build model cowsheds

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outside the thickly populated area, and to close all now existing within that area. Space could be found in the suburban districts, and the sheds would not be, as at present, a nuisance to the neighbourhood in which they are kept. Reasonable rents might be charged, and the keepers of the cows would in the end find the arrangement cheaper for them than the present.

Over such sheds proper supervision and control at least could be exercised, and the present unsatisfactory conditions, with the risk to the public health which they entail, removed.

The foregoing statement was also published in one of the annual reports of the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the early years of 1900, for they are all practical documents, and the moral conveyed by a careful study of their contents is that the institution they represent does not receive loyal support from the authorities nor from the general public.

This statement is strengthened, in the first instance, by the long delay in according sanction to amended and additional legal enactments; and that the vivid force of proper feeling has been checked in the second is clearly demonstrated by the meagre funds subscribed, and also as regards the lack of active interest in promoting its objects by assisting to bring cases of cruelty to light and by helping to secure convictions against offenders. The inhabitants of Calcutta have been too long accustomed to accept the barbarous conditions under which animals labour as a matter of course, and require reminding that to remedy and eradicate these evils, by attacking the causes from which they spring, will need an infinitely greater co-operation on their part than at present exists; for the sentiment of disgust which wanton barbarity to the helpless should always excite appears to be by no means so common as is supposed.

It cannot be too often repeated that half the battle would be won, in regard to the treatment of draught bullocks, if business firms and public authorities would combine to refrain from employing contractors who overload their carts or ill-treat their beasts.

Assistance of this nature would tend to diminish many painful incidents, but it is hoped that a great deal will even now be accomplished with the fresh facilities provided by a weighbridge, lately constructed in the vicinity of the busiest thoroughfares of the city; and with the appointment of five additional agents to the present staff, thus raising the number of individuals employed in this work to thirty.

As was justly remarked in the *Times of India*, the 18th of October 1910:

> What Calcutta badly needs is an active, uncompromising, and heavy-handed Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for at present

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the lack of appreciation of this cause on the part of the interested public can be understood, when the result of all their trouble is a paltry fine, the amount of which is more than covered by the results of the extra loading, or any other crime against humanity with which the culprit may be charged.

Unfortunately the people who are guilty of cruelty belong, as a rule, to the illiterate classes whom educational influences have hitherto failed to reach, and who can only be deterred by the pains and penalties of the law.

In order to comprehend the archaic limitations of these laws, imposed by habit and lack of executive power, we must also perceive that the administration of civilised jurisprudence in India appears to confer upon magistrates a general franchise of infallibility, and the representatives of justice are only too visibly blind as regards the claims of the lower creation.

The following narrative from a well-known Calcutta journal, *Capital*, dated the 9th of January 1912, illustrates one of the many ways in which this principle is daily outraged and denied in that city, and emphasises the fact that these defenceless creatures, instead of receiving substantial judicial protection, often only encounter fresh enemies at the gate of the Common Law :

In every report issued by the Calcutta Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals an appeal is made to the readers to bring to justice anybody they may catch in the act of ill-treating a dumb animal, whether a beast of burden or a domestic pet. The public is led to believe that the police magistrates are eager for such assistance in the suppression of cruelty. Nothing could be more delusive. Magistrates generally regard disinterested human kindness as a bore, because it fills their case list beyond their liking. The way in which they deal with cases brought to their notice by private individuals is a sure indication that they resent the officiousness.

. . . . . .

A case in point has just come under our notice. One of our busy brokers more than a month ago caught a cartman in the act of belabouring a bullock to a condition of insensibility. The poor beast had only one horn, and was emaciated beyond measure. Because it could not move its legs along from sheer exhaustion, the cartman beat it on the nose with a heavy bamboo till the blood flowed freely. Our broker interfered to rescue the unfortunate animal, and then laid a complaint.

. . . . . .

A summons was granted against the accused by the Chief Presidency Magistrate on the 12th of December, and the hearing of the case was fixed for the 7th instant at 10 A.M. Our broker, his brother, and another gentleman in the same office were subpoenaed to give evidence against the accused. They duly attended the Court of the Third Presidency Magistrate, who had been deputed to try the case ; but, though they waited for more than an hour, no magistrate put in an appearance. They left in sheer disgust, and we presume the barbarous cartman went unpunished.

This is by no means a novel experience. We have heard scores of similar true tales, and are therefore not surprised that cruelty to animals in our

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streets is rampant and hideous. The parawallas (constables) are apathetic, because there is no *kudos* to be gained from prosecuting the delinquents, and there is always the danger of being accused of extortion. The agents employed by the S.P.C.A. are too few to cover the whole city, and the magistrates, by their kuchparwaniness (apathy), choke off disinterested volunteers. Verily it is a case of *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* We wonder if Lord Carmichael will undertake the job? It seems no use to ask anybody else.

The following case is from the *Statesman*, October 1912, and deals with the consignments of monkeys shipped *viâ* Trieste to European countries :

Once or twice every month Calcutta people have forced upon their unwilling eyes a species of cruelty to animals which would not be tolerated in any other country for a moment. That is when the little monkeys captured at Midnapore and elsewhere are sent down to Calcutta for sale. These poor little beasts are confined in crates about a foot high and about six feet long, and no less than twenty or thirty animals are crammed into each crate. That is to say, they are kept lying one on top of the other, and so tightly jammed together, that there is no room to move, much less stand up. They are obviously in a state of suffering, some of them being actually in tears, and all are crying and screaming. A big monkey was sitting in the middle of one crate, surrounded on all sides by smaller ones, who were being scratched and bitten, but could not get away from their assailant. Sometimes in the confusion a fight ensued, and the spectacle was a distressing one.

When the crates are opened, many of the little mites—for they are only a few months old—are found either crushed or suffocated to death. The last occasion on which these abominable shipments passed through Calcutta was actually the day on which the Hindus worship the monkey-god Hanuman, and yet the carts containing the crates went through the streets without exciting the slightest comment. The sickening cruelty would stop at once if no one purchased the monkeys when those that have survived are exposed for sale. Perhaps that is the best way of discouraging a form of inhumanity to which the Government shows itself indifferent.

No record of labours in connexion with the animals of Bengal could be complete without some reference to the Veterinary Department, which is established at Belgachia, about an hour's drive from the city, where, in addition to the working of the College, the Civil Veterinary Department supervises the management of local hospitals and dispensaries, gives advice regarding the improvement of stock, and is endeavouring to take measures to reduce the high mortality amongst animals in India.

It may not be out of place to remark here that during a prolonged stay in this country, I made many visits to the various civil veterinary hospitals in order to observe the practical value of such establishments, and what power they possessed to mitigate the weight of suffering, which in all countries falls in severest measure upon the animals of the poorer classes.

Though the prospectus in every case expressly states 'No charges for operations, attendance, and medicine will be made

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for horses and cattle brought to the hospital which are the *bona-fide* property of persons not liable to income tax,' and though, judging from the condition of the animals on the road, these buildings should have been overflowing with patients, yet in all hospitals under the control of the Civil Veterinary Department the animals of the poor were conspicuous by their absence. Whether the carters fear that they may be deprived of their animals, and refuse to submit to the delay incidental to proper treatment, or whatever the nature of the current prejudice may be, all these hospitals seem to possess but a moderate power of ministering to non-paying cases.

One and a half lakhs of rupees are expended by the Government of Bengal annually in the upkeep of the Belgachia College; while the Civil Veterinary Department of that province incurred an expenditure in the year 1910-11 of 2,13,647 rupees. Three lakhs seem a small amount for Government to spend on a Department so intimately connected with the welfare of an agricultural community.

The following remarks occur in an article upon veterinary work in Bengal in the *Pioneer*, the 13th of November 1911:

> The idea of operating upon an animal or destroying those manifestly unfit to live is repugnant to the orthodox Hindu, and so of the twenty-two dispensaries in the Bengal Civil Veterinary Department three are to be closed; while in eleven of the dispensaries the returns show a decline in the number of patients treated.
>
> Under such circumstances the local Baid (medicine man) can hold his own; and cattle poisoning in the mofussil (country districts) can still be a profitable trade to hide merchants, and the chamars (dealers in skins and bones) whom they employ. Municipalities should take advantage of the facilities offered under this Department for the registration and inspection of animals plying for hire.
>
> A perusal of the report points to the suggestion that some of the money now spent upon higher education might be profitably employed in the further development of a practical department that does good work, where work is much needed, in spite of scanty recognition. In no respect is India so backward as in the appreciation of the rights and necessities of the dumb creation. Pasturage is scarce, and no measures are taken during survey or settlement to ensure its provision, though to an English farmer the condition of his live stock is of as much importance as the soil he ploughs. In India, annually, thousands of animals die from neglect, or in some cases, far too many it is feared, from active ill-treatment, as from poison. An adequate grant from Government to stimulate the apathy of local bodies might introduce an improvement all too long delayed.

The Bombay Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in December 1874, the only other of the kind then existing in India being the Society at Calcutta. Its first promoters were the late Mr. Henry Cleveland, the late General Ballard, the late Rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. (now Sir) William Lee Warner, Mr. Justice Pinhey, the late Sir Mangaldas Natubhoy,

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Messrs. Vander-Straaten, Martin Wood, and others. Sir Philip Wodehouse, the then Governor of Bombay, readily accorded his patronage.

The special aims of this Society are :

I. The prevention of cruel and improper treatment of animals, and the amelioration of their condition generally throughout India. The means to attain this end are :

(1) The agency of paid officers, whose duty it is in the city to watch, warn, and threaten or prosecute, as needful, all persons found guilty of inhumanity to animals.

(2) The distribution of printed papers in the Marathi, Gujarati, and English languages, warning the heartless, instructing the ignorant, and providing all with information and useful hints respecting the treatment of their dumb labourers.

(3) The circulation of papers in English amongst the European and educated native community, furnishing information as to the law throughout India, and the means at their disposal for punishing the wantonly cruel, and holding a check upon brutal inhumanity.

(4) Inviting information and suggestions from all who are interested in the cause of civilisation throughout India respecting any barbarous practices, whether arising from cruelty or ignorance, over which this Society may be thought able to exercise any influence towards the improvement of the treatment and condition of labouring and domestic animals.

(5) The introduction into schools and elsewhere of books or tracts in English and the vernacular 'calculated to impress on youths the duty of humanity towards the inferior animals.'

(6) Seeking the aid of the pulpit, the Press, and all public instructors in advocating the principles and objects of this Society, having in view the promotion of humanity towards the animal creation.

II. Its important share and influence as an agent in the education of the people—the cultivation of those merciful impulses which tend to the growth of humanity and 'prevention of cruelty' to man.[2]

The connexion of the Society with the Bai Sakarbai Dinshaw Petit Hospital for Animals began in the year 1884, and shortly afterwards, in the year 1886, the present Bombay Veterinary College was established, and attached by an agreement between the trustees of the hospital and the Government of India.

[2] 'I look at this Society as instituted, not merely for the purpose of protecting the brute creation from wanton cruelty, but also as constituted for the purpose of protecting human society from the manifold evil effects which result from the indulgence of habits of cruelty towards animals.'—Address of the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of St. David's, annual meeting of the Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, London.

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This Hospital for Animals, which was the first of its kind in the East, was founded by the late Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, who generously conveyed as a gift to the Society the estate at Parel, then of the value of 45,000 rupees; and the hospital commenced work with only three wards, one of which accommodated twenty-six horses and the remaining two ninety bullocks. Through the continued liberality and beneficence of Sir Dinshaw and his family, as also on the part of other individuals in Bombay, the accommodation for keeping and medically treating the animal patients in this hospital has gradually increased, and the equipment has been improved by the completion of a cattle-operating shed at a cost of 2134 rupees.

The following table will show at a glance the number of prosecutions which have been instituted by the Society during several years. The bullocks continue to be, as everywhere in India, the most numerous sufferers, constituting some 80 to 90 per cent. of the total, and from the number of cases dealt with it will be seen that there is still ample field for the Society's labours :

1900-01	9035 cases
1902-03	10,044 ,,
1904-05	10,462 ,,
1906-07	10,468 ,,
1908-09	14,488 ,,

These prosecutions, in the vast majority of cases, were for working bullocks when in an unfit state, suffering from acute lameness, sore neck and chest, tumours, emaciation, and similar ailments; and next in number the offences were committed on horses used for the licensed conveyances plying for hire in Bombay.

The ordinary working horse of India is a thin, undersized, weak, miserable, ill-used creature, whose lameness and harness-sores receive little commiseration, though these animals in Bombay are infinitely superior to the same class of sufferer in Calcutta.

In regard to bullocks, it may be remarked that in the greater number of instances their suffering is due to tumours, caused by the chafing of the yokes of the cruelly clumsy carts in daily use.

In order to diminish this acute form of suffering the Society intends bringing this matter to the notice of the Commissioner of Police and other authorities, with the object of ascertaining whether carts of an improved pattern cannot be introduced; for those in use at present are almost all ill-balanced conveyances, with bad axles and faulty wheels. The jolting caused when travelling is so great that the yoke works violently backwards, forwards, and sideways, on the necks of the animals, thus

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causing the distressing injuries complained of above. The writer saw many such cases during a visit to the hospital.

There was one bullock, for instance, which had evidently been worked at an oil mill on a contrivance requiring it to toil against a yoke in a circular track. This animal came to hospital with a tumour on one side of its neck so large that when it was lanced the discharge filled half a stable-bucket; and there are scores of cases of the same description. Ninety per cent. of the bullocks brought to the hospital are suffering from these painful neglected sores, and in the great majority of cases the animals are also in want of good food and rest, besides medical treatment. They have to be kept in hospital weeks and months before the surgeons can pronounce them again fit for work, and meanwhile the small fees grow into large amounts.

If a bullock is detained in hospital for three months the charge at four annas a day will amount to over twenty rupees, and when the owner is informed that his beast is fit for release, and that it may be removed upon due payment being made, he often elects to leave the patient in hospital instead of taking it away; and the debt once more accumulates until the total amounts to probably as much, or more, than the enfeebled animal is worth. The Society then have to ask the magistrates for an order either for the payment of the bill or for the compulsory sale of the ox or buffalo. Frequently the invalid is allowed to remain on, its proprietor contributing only a part of the expense incurred, and the Society continually loses comparatively large sums in this manner. Bullocks are repeatedly brought to the hospital in such an advanced state of sickness that to undertake their cure is, economically, an unsound proposition. In other words, it costs more to minister to their needs than a new animal would be worth, and the most advantageous course for the owner to adopt in such an instance is to reckon his beast off as a dead loss when it goes to hospital—to trouble no more about it, but purchase a fresh bullock. The only remedy for this state of affairs seems to be to institute far stricter measures with owners who work their animals when unfit, for the cases which take so long to cure are those which have been growing from bad to worse for months. If the proprietors, in these instances, were prosecuted, and their bullocks sent for treatment in an earlier stage of illness, the process of healing would not take so long, and the outlay would be less. The low class of men who become bullock or hack 'gharri' drivers seem to have no natural feeling for the sufferings of their beasts, and this accounts for a great many cruel occurrences which find their sequel in the police courts.

Most of these cases are now disposed of by the Honorary

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Presidency Magistrates' Courts, which sit daily at 8.45 A.M. at Girgaon, Mazagon, Dadar, and the Fort. This early hour enables charges to be taken expeditiously, and facilitates the duties of the Society's agents, who maintain a certain supervision over animals drawing licensed conveyances used by the general public, by the municipality, by the aerated-water factories, and the several oil and chunam (limestone) mills in Bombay. The results of such operations during recent years have been upon the whole fairly satisfactory, though what the situation undoubtedly requires is the amendment of Act XI of 1890, in order that owners of animals should be made responsible for cruelty, as well as their servants in immediate charge. Some time ago a proposal of this kind was forwarded to the Government, who subsequently considered that existing powers were sufficient, and the matter was, very unwisely, allowed to drop.

The following instances convey some idea of the suffering entailed by railway transit and the cruelties perpetrated upon British animals in the streets and open spaces of a British town. The first is from the *Times of India*, 1910, and the other cases are from the *Advocate of India* of the previous year.

'While memory lasts I can never forget or brush aside that picture of horror; poor cattle packed in so that they could scarcely move, and, as if the shipper wished to fill every inch of space, little calves were packed in under the larger cattle. The poor creatures were wet with perspiration, their tongues were extended, cracked, and bleeding. The pitiful bleating of the calves and plaintive wail of the larger animals as they gazed at me through the openings of the cars with their great brown eyes, all bloodshot, pleading for relief and help, will never be forgotten. Some were prostrate, being trampled by those standing, horns broken and bleeding, great sores where they had been jostled together, swarming with flies which they were helpless to brush away because of their packed-in condition.'

Inspector Morris said that by the merest accident, while he and Sub-Inspector Power were going down Cochin Street (Bombay) at about 5 P.M., he saw a ghastly sight. About a hundred people were present at the scene, where a goat was done to death. The animal's four feet were cut clean away, and the jaw was sufficiently punctured to draw blood. The people drank the blood, and besmeared themselves with it on their faces and hands.

Inspector Morris mentioned another instance of cruelty which occurred on the maidan (Bombay) about seventeen days ago. Some gavlies (shepherds) brought ten big goats with them. They caught hold of one of the animals by the ear, and threw boiling water on it. When it tried to escape, and cried out in its agony, the gavlies said it was conversing with their goddess. One of the party subsequently cut off the ears of the goat, and afterwards the limbs were lopped off one by one.

The desirability of establishing a Society in Madras for the prevention of cruelty to animals similar to the one in Calcutta was conceived in 1877 by Mr. William Digby, C.I.E., and a committee formed for the purpose was successful in inaugurating it that year. The Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, then

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Governor of Madras, and Lady Grenville consented to become respectively the first patron and patroness. The society commends itself to the support and hearty co-operation of the community on the following catholic grounds :

I. The prevention of cruel and improper treatment of animals, and the amelioration of their condition generally, throughout the Presidency of Madras. The means employed to obtain this end are :

(1) The agency of paid officers, whose duty it is in the city to watch, warn, threaten or prosecute all persons found guilty of cruelty to animals.

(2) Inviting information and suggestions from all who are interested in the cause of civilisation throughout this Presidency respecting any barbarous practices, whether arising from cruelty or ignorance, over which this Society may be thought able to exercise any influence towards the improvement in the treatment and condition of labouring and domestic animals.

(3) Seeking the aid of the pulpit, the Press, and all public instructors in advocating the principles and objects of this Society, having in view the promotion of humanity towards the animal creation.

(4) Organising a system for prize-essay competitions, offering medals for the best essay written by any student of the public schools in the Presidency.

(5) Publishing tracts and quarterly journals for instructive reading on the subject of kindness to animals for native schools and homes.

(6) Offering prizes to the best-conditioned hackney horses and bullocks and Jutka (two-wheeled Madras cart) ponies, etc., at the time of the animal show, to induce kind treatment among the illiterate class.

II. Its important share and influence as an agent in the education of the people—the cultivation of those merciful impulses which tend to the growth of humanity and prevention of cruelty. Towards these ends the moral support and co-operation of the community are not less sought than its pecuniary aid to meet the varied expenses incidental to the Society's operations, the extent and utility of which in a field so wide can be furthered only by the means at its command. The words of her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen-Empress of India may well be borne in mind : 'No civilisation is complete which does not include the dumb and defenceless of God's creatures within the sphere of charity and mercy.'

A lifelong interest was evinced and notable service was rendered to the cause by the late Mr. Justice Tudor Boddam, who was born, lived, and died in India ; and the stones of every

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institution that makes for public improvement in Madras form a lasting memorial to his good works; for he was a man indeed pre-eminent in those sterling qualities of mind and heart on which the greatness of England and the endurance of the Empire to which she has given birth are built.

During his tenure of office as President he made the Society an institution which has enlisted the sympathy of right-thinking people of all creeds and classes in the Presidency, and which is certainly exercising a beneficial influence over the community at large.

During the early years of Mr. Justice Boddam's ceaseless advocacy, the finances of the Society were at a low ebb, and its very existence involved a prolonged and precarious struggle; but, by bringing his conspicuous humanity and his great love of animals to bear upon these labours, the aims of the association progressed by leaps and bounds under his guidance; and it now possesses an excellent habitation, to which is attached a well-equipped hospital, a dogs' home, provided with a lethal chamber —which has tended to diminish the brutal practice of clubbing dogs to death—and last, but not least, a Pinjrapole, or refuge for old and infirm animals.

During the year 1911 1408 convictions were obtained, against 1654 in the preceding year and 2756 in 1909. Warnings were given in 902 cases by the Society's agents, and in thirty-five cases the animals were remanded to the infirmary for treatment, as against only six in 1910. The income from fines fell to 1656 rupees, from 1674 rupees in 1910. The steady decline in prosecutions is due to the fact that the Corporation of Madras have purchased their own bullocks, and are using them under departmental supervision, and to the extension of tram service, which has reduced the number of hackney horses and ponies in the city. Knee-caps and boots are sometimes put on these animals at night with the intention of hiding sores which cause suffering.

The system of honorary bench magistrates was inaugurated from the 1st of January 1911, and cases under the City Police Act and the Hackney Carriages Act are now being tried by these officials instead of by the stipendiary magistrates. The majority of S.P.C.A. cases are brought up under Section 53 of the City Police Act, and so go before the honorary magistrates. Owing to this system being new, and to the fact that several benches were sitting simultaneously, there was at first a great variety of views, and a lack of uniformity in the fines inflicted. For instance, some benches discharged cases in which drivers of animals were accused, on the ground that the owners should have been prosecuted instead. In other cases the owner was

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acquitted on the ground that the driver alone was liable. It is now, however, accepted that the driver is always primarily liable, and is not exonerated by alleging that he acted under his master's orders. The Society's position is that, while the drivers are in all cases responsible, the owners are also liable if they have ordered or permitted the animal to be used with knowledge of its condition; and the inspectors and agents have been directed to prosecute such owners whenever there is clear and positive evidence to bring proof of their offences home to them, but not otherwise. Some misapprehension existed concerning a circular issued by the Chief Presidency Magistrate, directing that cases instituted by the S.P.C.A., or by the police under Section 53 of the Police Act, should not be disposed of unless the animal was produced and inspected by the court. The object of this circular was to enable the magistrates to impose fines proportioned to the seriousness of the offence, and then send the animals to the infirmary in proper cases. But the accused soon took advantage of this rule, and failed to produce the animal at the first hearing, thus necessitating successive adjournments until the animal was healed; and the magistrates, upon examination finding nothing the matter, acquitted guilty drivers. In one case this conduct was carried so far that when the accused reported the animal to be dead the case was promptly struck off.

The honorary magistrates, as well as the Deputy-Commissioner of Police, called the attention of the S.P.C.A. to this state of things. In reply, the honorary secretary pointed out that

> according to the circular issued, the cases are not disposed of unless the animal is produced in court. The accused persons are informed that they should produce the animal in court on the next day, *i.e.* the day of hearing, not only by the Society's agents, but also by the officer in charge of the police station when the case is entered in the night-case register. Neither the police nor the agents can do anything more, and the burden is upon the accused to produce the animal on the hearing day. On the other hand, the accused have come to understand that the cases would not be disposed of until they appear with the animal, and they therefore find it to their advantage to defer this occasion until the defect is remedied; or, as more frequently happens, they take advantage of the postponement granted for the production of the animal, and absent themselves at the adjourned hearing. Many of these persons come from the mofussil, or are low-class drivers, who are engaged by the day, and move about from place to place. They generally give false addresses, and it becomes very difficult to trace and serve process on them. This is the cause of the large number of absent and adjourned cases on the file at present.

The Chief Presidency Magistrate agreed with these observations, and suggested that whenever cases of cruelty were adjourned for non-production of animals, and the animals were not produced on the first adjourned date, the agents should bring

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the matter to the notice of the court, and request that a substantial fine be imposed as a deterrent.

The Government were pleased to extend to the City of Madras the provisions of an Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, No. 1272, Judicial, dated the 7th of August 1911. Section 53 of the Madras City Police Act under which the prosecutions have been taking place is a very comprehensive and effective provision. It has the great advantage that offences under it are cognisable, while those under the India Act are non-cognisable. As Section 53 has been retained, the powers given by the India Act are only cumulative.

A comparison of the provisions of the India Act with those of Section 53 of the Police Act will show the additional provisions contained in the former. Among others may be noticed the power given by Section 8 to a police officer to enter any place where he suspects that cruelty is being practised after obtaining a warrant from the Commissioner of Police or a magistrate. The Society's officers will, under this provision, be able to enter enclosed oil mills, where a great deal of cruelty is reported to be going on, but to which places they could not heretofore proceed upon suspicion.

The Hackney Carriage Bill, which was on the legislative anvil for several years, has at last passed into law. It gives power, amongst other things, to the Commissioner, with the approval of the local government, to make bye-laws with regard to the description of horses, bullocks, or other animals to be used in hackney carriages, and the condition in which such horses, bullocks, or other animals shall be kept. It also provides for inspection of the premises on which any such horses, bullocks, or other animals are kept, and in addition for the protection of weak, lame, and sickly horses, bullocks, and other animals.

One hundred and thirty-three animals were admitted to the Madras Pinjrapole in 1911, as follows:

Horses	25
Bullocks and cows	87
Buffaloes	2
Dogs	2
Sheep	17

The Coronation of King George the Fifth was celebrated by a sumptuous repast of greens and plaintains, provided for all the dumb inhabitants of this asylum by Sri Raja Garu of Gopaulpore and other members of the Indian community.

It was pleasant to observe the enjoyment of the eager throng of gentle creatures, whose grey lives were brightened by this determination on the part of the kind donors to include them, in humble measure, in the benefits so freely conferred upon human beings during this period of general rejoicing.

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The committee has at present been reluctantly compelled to stop further admissions, so as to restrict the inmates to such numbers as the funds at their disposal can afford to maintain. But it is hoped that with further co-operation and support it will once more be possible to open the gates of the institution for the relief of more animals.

The S.P.C.A. Animal Show takes place annually on the island at Madras, and always attracts a large attendance of the Indian public. The programme is a lengthy one, and a yearly prize is given for the animal or bird which follows its master best. This was awarded in 1911 to a young Mahomedan who had entered a large goat which faithfully followed his every movement.

The society endeavours to keep supervision upon the reckla (small bullock-cart) races held during the carnival of sports by the South Indian Athletic Association; such acts of cruelty as goading with thorny sticks and the biting and twisting of tails being reported. Steps were taken to prevent such occurrences by deputing agents to be on duty at the time of the races, and several drivers were prosecuted.

It is believed that the minor Societies P.C.A. opened at Tanjore, Trichinopoly, Rajahmundry, Coimbatore, Bellary, Cocanada, Vellore, and Ellore are working satisfactorily. In the reports sent from these districts, besides the usual cases of sore horns and inflamed eyes, there are several instances of the use of needle-sticks to bullocks, branding on bleeding sores, twisting legs and wings of snipe, carrying pigs and fowls head downwards, many cases of mutilation of crabs, and one case of cruelty to a guana by twisting the tail round its neck, and thrusting the claws of forelegs into it.

The practice of branding cattle for ornamental purposes, and slitting the nostrils and ears of donkeys, is prevalent in many parts of India. These cruel operations entail great pain and suffering, though they are erroneously supposed by the poorer classes of the population to convey some benefit to the animal. The practices alluded to are illegal, but as they are performed in secret, it is difficult to obtain the evidence of eye-witnesses and thus secure conviction.

The following case, which is mentioned in the Annual Report of the Madras S.P.C.A. for 1911, is of considerable interest, as this form of cruelty is constantly practised on the Madras and Malabar coasts.

Cases of cruelty to sea birds at the mouth of Adyar River by using decoy birds which are blinded by having their eyes sewn having been brought to the notice of Mr. M. A. Tirunarayana Chariar, Honorary Secretary to the S.P.C.A., by Mrs. Annie Besant, President Theosophical Society,

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Adyar, the Honorary Secretary deputed Superintendent K. Sama Rao and Inspector Srinivasulu Chetty, of the Society, to watch for these cases. Accordingly, the accused, a professional bird-catcher, was arrested on the evening of the 19th, and prosecuted before the Junior Presidency Magistrate Egmore, on the 20th, for cruelty by using three decoy birds, after sewing their eyes with a thread and blinding them. S. M. Vapuchi Maricayar Usman Sahib Bahadur fined the accused Rs. 2.

In spite of statistics collated from the careful observations of the three principal Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals now at work in India, it is still apparent that these institutions continue their labours practically unaided by the rudiments of that organised effort and co-operation, without which the humblest portion of our complex society, even in the present age, cannot secure adequate justice and fair treatment.

Though these Societies have rendered public service of immense utility for many years in their own districts, it must yet be borne in mind that the country is extensive, and that there is urgent need for such help from all quarters.

All knowledge of politics and social phenomena in India confirms the belief that the growth of this particular form of philanthropy can only be encouraged by patient attention to detail, for it is not the law alone, with its formalism, its rigid precedents, its constant reference to the past, which will solve the difficulties that lie before us.

The humane cause should know no limitations nor landmarks, and the training of so important a branch of national life should not be left entirely to private and precarious endeavour in a country where co-operation between the two races is one of the most vital conditions of internal peace. They must advance in friendship or lapse into disastrous antagonism.

At the present day an established rule of conduct governs the status of sub-human existence in all civilised countries, and but few places remain among British possessions where, as in India —the great dependency of that nation which usually gives a friendly lead to humane progress—the subject is treated, plainly speaking, as if it had but little right to exist; and the covenant of mercy is but doubtfully recognised. This attitude is unwise in more ways than one, for sound sense and dispassionate observation both indicate that a convincing solution of racial, party, and popular questions could be found in the mutual interests of a common cause. Reciprocal occupation would tend to conciliate the many conflicting elements of which the population of our great Empire is formed, and it would also help to combat that idleness which is as much the root of all evil in the life of a nation as in that of a private individual; and which has heretofore been conduced to in the East by the absence of many schemes for good affecting the everyday life of its inhabitants. By

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evolving measures of effective purpose all over the country for the amelioration of animal misery great advantage would also accrue from thus directing the thoughts of the more cultured inhabitants, and eventually those of the masses, into a channel which can but react beneficially on all concerned. The adoption of such a course would also possess power to diminish social grievances, often stimulated by differences of education and outlook; for an atmosphere of unreality pervades the present political situation in India, due to an exotic state of affairs and to entirely artificial conditions. These gathering forces make for trouble unless the awakening intelligence of the lower classes is guided into paths of service and citizenship; and this must be done, or the problem of maintaining our 'place in the sun' will soon be insoluble.

British authorities in India must awake to the changed circumstances that are being forced upon them, and recognise that the day is over for disjointed action or antagonistic purpose, for deep suspicion of harmless innovations, and for that 'persistent thinking along defined grooves,' which is the curse of the administration of India.

An obligation and responsibility rests upon the British Government of India to strengthen our hands by causing the various Acts for the prevention of cruelty to animals to be worked as efficiently as is possible in accordance with circumstances and general expediency; and providing for such measures to be taken in the interests of the animals as would secure a good permanent result.

The situation does not call for a new and exacting schedule of legal restrictions, but rather for the amendment and application of various sections of the existing Acts, which, by the adroitness or strange oversight of the draftsmen of the clauses referred to, contain many deficiencies and inconsistencies, conceived, perhaps, in a practical spirit of compromise between the public opinion of England and the political situation in India.

It is doubtless held that the general public are not concerned in these questions, but changed conditions are daily removing the force of such an argument. It is useless to deny that official opposition may cause an arrest of evolution, for a primary essential of the humanitarian sentiment is sound sense, an avoidance of political prejudice, and an absolute refusal to be bluffed into conventional judgments. The protection of animals is a cause which is so interesting in itself, which has already borne fruit in so many parts of the world, and which offers such unexampled promise in India, that the progress of this branch of benevolent endeavour will steadfastly lead the people of that country to an emotional and intellectual existence which shall not

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be in pawn as regards philanthropic achievement to external authorities; and the consequent call for individual exertion will assuredly divert into systematic charitable purpose a good deal of superfluous energy, now concentrated upon matters more capable of successful development under the balanced judgment of the few.

In the ultimate triumph of this great religion of humanity the doomed denizens of a great underworld of suffering in India will find champions among the large and growing order of thinking men and women of both nations, educated in that trained sense of duty which will initiate a new and more merciful era.

Despite undoubted difficulties much can be accomplished, and it is a significant fact that the doctrine of humanity will be found at all times a very safe chart for that old ship of State which has carried the Union Jack to victory through many troubled seas into half the harbours of the world.

ZEENEB CHARLTON.

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AN IMPERIAL DEADLOCK, AND THE WAY OUT

AN ENGLISH CANADIAN'S VIEW

If there are people who fear for the future of the Empire because the Canadian Senate has thrown out the Borden Navy Bill by asking that it be referred to the people, they may be comforted. The Empire is more enduring than the company of venerable gentlemen who compose the majority of the Senate of Canada. It is even bigger than the Borden Bill. The Senate has played the part of an Upper Chamber.

A reading of British newspapers does not satisfy one that the situation in Canada is well apprehended, even by many careful students of our peculiarities. The atmosphere of Canada seems to be beyond their inspiration. That is not their fault. They are a great deal better than their fathers were, even if some of them do suggest that there is no difference between the relations of Canada and Britain and those that were taken for granted in the old days of colonial subordination.

It is surprising how many otherwise discriminating publicists still speak of Canada as a possession of the Old Land. A letter before me from the editor of a great London paper speaks of 'Great Britain and her Dominions,' as if there is a Canadian alive who would acknowledge the proprietorial quality that lies behind that designation. Canada will never consent to be regarded as a mere appendage of the United Kingdom; 'adjunct' was the word Mr. Borden used in London last year.

The Senate knows something of this deepening sense of Canadian nationality. It may or may not have been wise in passing the very resolution about a Naval Bill which it rejected some years ago, when it was moved by the present Government leader in the Upper House. But it cannot be said that it is a great crime against the Empire to ask that a Bill be submitted to the people, when it not only makes a fateful departure in the relations between the Dominion and other parts of the Empire, but has not the advantage of an undisputed endorsement, in principle, by the House of Commons, such as had the principle of the measure which the Conservative leader asked the Senate to reject in 1910. But whatever the Senate did cannot be of fatal import to the Empire.

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The Naval Aid Bill is killed for this Session. If the emergency on which alone it was based last December really exists, there is nothing against Mr. Borden carrying out his self-imposed pledge of last November, that he would go to the country if Parliament refused to give the immediate and effective aid which he was about to ask. He will not go at once to the country. Why? In the answer to that lies the explanation of his naval courses since he became Prime Minister, all of which have been the outcome of his actions when he was leader of the Opposition without prospect of speedily becoming chief adviser of the Crown.

Mr. Borden has chosen to found his right to a place among statesmen of Imperial stature upon his Naval Bill. While it would scarcely be fair to judge a Canadian statesman's regard for Britain by his attitude towards people of the British Islands who have become Canadian citizens, it is worth noticing that though there were between a hundred thousand and a hundred and fifty thousand voters of British Islands birth in Canada at the last election, Mr. Borden made no sign that he was politically alive to their presence; and that those who conducted the campaign under his direction tried to prevent a special appeal being made to that decisive element in the electorate to take a Britannic rather than an economic view of President Taft's designs.

This is mentioned now for the first time to show that the point of view at Ottawa, even of some of those who are regarded in England as of the most inveterate Imperialist strain, differs appreciably from that of statesmen and journalists who are still prone to think of Great Britain and 'her' Dominions—of the possessive rather than the partnership aspect of the Imperial bond.

What is being regarded by certain earnest men in England as a disaster to the Empire, that throws a sort of grim suspicion around the devotion to Britannic interests of a large proportion of the people of Canada, is, in its more regrettable aspects, attributable to the unhappy recklessness of a great deal of partisan warfare in Canada, in which the personality of the present Prime Minister, when he was leader of the Opposition, was not conducive to the best results. It was often said he was too much of a gentleman to be a political leader. The criticism was creditable to Mr. Borden's reputation as a man. It was also indicative of the distaste for the difficult things in leadership which was part of his reluctance to enter political life, and of his recurring desire to escape from it.

What has happened at Ottawa is just what was prophesied, little as that may be recognised by those who saw in the apparent victory of the Admiralty for its traditional policy of a centralised navy, with regular contributions from the Dominions, a proof of an approximation by Canada to the Whitehall idea, which

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has never rudimentarily understood the motive powers that create Britannic nations out of what were always intended by those who did not live and beget children in them to remain as British colonies.

I shall state the facts which prove that what has happened is a necessary phase in the political career of the present Government, far more than it is a disquieting symptom of Canada's indifference to her Imperial responsibilities, and shall then try to show what an Englishman who has lived two-thirds of his life in England believes to be the essentials of the naval situation in Canada, and what its direction must be, if the course which history has marked out for the Empire is not to be injuriously deflected.

Mr. Borden's misadventures are traceable to Quebec, which has always been the glory and the danger of the Britannic history of Canada. Quebec is French and Catholic. She elects sixty-five members of the House of Commons out of a total of 220. The balance of power has been held by the French Province ever since Confederation. That position has been threatened, in some respects, by the peopling of the Prairie Provinces. It has taken on a new aspect by the increase of the French population in Ontario and in the Maritime Provinces.

In Ontario it is said that the French vote can at any time be decisive in the election of eighteen out of 106 members of the Legislative Assembly. In the Ottawa Valley whole districts have lost their English-speaking population, and several places have had their names changed to suit their French inhabitants. In New Brunswick the agricultural counties that show increases in population are those which Dr. Landry, a French-Canadian, represents in Premier Flemming's Conservative Cabinet.

The Laurier ascendency in Quebec put the Conservatives in a plight, from which Mr. Borden's leadership of the party in the House of Commons seemed unlikely to extricate them. There were several cabals against him; the last was after the reciprocity agreement had given his party its first real chance of office since 1896.

Mr. Monk was the Conservative leader for the Province of Quebec. After the election of 1908 there was little political affection between Mr. Borden and Mr. Monk, due, it was said, to inappreciation by Mr. Borden of Mr. Monk's part in connexion with the election. The rise of nationalism in hostility to Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the most notable thing in Quebec politics. It was fathered by Mr. Bourassa, the brilliant, unmanageable protégé of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who had broken away and was bidding independently for the leadership of his compatriots. Mr. Monk drew nearer and nearer to the Nationalist position; and before the Parliament of 1908-11 was in mid-life

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there was a progressive divergence between Mr. Monk and most of his Quebec colleagues and the Opposition, as led by Mr. Borden.

It was while this situation was developing that Mr. Borden took the most patriotic and most entangling steps of his career. From the entanglements which remain he will not be wholly free so long as he is in public life. He was responsible for the resolution, which was adopted by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and passed unanimously by the House of Commons, and was accepted by the country, as a whole, as the charter of Canadian self-defence on the sea.

That was an achievement in statesmanship which required only one thing to give it a blessed immortality—the courage to live up to it, and to compel the Government to live up to it. No amount of argument, of putting the facts in an exculpatory setting, no persistence of appeal to the wisdom of the Admiralty, no cherishing of the German menace, can get rid of the fact that, in reversing itself on this matter (which through the introduction of it by Mr. Foster to the House of Commons had made it peculiarly a triumph of the Opposition, which was bound to yield abundant reward in fulness of time) the Conservative Party failed to serve the unity of Canada, or the unity of the Empire, and grievously marred Mr. Borden's fame as one of the foremost servants of his King and country.

In some quarters it seems to be supposed that the Naval Bill of 1912, destroyed by the Senate in 1913, is the first approach to permanent naval action by Canada. The beginning was the laying down of a permanent policy—a permanent policy, not an electioneering expedient—by Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster in 1909, and getting the House of Commons to accept it. That permanent policy was for a Canadian naval service, and against the Admiralty plan of contributions. It was justified in Parliament by speeches from Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster, which were all that parliamentary deliverances ought to be upon questions that should never be degraded to the level of ordinary party recrimination. Nothing that has come from any Imperial mouth was more vibrant with the true spirit of Canadian nationality, as an increasing power within the Britannic Empire, than Mr. Foster's speech in March 1909.

It was a triumph of statesmanship to cause the Government to commit itself to a Britannic policy of the first magnitude. Mr. Borden confirmed his own and his party's attitude in speeches in London and in Halifax during the succeeding summer. He gave no sign, as the autumn waned, that he was going to move away from the splendidly patriotic line of the preceding March.

I shall ask leave to put in a piece of personal evidence, not

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because it is of high intrinsic importance, but as showing the effect of the events of that time upon an English Canadian who desired to discharge the responsibilities of his citizenship, and to be free of the baser elements of party strife in which he does not wish to become involved.

The Liberal Party in 1909 was obviously suffering from the strain of the years. It did not bear in office a striking resemblance to the idealism that distinguished its more shaded existence. It was time for a change, from the administrative point of view, whether there was a pleasing alternative Government by Mr. Borden's side or not. Four years ago there was nothing in the Liberal Government's contemporary performances to tempt one to declare himself a follower of the statesman whose services to Canada will always deserve high rank in the annals of British Government. Ten years is long enough for any Government to live in a country which affords natural resources to the unscrupulous among politicians.

Mr. Borden was then, as he is now, a man of ability, integrity, and undoubted aspiration to serve Canada with a single mind. In the 1908 election he had stood on a platform that made the performances of the Liberal Government wear a very anaemic look. He pledged himself to give the Dominion a cleaner administration than it had ever enjoyed. He had led the Government to adopt a naval policy that combined the best attributes of Canadian nationality and British connexion. As an entirely private citizen, with a certain amount of experience of public service in other fields, I was ready, after four years' renewed residence in Canada, to stand under the Borden banner when next it should be unfurled. In that respect I think I may be regarded as typical of many.

In Toronto there is a Conservative Club which friends had invited me to join. As I was going to British Columbia in the late fall of 1909, I told a friend that at the turn of the year he might propose me as a member.

When I returned from the Pacific Coast, in early December, two things had happened. In Parliament the Opposition had reversed itself on the naval question, and I had been elected a member of the Albany Club. The effect of the first action was to make me feel that there was no limit to the self-injury that the Opposition was capable of repeatedly inflicting upon itself, and to cause me to ask the Committee of the Club to defer indefinitely the completion of the election of which notice had been given.

That is humbly submitted as the testimony of one who has a sense of the sacredness of national defence, and who has no pedantic love for his own particular methods of solving national problems, so long as there is reasonable adhesion to a large

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ideal in what those who command the administrative machinery of the country propose to do.

In the Opposition certain Manitobans not then in Parliament, who have become famous for spreading their sails for whatever favourable wind is moving, had successfully provoked a demand that, whatever happened, the Government should be embarrassed. If that were to be achieved by jettisoning the most effective piece of Imperial service that the party had rendered since the twentieth century came in, what did that matter?—the business of the Opposition was to oppose, even if it opposed itself.

The leader of the Opposition was in a minority of about a dozen in his own caucus, and did not, apparently, see that his weakness was his strength, if he chose to assert it. But, as one of the ablest and most experienced statesmen in provincial and Dominion politics has said, 'Mr. Borden never sees the peaks.' If he had established an unquestioned ascendency within his own party there would have been no caucus to reconsider the fine Imperial service that was embodied for all time in the resolution of March 1909. But, as it is so often said, nothing is settled for long with Mr. Borden. So the 'practical' politicians had their way—the strategists who invariably go wrong when there are overmastering, abiding issues to be decided. If, as it is frequently asserted, they had encouragement from those in Britain who believe that the persistent Admiralty faith in the virtue of contribution was worth keeping alive vicariously in Canada, they accepted bad advice. At all events, the flag was hauled down from the lofty height of non-partisanship where Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster had placed it several months before. That is the original source, the explanation, of Mr. Borden's difficulties, and of the rejection of his Bill by the Senate.

The naval conference in London, in the summer of 1909, produced the policy of Dominions' fleet units. The Laurier Government could not give parliamentary effect to it until the following session. The Conservative defection and the demonstrative growth of Nationalism, as well as Sir Wilfrid's reluctance to embark on military adventures, were obviously responsible for the Canadian failure to do as much as Australia did to implement the London agreement. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has always been an opportunist of rare sagacity. Nobody has ever accused him of being too painfully idealistic in his handling of the practical questions that come before him—he knows the sort of people with whom he has to deal. He is deeply and unaffectedly attached to the British connexion. He also has a lively sense of the difficulties of making Quebec actively pro-

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British in the sense that the Carlton and the Constitutional understand the word. But, however he may fall short of the aspirations that are nourished in those temples of our Imperial destiny, he has had to administer the Government in Quebec, and their high priests have not. From the Britannic point of view he needed encouragement, not assault, in carrying out the Borden-Foster policy.

The approximation of Quebec to any Britannic ideal must necessarily be slow. Before Sir Wilfrid's course is counted to him for unrighteousness, it is worth while to try to estimate the price Canada has been made to pay in order to develop party strength in that province. The Nationalists constantly declare against any participation in British wars, except to defend Canada. But they say that whatever the country decides they will accept, retaining freedom to win as many as possible to their side after the decision is given.

The assertion that the Nationalist movement is the logical outcome of the doctrines that Sir Wilfrid preached years ago is only important so far as it may indicate that, if he hopes once more to become dependent on Quebec votes for the security of his parliamentary position, he must not be put into power by the aid of pro-navy men without stronger guarantees than have yet been given as to the navy policy he will carry out. The Nationalists are entitled to their views, and to unlimited propagation of them. But an equivalent duty is imperatively laid upon all who are for a Canadian navy as a British as well as a Canadian force.

There is nothing for the Government to boast about in connexion with collusion with the Nationalists. Whatever Sir Wilfrid Laurier's personal desires for or against a Canadian naval policy, he is entitled to respect for doing anything at all, after the desertion of its own position by the Conservative Party in the House of Commons, and its encouragement of the Nationalists' hostility to any Canadian participation in British naval defence.

Not long after the passing of the Laurier Naval Service Act Sir Wilfrid opened his native constituency by a senatorial appointment. The Government candidate was beaten by a Nationalist, after a campaign that was marked by extraordinary efforts to stir up feeling against Britain, which produced no sort of rebuke from the fathers of the demand for a Canadian navy. Whatever else Sir Wilfrid's Navy Act had done, it had given him what was believed to be a death-blow in Quebec. Sorry as he would be to lose that province, the Conservatives were equally anxious to gain it. If he was timid in his naval deeds, his opponents did not hesitate to profit by the attacks

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that had been made upon him as the instrument of London Imperialists, who wished the conscript sons of Quebec to be blown to pieces on English men-of-war.

When the Drummond-Arthabaska election had been won there was a new warmth towards the Nationalists from the Conservative side of the House, where the naval policy was compounded of contribution and referendum—contribution, so as to be different from the Government; and referendum, so as to be like the Nationalists. After the election Mr. Foster sent a congratulatory telegram to the effect that anything was good enough to beat Laurier. Telegrams, like chickens and curses, sometimes come home to roost.

Those who are familiar with the history of the campaign which put Mr. Borden into power with a majority of forty-six (the majority in Ontario amounting to sixty) will remember that his Ontario allies, whose only ground of attack upon the Government was the reciprocity agreement, never mentioned the naval situation. We were concerned only to destroy the agreement. Neither Mr. Sifton, who had been Sir Wilfrid's Minister of the Interior, nor Mr. White, who became Mr. Borden's Minister of Finance, each of whom made about twenty-five speeches, spoke a word against the Laurier naval policy. As Secretary of the Canadian National League I sent out a million pamphlets against the agreement, and organised a campaign of between forty and fifty meetings. Not a word was said about the navy in our literature; not a sentiment was expressed about it from any of our platforms.

To Northern Ontario Mr. Bourassa was brought to swing the French vote, after the Conservative candidates in two constituencies had given written pledges that they would vote for the repeal of the Naval Service Act and for a plebiscite, no matter who was Premier after the election. In Quebec it was always understood that Mr. Borden would not try to effectuate a naval policy without first submitting it to the people—a curious line for a statesman who, two and a half years before, had demanded the speedy setting-up of a Canadian naval service, and had repudiated the Admiralty policy of contribution. We were all so sure that, as far as every province except Quebec was concerned, the election was being fought solely upon the reciprocity issue that we did not allow the talk about the navy in Quebec to disturb us. As we had no responsibility for Mr. Bourassa's appearance at Sudbury, so the results of it are not ours to carry.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier lost fourteen seats in Quebec. If there had been no co-operation between the Conservatives and the Nationalists Mr. Borden's Quebec following would have been

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negligible. He obtained a majority without Quebec. He gave three seats in his Cabinet to the men who were publicly named by Mr. Bourassa several days before the appointments were made. Two of the great spending departments went to the uncompromising opponents of any naval advance.

It is now asserted that the Government has a mandate from the country to do what it has done, because Mr. Borden said that if he attained power he would ask the Admiralty for guidance. It is seldom worth while to dispute mandatory questions. If the mandate for the present Navy Bill was given it is pretty clear that the dissident Liberals, to whose work and votes Mr. Borden owes his place, had very little influence on the result.

But those things are not of much consequence. Mr. Borden became Prime Minister, and the problem that he had made for himself was not how best Canada could serve the interests of the Empire—as it was in 1909—but how he was to get through his entanglements with the Nationalists. For, though he had dictated a permanent policy to the Government in 1909, he could not lay down a permanent policy, now that he was Premier, without having to go at once to the country, either in a general election or by way of a plebiscite, which was the favourite Bourassa method. He could do nothing from the point of view of justifying the new stage of Canadian national development of which his own elevation was one of the signs. He dare not proclaim a permanent policy, for to go back to the guns he had abandoned would make him ridiculous; to propose repeated contributions would destroy him; and to keep the *Niobe* and *Rainbow* in indefinitely suspended animation would be foolish.

The only thing left was to devise a temporary measure that would save a complete revolt within the House of the Nationalists, whose love of place there was greater than their fear of deferred judgment at the polls, and that would postpone the hour that would compel him to choose between having the Nationalists for or against him at the next election. Whatever he did, unless he did the most courageous thing of all, and put the Liberal Opposition where it was compelled to support him, he was, and must in the future be, a victim of the electioneering tactics that began with the reversal of 1909, continued with the tacit acceptance of Nationalist aid in 1910, and culminated in his compliance with their demand in 1911 for three seats in the Cabinet.

There was silence about naval affairs during the Session of 1911-12. In May a statement was issued to the effect that nothing had been settled about a visit to England on naval business. A few days afterwards Sir Richard McBride, Premier of British Columbia, having in the meantime returned from

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England, the date of Mr. Borden's departure was announced. He took one of his Nationalist Ministers with him.

Mr. Borden came back from England and announced that, if Parliament refused to give the immediate and effective aid he would ask for, he would appeal to the country and have the question settled once and for all. The Senate has taken him at his word. He has steadily refused to say what the form or the principle of his permanent policy will be. He has talked about the frightful emergency in the North Sea. His lieutenants have spoken with bated breath of secrets which, if they were revealed to the people who have to find the money, would cause the thirty-five millions to be voted in eloquent silence.

It has been urged that, if the emergency is as he exposed it last December, it means that psychologically the fight is on as much as it would be if he were on the quarter-deck of a Dreadnought and the smoke of a hostile German fleet were thickening on the horizon; and that to postpone until a general election a declaration as to how he would meet recurring emergencies is not living up to the traditions of British statesmanship in times of crisis. Nothing has drawn him. He says that at the next election the nation can do as it pleases—which can only mean that, whatever happens, the question of defence or no defence is to be at the mercy of a general election, with all its risks and shames of a bitter partisan fight for spoils.

The spectacle offered to the world of Canada apparently at deadly strife over her adhesion to the vitalities of the Empire has been deplorable. But the inexorable responsibility for destroying the appearance of unity belongs to 1909. Discord having spread from shore to shore for the sake of a temporary expedient, which the Prime Minister says over and over again is not a policy, what will be the situation if the permanent policy is made the occasion of a second party fight, in which those who differ from the Government will be branded as disloyal to all the things in the nation that they hold most dear? Was there ever such a display of partisanship run to seed?

Nothing has been gained in Quebec by all the strategy with the Nationalists. The fear is that if the Government goes to the country in pursuance of its own pledge it will not retain a single member from that province. The outcome of prolonged tactics to put Laurier in a minority in Quebec will only be to make him supreme once more.

All the degradation of our reputation as a nation that knows how to make up its mind, and keep it made up, would have been saved if at any time these six months Mr. Borden had said that the contribution provided in his Bill would only expedite a Canadian navy, planned in keeping with his own inspiration

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four years ago, and established sympathetically with the policy with which Australia is setting us so fine an example. Before the Bill was introduced Mr. Borden and Sir Wilfrid Laurier were presented with a memorial signed by three hundred representative men, inviting them to seek a non-partisan agreement. If a contribution was deemed by the two Governments involved to be immediately desirable, let it be granted. But in any event the plain way to meet the obligations of Canadian nationality within the Empire was to establish a Canadian navy. The memorial fell dead.

Nobody would have seriously objected to a contribution as an emergent declaration of faith and works, if it had been accompanied by assurance of a Canadian navy. If the emergency was anything like as serious as it was believed to be, the postponement of a permanent policy could not meet the situation worthily. The case for postponement till a general election rested on the Nationalist emergency and not on the German peril, or on the permanent menace of which the concentration in the North Sea is the indubitable evidence. Permanent peril means permanent policy, not postponement till you can have a general election about it. Those who deplore the moral effect on foreign nations of the seeming signs of Canada's hesitation may well consider the effect upon, say, Germany of the repeated intimations that the Government of the senior Dominion, believing that dire emergency exists, professes only a temporary policy; offers no supply of men; postpones for years the decision as to what it thinks Canada ought to do; and declines to take any chances over and above a three years' monetary grant, preferring to be governed by the chances of a prospective general election, in which a renewal of the votes of a section that is known to be hostile to united Empire defence must be a disquieting factor.

Whatever Mr. Borden did that would appeal to Imperialists was bound to be hateful to the Nationalists. He cannot hope to repeat in Quebec the political adventures of 1911. The most statesmanlike course would have been to decide on what he would stake his political life when the general election should come, and trust to his capacity to create and hold public opinion. He could have said that the situation, as it was revealed by the Admiralty, demanded a permanent policy at once. He should have laid it down, cleared his decks for action, and gone ahead in politics as an admiral goes ahead in belligerent seamanship.

As things are, the Government is accused by Mr. Bourassa of betraying the Nationalists by not submitting its temporary measure to a plebiscite. It might have remembered the philosophy that it is as well to be hanged for a sheep as a lamb. There is no need, if you are offered a choice of embarrassments, to

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choose them both. The Government elected to make a temporary policy which left open the door to permanent contribution, and which invited the maximum hostility of the Opposition. Having had six months' purgatory over the Bill, only to see it killed, the Government still contemplates a general election on the permanent policy of the scope of which at present no idea is given. By some kindly souls this is solemnly called statesmanship.

This situation is very difficult for those who, believing that Canada must become an increasing power within the British Empire, did all in their power to destroy the Laurier Government, because they were convinced that it underestimated the forces that it was bringing into play when it reversed the fiscal policy it had followed for years. Many are saying things in palliation of Mr. Borden's course, apparently because they fear that criticism would jeopardise immediate Britannic interests. Every man must decide for himself his relation to the great controversy, and leave the consequences to the event. If the impression here given is that the situation in Canada is confused and confusing, it is incumbent on me to state what I believe to be the fundamentals of it, and to suggest, if possible, how they may be vindicated.

There is no real difference between Britannically-minded men as to the necessity for Canada to engage in naval defence. The contention of the Nationalists that we are still a ward of Britain, and should have no other responsibilities unless we go into formal council with other parts of the Empire upon international matters that appertain to naval defence, is not seriously entertained by any considerable body of the electorate. Such restrictive ideas could not survive a reasonable campaign of education in the elementals of Canadian nationality. There are neither annexationists nor national independents in Canadian public life; nor, as far as one can judge, are there any in private life. Neither is it advisable to regard seriously the assertion that the policy of a Canadian navy will surely lead to the severance of the Imperial tie. Any who fear on that score should read Mr. Foster's speech on the 1909 resolution, and Mr. Borden's speech in London, three months after he had induced the Laurier Government to adopt the essentials of his own demand for a Canadian navy.

The most mischievous friends of the Empire are those who cry 'Disloyalty' as soon as somebody has the courage to stand by the teaching of history. If those of us who believe in Canada as an increasing power within the Empire, and who fought against the designs of President Taft because we also believed in Canadian fiscal independence and in British connexion, are to be branded as disloyal because we stay where Mr. Borden stood four years ago, the issue will be more and more clearly

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drawn, and it will be shown who is jeopardising the Britannic interests of this Dominion.

Whenever men are tempted to accuse their compatriots of disloyalty they had better ascertain where their own patriotism is grounded. It is never worth while to assert that your loyalty is as good as that of the man who assails it. You might as well argue that you are alive. I would be ashamed to think that my loyalty to the greatest secular agency for good that the world has ever seen means that I must suspect its power to hold the devotion of a brother citizen who has the capacity to read history and to recognise the merciless logic of events.

If you have not learned the truth that no country as large, as conscious, as heterogeneous as Canada can continue to derive its fundamental policies from another country, you need to spend some time in the modern Britannic kindergarten. When He was asked to explain the Kingdom He took a little child and set him in the midst of them. If you frequent Whitehall, and keep your finger on the machinery that stretches forth from there into all the ends of the earth you may be forgiven for imagining that the ends of the earth are naturally to be inspired and controlled from the abode of so much traditional power. You will think, as some well-meaning editors write, of Great Britain and 'her' Dominions. You can never put yourself in the place of the man of British Islands birth or ancestry and of truly Britannic temper, whose children, born under some 'colonial' sky, love intensely the land of their nativity and desire no other.

You may listen to a few of those who have chosen to forsake a young country for an old, and you may mistakenly suppose that they speak for their native land. The people who make a country are not roaming the world in search of social sensations, but are at home, minding the stuff and doing the work. Living, creative Canada is by the lake, on the plain, in the mountains. If she cannot produce from within herself some of the quality that has preserved Switzerland, if she is to look for her major glory in some splendour beyond the seas, what is to become of the most precious fruits of her soil? How shall they be magnified and preserved for herself, or for the Empire of which she may be the most ambitious constituent? First and fundamentally Canada must to herself be true. She cannot be true to the Empire in any other way. In Canada it cannot be—the Empire first and Canada second. Imperial patriotism begins at home, and home is where your children learn to lisp their mother's name.

If those who are native of British soil, who have spent most of their lives in the incomparable, unconquerable islands, and who having left the Old Place see their children growing up in a robust and satisfied love of the New Land, feel that way, what

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is to be said of those who, British or French born, have had their ancestry here for tens of decades? And what are you to say to the hundreds of thousands of Canadian citizens who have come from lands where there is no reverence for Britain, whose children must learn away from home to speak the English language, and who wonder how it is that men who govern so vast a country as Canada can owe any kind of allegiance to a land which sends to Canada many people who are reluctant to adjust themselves to the conditions which the 'foreigner' regards kindly from the first moment he comes into contact with them?

Of course, they ought to be exceeding grateful for the opportunity to acquire any sort of connexion with the Mother of Freedom, and to enjoy a little of the reflected sheen of Whitehall. But, by nature, they do not see it that way. They must go through a process of education that is neither swift nor easy. In the province of Saskatchewan 60 per cent. of the population is of non-Britannic origin. It is occupied, not in puzzling out the problems that beset Ottawa or Westminster, but in making a livelihood, in building communities in a vast territory where, a few years ago, the relics of the buffalo were scattered over immeasurable solitudes.

Their intellectual adhesion to the Empire will not be as rapid as their admission to the political status of the native-born Canadian—in Canada; for British naturalisation in Canada does not count in Britain. Naturalisation may be made too simple an acquisition. The appreciation of the Empire as an overplus to the Dominion may be laggard in arriving. But we are dealing with conditions, not with views; and those who know the immensity of the problems with which Canada is confronted are aware that in nation-building the feverish haste which has distinguished our material development of the last ten years cannot be duplicated. The modern mills of nationhood grind slowly, and never precisely according to the expectations of men who are devoted to ancient nations.

In connexion with the calculations of Whitehall as to the course of British thinking across the seas, the nearest approach to an infallible rule that one can hit upon is that Whitehall should carefully think out the situation, arrive at a solution, be quite sure that it is mistaken, and then wait for somebody who has been there, and who knows, and is not afraid to say what he knows and why. The new birth that comes to the Englishman when he experiences the mystical union with the land of his happy adoption is as far from the natural conceptions of Whitehall as the mystery of parentage is from the wizened bachelor, be he never so wise according to the schools.

Devotion to the Empire in Canada has always been more

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intense than in England. When statesmen in Downing Street cheerfully contemplated the severance of the tie, the people here knew that the noblest potentiality in government that had ever been offered to men lay in the pending alliance of the Britannic peoples of the world. They felt that wonderful thing long before they saw it. They knew—what Downing Street was marvellously disinclined to heed—that development must come through the new experiences of the New Lands rather than according to the old notions of the Old.

In this present phase of naval growth the sure event is that the Admiralty's cherished dream of 'colonial' contribution, and Admiralty control in peace as well as in war, will finally be put to rest, as it was thought to have been some years ago. If Canada cannot achieve a Canadian navy, controlled by Canada, even as her domestic expenditure and her militia are, she will not justify her frontages on the Atlantic and the Pacific; she cannot fulfil the destiny that pulses in her children's blood. If there be men in Britain who believe that the only road to Britannic union is by centralising naval defence so that the ascendency of the Islands will be secured through the ascendency of armament, at the preponderant discretion of the Islands, and that this conception is to be realised by handling—oh, so carefully!—the strange susceptibilities of the 'overseas people,' they are as fatally mistaken as they are obviously sincere.

The emergence of the Canadian navy idea, heralded and stamped by Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster, was as natural as adolescence, and as inevitable. It has not to be explained but accepted. To fear it as a sign of approaching independence is to lose grip of what has been achieved in the Empire. It is to enrol yourself among the little faiths who dreaded self-government as the sure precursor of Imperial dissolution. To imagine that there must be a federation in which the representation of the Dominions will be a representation of minorities rather than of governments, is to misinterpret the Britannic spirit that has made the Empire what it is, and to misapprehend the basic truth of modern Britannic progress—that the Empire has been cemented together, not by the wisdom of those who have stayed in the ancestral home, but because of the toilsome travail of those who have learned the lessons of emigration in homes which they themselves and not their forbears have created.

The Empire has been renewed in its outward parts, and will ever be so renewed and saved and glorified. You can no more stop that evolution than you can halt the sun. You can no more devise means to hold the Empire together by putting any part of it under bonds to be obedient, than a man can compel his grown son to submit to the restraints of infancy.

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It is nothing to say that the idea of independent navies in one Empire has no precedent. The Britannic Empire has no precedent. Its magnificent record is that it has defied every precedent. It could have flourished in no other way. And the patient subjugation of precedent has always been evolved from the experience of men who have known the new birth that I have been trying to expound.

I am for a Canadian navy because I am all for the grandeur of the Britannic name throughout the world; for the only freedom wherewith we are free; and because of an unconquerable faith in the genius that is embedded in our institutions, a genius that gives to them a budding quality such as was discovered in Aaron's rod. In that faith I am ready to leave to be settled when the strain comes many things which more timid people would write in a bond, as a sign of their distrust of the stability of what, in the wisdom of Providence, we have been permitted to achieve in every continent. The unspoken but undeniable fear in Britain that a Canadian navy, under Canadian control, would be a subtle menace to Britannic unity is as natural to the unregenerate political insularity as sin is to the natural man. It is just as unnecessary to Britannic unity, because history is abundantly against it. Some years ago, passing through the Fraser canyon, I met an Englishman whom I had not seen for several years, who afterwards became a tremendously Imperialist member of the British House of Commons. Ascertaining the views I had formed as to the tendency of things in Canada, he particularly desired to know whether I feared independence. 'I am rather afraid of it myself,' he said, 'unless we can manage to get hold of Canada in some way.'

One could but smile at his dread and at his idea of resolving it; for if independence is in Canadian blood no amount of getting hold of Canada avowedly or insidiously will prevent it. Put the naval relation between Britain and Canada in a position where Canada can be made to feel that she is compelled to do this or that, and the friction that Mr. Borden eloquently foretold in 1909 will come to pass, and our latter end will be worse than our beginning.

Whatever large aspect of this Canadian question you touch you always come straight up to the national consciousness, just as you do in the Australian situation. The policy of contribution —unwillingly taken from the Admiralty—is certain to be abandoned by the Commonwealth. It was not worth an attempt to revive it in Canada. The encouragement that Mr. Borden's visit evidently gave to the Admiralty to hope for a reversion to type arose from his electioneering predicament rather than from his

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conscious representation of the surer impulse of Canadian nationality that had moved him in former days.

The promise of a place on the Imperial Defence Committee seemed to justify the belief that Mr. Borden had remarkably expedited Canada's advent to the official councils where foreign policy is decided. But examination of the case warrants nothing more than a conviction that in this, as in the more distinctively Canadian phases of the question, the perplexities of the electioneerer rather than the vision of the statesman have worked towards a hastily apprehended result. The statesman in a hurry generally puts the emphasis in the wrong place.

If the naval problem had been kept where Mr. Borden put it, and if the German emergency and the Nationalist emergency had remained in their proper places, the evolutionary process that was going on would by this time have produced agreeable fruit, and the Senate would not have emerged into a light that may be too strong for it. Being obliged to the Nationalists, Mr. Borden in London accompanied his requests for information by intimations that Canada would seek a change in her direct relationship to the graver affairs of foreign policy.

He has not pointed out to the Canadian people that the place on the Defence Committee that was proffered at the Imperial Conference in 1911 gave neither the form nor the substance of effectual consultation. The Defence Committee is called together by the British Premier. It is advisory of him, and is composed of such persons as he thinks fit to summon. Its decisions are confidential. If a Canadian goes to it he cannot communicate his acquired knowledge to the country he represents. Those who attend at the Premier's request are servants of the British Government. A Canadian representative can only represent a Government. But what does representation of a Government amount to if there is only a veiled accountability to the people who are the only source of its being?

The natural place in which the Dominion is to exercise influence is the Imperial Conference. But there has been a certain reserving from the Conference of defence questions that count. Whether that is due to a distrust of the growth of 'independent' navies, or is evidence of a more jealous guarding of the traditional citadel by the mandarins of officialdom, cannot now be known. The talk of acquiring a place on the Defence Committee before there is a working contribution to the naval forces of the Empire is no proof of statesmanship—no guarantee that Canada is whole-heartedly British.

To have offered worthy co-operation without a stipulation as to exactly how large a voice is to be given in the councils that precede any warlike proceedings of the Imperial Navy would

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have been a true evidence of that essential unity of the Britannic peoples, which is deeper and higher and wider and more enduring than any written engagement can profess it to be. It is necessary to have a formal treaty of offence and defence with Japan, because Japan is Japan and Britain is Britain. But when it is found that the unity of the Empire depends on the enforcement of the contract, in that day will Ichabod be written above our gates.

If that is a fair sketch of the inter-Britannic relation which, to many of us, is the unspeakable riches of our political estate, what should be the conduct of Canadian statesmen? Was there due cause for us to form a line of battle before the world? Should Canada obligate herself to go farther than she had ever gone in putting the final seal upon her conditions as a Britannic power that would fight to preserve her place and credit among the nations?

If there was need for such aid as has been declared to have been necessary, immediate assurance of it should have been given: the scheme upon which our blood would be ever ready for the last test should have been laid down; and steps should have been forthwith taken to carry it into effect. Then as soon as the Canadian ships were ready for the water they could be used wherever they could most effectively vindicate the place which Canada claims for herself wherever she is named.

Must Canada, as a precedent to action, have it in black and white that her wishes shall be ascertained in any Britannic matter where her resources may be engaged? Shall it be computed to the last syllable just how much weight in the deciding scale her desires shall be allowed? If we cannot take the chances of the event then is our vaunted solidarity vain; and nothing that can be set forth in calculated words will redeem us from the consequences of our fearful distrust of ourselves.

Project yourself forward a few years, and assume that Canada has a naval force of her own. The only situation that need be estimated is that in which the Empire would have to decide whether to trail its coat. If there were aggression by a foreign Power, or the appearance of aggression, it would quickly be seen where the unvarying sympathies and actions of Canada abide. Whatever touched the quick of the Old Land would touch us. Any Minister who could not count on that, statute or no statute, or who would fear to stake his political life on his ability to obtain an instant, whelming answer to a truly patriotic appeal to the Canadian people, would not be a statesman but a potterer in the backwater.

Would Canada be consulted? To ask the question is to answer it. If we had ships, and only five hundred or a thousand

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men, as well as coastal services, with possibilities of more, is it conceivable that in London statesmen would be so blind and stupid as not to let us know what was in the wind? They would have to do that with a foreign Power like Japan, with whom the Empire was in treaty relations. Would they anticipate any war in which, from the beginning, they could not be sure of our arm and Australia's arm for whatever they would be worth?

There is nothing more axiomatic in Euclid than that the Canadian factor would be one of the first things looked for on both sides of any dispute that might arise between the Empire and some other Power. Ottawa is only a minute from Downing Street. The art of newspaper correspondence is not falling into decay. No question between nations has arisen in our time that has not been ventilated in the Press long before the final crisis came. The Empire has no old scores to pay off. Anybody who has observed the anxiety of statesmen of Britain to stand well with the Dominions need not fear for the substance of consultation with them, whatever the formality might be.

Get the substance, and when Canada has brought forth works meet for defence the situation is hers just as far as she has the tact and strength to make it so. If we dare not take chances on that, we have a mighty poor conceit of ourselves. Some of the old blindness may be left in the purlieus of Downing Street. The official mind changes slowly and with infinite reluctance. But it has not the last word in inter-British relations. It can be put in its proper place whenever there are statesmen worthy the name who are not in awe of precedents, and are not frightened when nations of their own breed answer to their blood.

So then, for such as have a living conception of Britannic unity, the things that are often proclaimed as of first importance are like wisps of straw in the hands of a wise, courageous man. Canada need not fear about acquiring all the influence in Imperial councils that belongs to her if she has ships and men of her own. Britain need not worry lest she grant something that will dim the lustre of her name, dishonour our history, or disgrace our children. If we cannot hold together with a Canadian navy as a bond of defence, we certainly cannot grow in the only grace that will make our several national lives worth living under his Britannic Majesty.

Alliance is the only safe road for us all. The old subordination is as dead as last year's sunflowers. It is being said that Canada can realise her rightful ambitions by furnishing minor dockyards, building smaller craft, and by training a few men, the striking power of which will be under the direct control of the Admiralty. The idea belongs to the same order of sapiency as that which assumes that Canada will be thoroughly served

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when the ships she pays for are in a squadron that will anchor at Gibraltar, and will periodically show the flag whenever, between emergencies, it suits the Admiralty to send them round the Empire.

Imagine the Imperial squadron lying in the St. Lawrence, with the three vessels whose shells and empty guns had been furnished by vote at Ottawa. Imagine taking your young son to see them on a day set apart as a sort of consecration of Canada to her own defence on the sea. Tell the boy that they are Canada's ships, and he will soon begin to ask inconvenient questions. Would your fatherly heart swell with pride as you explained to him that Canada had paid for the iron and paint, but that with those products of the cheque-book her responsibility ended, for the men who make the ships worth while were not Canada's men? A fine line of emasculated patriotism you would have to offer the fervent young Canadian, who would floor you with the simple query, 'Why cannot we have our very own ships like these?'

Take a trip, say, to Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan, 60 per cent. of whose people were not born into the Empire. If it is worth while to show the flag in Halifax where there has been a garrison for 150 years, it is doubly worth while to show it at Regina, where there is a non-English-speaking population that needs to be imbued with all the patriotic feeling that can be generated by every means that is open to us.

Assume that a contingent of Jack-tars is crossing from Montreal to Victoria under the direction of the Admiralty. As part of a worthy propaganda—a form of showing the flag ashore—they stay off at different cities to let the people who live far from tidewater see and handle something of their own defensive strength. Would it not be a great exposition in Canadianism to tell the Germans who swarm in Regina that these bluejackets are the men Canada has hired to fight her battles when the time comes, and that they are directed from London because those who govern Canada have said that Canada cannot induce her own sons to do what the sons of every country in the world are doing? Can you grow any tolerable love for the Empire on pabulum like that? It is full of the genius of despair. But it has been set up as a crowning justification for the expedient that is believed by some good people in Britain to be a veritable godsend in Imperial defence and the forerunner of providential repetitions of it.

The excuse for belittling native Canadian patriotism is that the recruiting for the *Niobe* and *Rainbow* was sadly disappointing. What could you expect when the men on those ships were met on their arrival in Canada with reports of speeches by leading

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politicians which told them that they were serving in a tinpot navy? When the Opposition was denouncing the whole enterprise as a farcical mistake, who could expect recruiting to flourish?

Whatever the truth about the *Niobe* and *Rainbow* may be, if the Canadian people are to understand that they cannot do what is being done in a dozen countries that do not pretend to stand as high in the world as Canada talks of doing, it is about time that some of the guides of so supine a nation were soundly converted.

The instinct of the three hundred memorialists whose word did not prevail was a sound instinct. There can in the end be only one result of the travail of the last four years, ignoble as much of it has been, and damaged by the degrading standard of party politics. The spirit of Canadian nationality will assert itself. The slower it moves the more painful will some of its eventual operations be.

What it may involve for Mr. Borden nobody can tell. He is master of his own fate just so far as he will recognise that there are deep ineradicable impulses in a young nation that will not be denied. I dare prophesy (knowing how dangerous political prophecy is) that he will be obliged to turn resolutely from the altar of centralisation to which his Nationalist accommodations have led him, or he will himself be sacrificed, sooner or later.

At the time of writing he has not said what effect the rejection of the Senate will have upon the Government's course. There has been talk of his going on another pilgrimage to the Admiralty, as if the question that has now become paramount owes anything to the Admiralty. His political prestige is at stake. The Admiralty cannot help him in a difficulty that is essentially and entirely between him and the Canadian people, whose honoured servant he is. If there is a general election it will not come in a hurry. Mr. Borden's emergencies cannot be met so summarily. That there must be a general election soon or later, with the navy question as the predominant issue, is a pretty good reason for making it later, emergency or no emergency.

In Quebec, at least, Mr. Bourassa may be relied upon to see that the campaigning will be all about the navy, with no comfort for his former ally. In other parts of the country there is less interest in the naval question. In the West wider markets will be an insistent factor in the fight. Economic conditions are not what they were when the Naval Bill was introduced. Thirty-five millions will look a bigger sum than it did when Mr. Borden was sitting at Mr. Churchill's feet.

I have left till last the Liberal Party's present naval position. The one sure thing about the Opposition is that it demanded an

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election, and exhausted every parliamentary expedient to compel the Government to go to the country. It would be foolish to say that the party as a whole or its chief has welcomed the necessity for Canada to join the naval Powers. At the best a Canadian navy is a disagreeable necessity, and will give more political trouble than it is worth—that is the view of more Liberals than one would eagerly count. It is also the view of many Conservatives.

The Liberals at Ottawa do not seem to have realised that they are actually out of power. So far as outsiders can judge, the generals and the captains believe that whenever the polls are opened, the majority they vainly expected in 1911 will automatically return to them. The party course has been that of partisans who hope they have got an issue on which they have a good chance to recover what, to their infinite astonishment, was taken from them in September 1911. Besides the impression given by the proceedings in Parliament, the signs vouchsafed in Ontario, where, as in 1911, the decisive fighting must occur, all point to an expectation that some magic in the Liberal name will work the vital change.

Among those who care for a Canadian navy there is some apprehension that the Liberals will appeal to the assumed parsimony of the farmer, to whom thirty-five millions for ships which he will not control will seem a colossal waste. Mr. Maclean, of Halifax, who, since the submergence of Mr. Fielding, who was Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Finance Minister for over fifteen years, has been the financial critic of the Opposition, ominously told the House of Commons that the party would not necessarily be bound by Sir Wilfrid's amendment calling for the outlay of thirty-five millions on two fleet units.

It has been observed that the campaigning of the Liberals, in and out of Parliament, has been heavily against the Government and moderately for the navy. They were given a magnificent opportunity to 'get across' to the country the case for a Canadian navy when Mr. Borden disclosed his expedient. But they seemed to have no heart for tackling the job of filling the land with a sense of a great and far-reaching issue. Sir Wilfrid waited five months before he went outside the House of Commons to sense public opinion; and when he came to Toronto his speech was a debating effort against the Government for its parliamentary tactics, far more than it was an appeal to the nation to justify its nationhood.

Neither party has evoked any striking demonstration of national feeling. Three by-elections hang fire. The party Press has, in the main, been faithful to its traditional *rôle*. The resurrected quotation this time has been with the Liberals, as,

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two years ago, it was with the Conservatives. The *Ottawa Citizen*, the morning Conservative paper at the capital, is for reference to the country. The *Ottawa Journal*, edited by a personal friend of Mr. Borden, has manfully supported him despite its declaration, in May 1911, that a policy exactly like that which the Senate has spurned would be a rotten policy.

Some, in their eagerness to endorse the Government, have roundly condemned a Canadian navy, but, for the most part, there has been insistence on the temporary nature of the Government's proposals. The disadvantage of having to apply as much defensive ingenuity to a mere expedient as would be required by a dominating permanent policy is apparent. If the Liberals could have impressed the country by sincere, courageous preaching; if they could have lost their partisanship in a compelling zeal for the doctrines Mr. Borden and Mr. Foster originally proclaimed, they could have been in fact, as they were in possibility, masters of the situation.

As a party they lacked what the Conservatives lacked when the reciprocity agreement was launched on what the Liberal Government believed to be a triumphant life—they lacked conviction. Few Conservatives believed they could win on the reciprocity issue. Some were sure they had no chance on any other. Many were convinced that the agreement was an insidious offence against the Empire, and governed themselves accordingly. The *Montreal Star* thinks it turned the scale in Ontario by appealing to Mr. Borden to wave the flag more vigorously when in August he was in that province, and the fight did not seem to be going very well.

The Liberals have no such fortune with the naval question as the Conservatives had with reciprocity. They cannot count on rallying the commercial interests they alienated in 1911. A burden of taxation is associated with the navy; whereas, while it is not openly spoken, the suggestion may operate that the Naval Bill is a phase soon to be over and done with—that, indeed, is the recurring attitude of the Quebec paper which, before he became a Minister, was the organ of Mr. Pelletier, the Postmaster-General.

The situation from the Liberal point of view calls for extraordinarily effective propaganda—more skilled, more lofty, than the average political evangelist, accustomed to revel in denunciation of the other side, can compass. As yet there are only prophetic embers on Sir Wilfrid's altar.

Take what has been called the British-born vote, without which sundry Liberals assert the victory of 1911 would not have been gained. Sir Rodmond Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, characteristically told the Old Countrymen of Manitoba last year

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that Britain was on her knees beseeching Canada for naval aid. That crudity will not be generally repeated, but the Old Countryman who is not grounded in the fundamentals of Canadian nationality may be expected to respond affirmatively if he is asked, 'Don't you want to help the Old Country?' and no more appealing appeal is made to him.

In anticipation of that form of capture of the British-born vote the Liberals do not seem to have done anything. Publicly, in Toronto last autumn, Sir Wilfrid Laurier confessed the injury that vote had done him; admitted that the Liberals would be in bad case if they could not win it; and mourned over the prevailing habit of the British Liberal to become a Canadian Conservative. He attributed this to distrust of the Liberal Party because its leader is French and a Catholic. It did not seem to occur to him that if British Liberals become Canadian Conservatives, something is probably amiss with the Liberal Party. It was not very complimentary to the intelligence and fibre of British Liberalism when it goes out into the world, to suggest that it is incapable of surviving his own charming accent.

Though Sir Wilfrid frankly owned the dilemma in which the campaign among the British-born had left his party, his lieutenants show indifferent skill in putting their case so that it will attract the element that upset them two years ago. The most potent platform force behind Sir Wilfrid is Dr. Michael Clark, who, before he began farming in Alberta eleven years ago, was a notable Tyneside politician, and who is the only out-and-out apostle of Free Trade in the Commons. Dr. Clark seems oblivious of the fact that the Britisher is the only newcomer who is entitled to a vote a year after he arrives in Canada, and that, therefore, his point of view (which he may express in the ballot-box years before those who landed with him at Montreal are entitled to any civic privileges except paying taxes) is apt to be what it was rather than what it will be when his vision has been renewed.

With Mr. Borden and the Conservative Party leaning to the centralisers, and Sir Wilfrid and the Liberal Party contending for a navy, but not on fire about it, the precise fashion of the contest, when it comes, cannot be predicated. Some unexpected flame of passion may burst forth where it is not anticipated; some phase of our material development may give a surprising turn to all our politics; for the German scare is not scarifying just now, and the inflowing stream of money for physical expansion is less impetuous than it was. The last election evoked latent forces for which party politicians who are nothing more than party politicians were not prepared.

So far the country has heard no trumpet note; the appear-

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ance of apathy seems to contradict the faith of those whose reliance must always be on Canadian nationality. During most of the summer of 1911 there was, for similar reasons, a gloom among those who saw an interference with the ordained progress of things in the confident prophecies of Mr. Taft. But regardless of the result the fight went on, and the great idea after all was victorious. History has not forgotten how to repeat. In due time the charter, Mr. Borden's charter of 1909, will be justified, and Canada will join Australia in noble assumption of the full duty of a nation in the Britannic Alliance under one living Head, which will be as far beyond the dream of a mere centralised Empire as high noon is above the setting of the sun.

ARTHUR HAWKES.

Beech Avenue, Toronto,
June 1913.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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a position in which it could render real and solid service if at any time peace should be disturbed. And there must be very few who will not admit that the gain to the nation in other ways of serious training of this kind would be beyond all power of estimation.

It is clear that the suggestions thus sketched will be met by two objections of a mutually destructive character. Some will urge that they are entirely inadequate, and that in no such fashion will it be possible to render ourselves really able to resist attack. They will make striking comparisons between the strong battalions, made efficient in the fullest sense by two or three years of the strictest military discipline, who may suddenly descend upon us, and the crowds of amateur soldiers with spasmodic incomplete formation who alone will be available to stand against them. Those who argue thus, argue too much, for if they are logical, they must declare that conscription is the only remedy, while they must perforce admit that that remedy is, at this moment, outside the range of the consideration of practical men. The plan proposed is the utmost that public opinion is prepared to tolerate. Would it not be well to see if that 'utmost' may not prove to be enough?

On the other side will be the outcry of those who will find in my proposals an ardent 'militarism,' and who will, doubtless, hold up their hands in horror at their advocacy by a Christian Bishop. I confess that I do not know in what sense we are to understand this much used and often misused term. If by militarism is meant the love of fighting for fighting's sake, or the desire of war because war is in its own nature to be desired, or an aggressive lust after the goods of other nations, then am I the first to condemn it, and the most eager that our country should be for ever preserved from such an unrighteous taint. But if it means that, in the face of the vast armies that may one day encounter us, we feel our unpreparedness; and realise that it is only the strong man armed who, at the present day, can hope to build his house in peace; and resolve by preparation to make sure of that peace, then must both word and thing be blessed, for it is the condition of security. The idea of aggression on other nations is not, I am convinced, in the mind or purpose of Englishmen to-day. But they do desire, and most rightly, to hand on untouched to those that shall come after them, their native land and all the other nations that together form the Empire of our King.

There are, I am convinced, thousands and thousands of hearts, at home and beyond the seas, ready to give willing answer to the appeal that may be made to them. The success of lads' brigades, of cadet corps, of officers' training corps, and,

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above all, of the Boy Scouts, shows that the living raw material of national defence is ready to the country's call. It is the leaders alone that are still lacking. There are youthful energies without number waiting to be led and trained. If only this question can be lifted far above the paralysing atmosphere of the politics of party and made a truly national and imperial care, voluntary effort prudently directed, and reinforced by the compulsion which weaker or less generous souls may need, will go far to removing from our country the haunting fear of unpreparedness which most feel and some few openly acknowledge.

FRANCIS CARDINAL BOURNE.

February 1913.

NOTE.—This contribution was received from His Eminence immediately after the March number had been printed. It would otherwise have appeared with the three articles on 'National Safety' in that issue of the Review.—EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After.*

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'THE PROMISED LAND'

THE decrease, long continued and unchecked, of our rural population, and the dependence for necessary food-supply upon the ability, in these days of strenuous naval rivalry, of our warships to secure its safe access to our ports against the molestation of an enemy, are necessarily matters of deep concern to the State and anxious interest to thoughtful men.

There is no lack of literature upon English agriculture, but it consists either of profound and lengthy disquisitions upon the various economic systems, with much statistical research, or the propagandist writings of the advocates of land nationalisation or—the alternative policy—peasant proprietary. It will be my task, within the compass of a Review article, to set forth the present condition and effects of our agricultural system and to consider and criticise the various methods for its amendment.

Public interest in land reform has been quickened by recent fiscal legislation affecting or threatening to affect agricultural property, and by the sensational pronouncements of prominent politicians, notably those of Mr. Lloyd George, who has repeated in picturesque language much of the oft-told tale of lands dedicated to the sport of the few rather than to the livelihood of the many, of feudal tyranny over an oppressed tenantry, of the woeful lot of the ill-housed and ill-fed peasantry, and has given somewhat vague assurances of prospective legislation which seem to convey more of menace to the landowner than of hope to the agricultural labourer.

There is much inaccuracy in this highly coloured picture; feudalism, save in the technical formulae of lawyers, a few quaint and insignificant survivals of obsolete tenures, and the law of primogeniture, which, with free testamentary disposition, has become unimportant in its effects, is extinct. The custom of family settlement—sometimes called entail—since 1882 has ceased to involve the evils which previously pertained to it, for the tenant for life can now sell or lease and, by another statute, can raise money on the estate to carry out improvements; the landowner is not—if for no other reason than that both by

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legislation and economic conditions he cannot be—a tyrant; the farmer is not oppressed, but generally as between himself and his landlord is rather at an advantage; the agricultural labourer's lot is indeed bad, but, as I shall show later on, is not, to say the least, worse than that of his brethren in the towns.

I shall, in the first place, endeavour to give a brief description of the rural economy of England, which with minor limitations may be taken to be that of Wales and, excluding the Highlands, Scotland, in relation to the landowner, the farmer, and, finally, the agricultural labourer.

It should at the outset be stated that a much more extended area of cultivated land could be obtained by the application of capital and labour—a not unimportant fact to bear in mind, having regard to the magnitude of the foreign food-supply. The total area of England and Wales is 37,143,661 acres, of which only 27,174,690 are under cultivation; and, although authorities differ in their estimates, it is generally conceded that considerably more than half of the residue could profitably be brought into cultivation. The non-cultivation of this large area, a considerable portion of which consists of rough grazing and woodland (and the cost of reclaiming woodland is enormous), is to some extent due to the claims of sport, but in the main may be attributed to apathy or want of means on the part of its owners.

Between one-half and two-thirds of rural England consists of properties ranging from 1000 acres to 10,000, and even 20,000 and more acres in extent, but the very great majority of the larger properties are from 1000 to 2500 acres; their average rent, marked, indeed, by great differences arising from locality, quality of the soil and other circumstances, is about twenty to twenty-five shillings an acre gross. From this gross rental must be deducted tithe and tax, cost of upkeep of farm premises and labourers' cottages, draining, fencing, and the maintenance of occupation roads, for which the owner has to supply materials, and in some cases labour and materials, and the permanent expenses attaching to the management of an estate. A further deduction from the gross rentals has to be made to meet the unavoidable abatements or remissions of rent resulting from bad seasons or other causes; these various deductions on an average absorb at least one-third of the gross rental.

If, therefore, we take as an illustration the typical estate of 2000 acres, and assume that 1800 acres be farmed at 1*l.* 5*s.* an acre, there results a net rental of about 1400*l.* per annum available for the maintenance of his house and grounds and the due discharge of those functions which still pertain to the status of a country gentleman.

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So far, I have only dealt with the absolutely necessary expenditure of the landowner on his estate, but even on a property of only 2000 acres there is large scope for improvements. It is obvious that from his net income of 1400*l.* he has little or no surplus for expenditure upon building a better type of cottages for farm labourers or otherwise improving his property; on the contrary, he is often in embarrassed circumstances and is impelled to let his mansion-house and 'live quietly' elsewhere, or avail himself of Lord Cairns' Act and sell the estate, for he has already had to pay heavy death-duties, absorbing one or more years' rent. He must, if insurance be practicable, insure against the duties on his own demise; his income is already burthened with charges to provide for his father's widow or other members of the family, and natural affection prompts him to save something for the support of his younger children.

I have, I am afraid, drawn a gloomy picture of the financial condition of owners of agricultural land of about 2000 acres in extent; these owners constitute, as I have already stated, the large majority of rural landowners, who let out their land to farm, and, gloomy though it may be, it is, I believe, a faithful picture of the general condition of this class. There are, of course, a very considerable number in affluent circumstances, and therefore able to do full justice by their tenants and the land, but these draw their surplus income from extraneous sources, and not from the rental of 2000 acres of agricultural land.

The case of the large landowners, or, as they are often termed, territorial proprietors, is different. They do not form a very numerous class, but in many counties possess a considerable portion of the whole area. Thus, in Suffolk, with an area of 920,000 acres, there were, according to the *New Domesday Book*—and its statistics have probably undergone little variation since its issue—130 persons recorded as owners of over 1000 acres, nineteen of 5000 acres and over, and seven of 10,000 acres and over. Obviously the necessary expenditure by a large landowner on his property does not absorb in proportion to his acreage so large a portion of his gross rental, and thus, from his net rent, he is able to spend considerably more on the effective upkeep of his farms, the comfort of the labourers, and the general improvement of his estate, than the ordinary country gentleman.

However much we may be impressed by the evils associated with the present agricultural system, there is no ground for assigning blame to the general body of landowners. The landowner of to-day possesses very much the same measure of prudence as other classes of society; prudence enjoins that he shall be a careful steward of his property, and to be a careful

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steward he must be a just landlord. Moreover, even in this utilitarian age, there still survives between the typical squire and his tenantry that kindly patriarchal relationship which has almost wholly disappeared in industrial life between employers and employed. I will not attempt to discuss whether the purely economic relationship between the squire and his tenantry would tend to their mutual advantage, but sentiment has played a large part in the relation between an English landlord and his tenants, and it is not easy to accommodate sentiment to reason, for 'quand l'homme commence à raisonner il cesse de sentir.' Recently, however, in much increased numbers, owing to the abnormal sales of landed property, a new type of landowner has invaded our counties—the men who have accumulated wealth in coal, iron or cotton, or on the Stock Exchange. They form, as a rule, a very undesirable type of landowner, for they have little or no knowledge of agriculture, and for the most part acquire country properties with a view to the promotion of their social status; their wealth enables them to regard as a superfluity the rentals of their estates; and the mansion-house ceases to be the home of a country gentleman, and is transformed into a pleasure-house for costly and ostentatious entertainment. The management of the estate is left to the discretion of an agent, often chosen from commercial life, who applies the canons of the strictest political economy to his business relations with the tenants, and the result is that on many estates the good relations between landlord and tenant have been destroyed, to the infinite detriment of agricultural conditions.

My consideration of the position of the landowner has led me to the conclusion that, while there is a small percentage of landlords who, through ineptitude or negligence, may be termed bad, and a more considerable percentage who, through straitened means, are unable properly to develop the resources of their property, yet the great majority have a full sense of their responsibilities to their tenants and discharge them to the best of their ability. And if, be it observed, our present system of agriculture—*i.e.* landlord and tenant—is to be maintained, it is not easy to discover what further powers can be conferred or obligations imposed upon landowners which would tend to an increase of agricultural prosperity. It is a grave error to suppose that the abolition of the law of primogeniture or the custom of strict settlement would of itself make any material change in the economy of our agricultural system; the embarrassed landowner, if enjoying a fee simple, would more easily raise money for any purpose and leave his estate to his successor overwhelmed with mortgages. Now, despite primogeniture and settlement, he may sell the property so long as he preserves for his heir the capital

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sums; if he wish to improve his estate by buildings or by drainage he can borrow money on the security of the estate with State assistance; he can lease surface or minerals for a period beyond his life—in a word, for all practical purposes he serves the interests of his property with as much facility and effect as if he were the owner in fee. Much, indeed, might be said in favour of the abolition of primogeniture if, as under the Code Napoléon in France, it were accompanied by the legal obligation of division among his descendants, but so long as the power of testamentary disposition remains unaffected the law which abolished primogeniture would remain a dead-letter on the Statute Book.

One or two general observations on the recent history of agriculture in this country are essential to a due appreciation of the economic position of the landowner and the farmer. Agriculture over a comparatively brief period has passed through remarkable vicissitudes; the transition in the eighteenth century from small farming to large farming was coincident with a rapid rise in rent and profits. At a later stage this increase became more marked, and from 1850 to 1875 rents rose on the average 25 per cent. Then to a serious extent we were faced with foreign competition; profits fell rapidly and rents slowly. Then came the disastrous years of 1875-79—a succession of unprecedentedly bad harvests, dire disease among sheep and cattle. The effects of these causes upon agriculture were that the fall in agricultural values between 1879 and 1894, according to the return under Schedule A of the income tax, was 23.4 per cent.; between 1874 and 1891 the fall in the price of wheat was 60 per cent.; and whereas in 1875 there were in Great Britain no less than 4,000,000 acres under wheat, in 1911 there were less than 2,000,000.

In the brief examination I propose to make of the position of the tenant farmer, I am bound to take notice of an economic heresy frequently propounded by land reformers—namely, that reduction of rent would cheapen agricultural produce. As a matter of fact, it can play no such part; price can only be fixed by the cost of producing that part of the supply which is produced at the greatest disadvantage, and it is equally evident that reduction of rent would not result in the farmer paying a large wage to labour. By disencumbering our argument of this specious fallacy in considering the relations of landlord and tenant our task will be comparatively simple.

The late Professor Caird, one of the most eminent modern writers on agriculture, described the tenant farmer as 'the instrument by which the owner of the land at the least risk, labour, and cost to himself turns his land to account.' While accepting the definition as accurate, I should point out that

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between the English landlord and tenant there exists a quasi-partnership; on the one part, the tenant agrees to pay the rent and keep the land in condition; on the other, the landlord agrees to provide and maintain the farm-steading and labourers' cottages, and, by express agreement, the custom of the district or statutory obligation, to compensate the tenant on the determination of his tenancy for unexhausted improvements. There is also a tacit and not legally binding understanding that in case of bad harvest or disease among the stock there shall be partial remission of rent.

Much has been said as to the burthen of local taxation upon agricultural land; it is an undoubted grievance. At the time of the Richmond Commission local taxation was said to average from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 2*s*. 9*d*. an acre, and since that date it has, despite some statutory relief, materially increased. But local taxation is not so much a grievance upon the farmer as upon agriculture; the farmer on entering into his agreement of tenancy negotiates on the basis that he ought to secure about 10 per cent. return on his capital (a very reasonable figure having regard to the vicissitudes of farming); he takes into account all outgoings, including rates and taxes, and then strikes his bargain. There is an old Suffolk couplet—not very musical:

> The lower the rates, the higher the rents;
> The higher the rates, the lower the rents.

It is noteworthy that there was little or no complaint on the part of the farmers who gave evidence before the Richmond Commission about the fixing or raising of rents, but several complained of indisposition on the part of landlords to reduce them after they had been fixed.

When the fall in agricultural prices owing to foreign competition was in progress, farmers suffered severely, and many had just reason to complain of their landlords' obduracy against reducing rents; but in the corn-growing districts no reduction of rent could serve the farmers, and when the bad seasons of 1875-79 set in calamity befell them throughout the country.

Since that gloomy period, despite the enhanced power of foreign competition, English agriculture has slowly made recovery, and at the present time, with low rents (for what the late Professor Thorold Rogers said of rents before the bad time may with equal truth be said now—that farmers do not, as a rule, pay the full occupation value of their land, and it is easier to reduce rents than to raise them), the position of the tenant farmer is fairly prosperous. He is not, indeed, as prosperous as he was in the halcyon days before 1875, when too many farmers subordinated the duties of a farmer to the pleasures of a sports-

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man, while their wives and daughters deserted the dairy for the drawing-room, or, to quote Mr. Arch's words before the Richmond Commission: 'The farmers' daughters like needlework and playing the piano and painting, and those light entertainments.'

At the present time farmers have no serious grievances against their landlords; bad landlords, by legislative enactment, have been turned into good landlords; the farmer has secured by statute full compensation for unexhausted improvements, and the value of the improvement to the incoming tenant is the basis of compensation; statutory freedom of cropping has relieved him from the burthen of restrictive covenants; he can kill ground game and coneys, and can secure compensation for mischief done by other game, and, in default of agreement to the contrary, he is entitled to twelve months' notice.

The general system of agricultural holding in this country is by a yearly tenancy. There is no question that farmers prefer this form of tenancy to leases; in their judgment the mobility of their capital counterbalances the risk of disturbance, and they are probably right.

Again, there is no desire on the part of English farmers that rents should be judicially fixed. Many years ago 'The Scottish Farmers' Alliance' took a different view; but, as far as I can judge, the Scotch farmers are now in favour of freedom of contract, and, inasmuch as rents are now low, judicial fixing would probably tend to their increase rather than their reduction.

As is well known, an abnormal number of farms are now being offered for sale. There are various causes assigned to account for this, but the main cause undoubtedly is apprehension on the part of landowners that Mr. Lloyd George's minatory language to landowners forebodes legislation inimical to their interests. These sales have exercised a very disturbing influence upon farmers, and for the following reason: When a landowner contemplates the sale of his property he usually gives a twelve-month's notice to his tenants to meet the contingency of the purchaser desiring vacant possession, and when he sells he frequently gives his tenants the option of purchasing their holdings. Quitting his farm is generally a very serious matter to the farmer; he is attached to his homestead, he has a good trade connexion which he cannot carry with him to a new locality, he has faithful and competent servants, he understands his farm, it might take him a long time to acquire adequate knowledge and put to its best use a new farm, and he often might incur great difficulty in finding one which would be suitable. He is in a quandary; he does not know if the purchaser at the auction of the estate will continue his tenancy; if he has received—as is usual—a Michaelmas notice to quit, and the auction, as is

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customary, takes place in the following June, if he await th will of the new purchaser and he cannot effect a new tenanc he has only a matter of three months to remove his goods a chattels and secure a new farm. If he decide to purchase h holding—and there is often great temptation to do so—h capital is probably inadequate, he will have to borrow on mor gage, and the interest on his mortgage will probably exceed th rent he has been paying. This question of disturbance o sale was the subject of inquiry by a Departmental Committee i 1912, which found that the cases of disturbance were inconsider able, but recommended that the period of notice in case of sal should be extended to two years. It seems that a two years notice might very well be applicable to all cases in agricultura tenancies, to the benefit of the farmer and not to the detrimen of the landlord.

The pathetic figure of the agricultural labourer has been pictured to us again and again in poetry and in prose as th object of our indignation and pity; ill-clad, ill-housed, ill-fed he drags out a miserable existence of toil, unrelieved by a single ray of hope, and, overcome by a premature old age, he seeks refuge in the poorhouse, his antechamber to another world.

The picture may be slightly overcoloured, but in its general rendering it is true. Yet, on the whole, the condition of the farm labourer may be compared favourably with that of the urban labourer; his weekly earnings, which must be distinguished from cash payments, average from over 1*l*. a week in Scotland and the North of England to 15*s*. or 16*s*. in the southern counties, for there are opportunities at hay and corn harvest and by piece-work of a considerable addition; his cottage rent averages something between 1*s*. and 1*s*. 6*d*. a week[1]—by no means the economic rent of the majority of labourers' cottages; and he usually has a cottage-garden, an allotment, or, at the worst, a potato-plot. The urban labourer, on the other hand, receives a cash payment, and nothing beyond, of from 5*d*. to 6*d*. an hour, and his hours of work average about fifty per week; but his work is not continuous throughout the year, and his rent, varying in different localities, is not less than 100, and often 200 or more, per cent. above the average of his rural brethren, while owing to the distance of his place of employment from that of his habitation, further exaction from his scanty wage is incurred for tram, omnibus, or train.

There is little indeed in the agricultural labourer's life to satisfy the gregarious instincts of mankind. After his long, and usually solitary, day's toil he returns to his cottage for much-

[1] See Mr. Wilson Fox's 'Report on Wages and Earnings of Agricultural Labourers' [Cd. 346], 1900.

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needed repose. His cottage possesses few amenities, and almost his sole possible diversion during the long winter evenings is the roadside alehouse, where he finds the only opportunity for intercourse with his fellow-men. But perhaps the worst feature in the farm labourer's career is that there is little or no scope for the improvement of his position.

On the other hand, there has of recent years been some considerable amelioration in the condition of the agricultural labourer; the depopulation of the rural districts, due to economic change in our system of farming, to the substitution of machinery for manual labour, and, finally, to the distaste of the younger men for the present conditions of rural life, has led to a positive scarcity of labour in many agricultural districts, and a consequent increase, despite the absence of combination, in its remuneration. Again, he is better housed and better educated, allotments have increased in number, landowners and farmers have awakened to a higher sense of responsibility for their dependents, and, finally, old-age pensions enable the old people to spend their declining years with their grown-up children rather than in the poorhouse.

The question of labourers' cottages is one of some complexity. To a very large extent the cottages of farm hands are regarded as part of the plant attached to the farm, and the number of cottages erected on a farm is adjusted to the number of permanent labourers employed. Moreover, the labourer does not pay the economic rent. A pair of cottages will on the average cost from 350*l.* to 400*l.*; and, after payment of annual maintenance, the landowner does not get 1 per cent. on his capital outlay. True it is that many cottages are insanitary, and not a few unfit for human dwellings; and though the Legislature has conferred ample powers on sanitary authorities, they fail to exercise those powers, sometimes through negligence, more often because, if they put their powers in force and close the cottages, there is no immediate alternative dwelling for the labourer.

Again, there is another grievance connected with the tenure of cottages: the cottage and the employment go together, and if the farmer dismiss his labourer, or the labourer of his own will leave the farmer's service, he has to quit his cottage as well as his situation. This is a very real grievance, and yet there may not be, in districts remote from any considerable village, another available cottage within a mile or more; and if the farmer lose his stockman, and he still remain in occupation of the cottage, there is no cottage available for his successor. This is the complication, and there is no ready way out of it. The nearest approach seems to lie in the practice of some landowners to keep the cottages in their own hands, and if they find on inquiry that

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the farmer has unjustly dismissed his labourer, not to allow his dismissal to operate as a forfeiture of his cottage; but this is not altogether a satisfactory solution.

Allotments have long played a helpful part in the life of the agricultural labourer. As far back as 1819 the Legislature empowered local authorities to apply parish land to the purpose of providing allotments, and by a statute of 1831 Crown lands could be devoted to the same purpose; various Enclosure Acts established 'fuel' allotments and field-gardens, and in 1907 Parliament passed a comprehensive measure for enabling both rural and urban workpeople to obtain allotments. By that statute County Councils, municipalities, and Urban District Councils may acquire land by agreement or compulsion for that purpose; power is also given to parish councils to obtain land by agreement, and if they fail by agreement they may invoke the aid of their county councils. These various bodies have, on the whole, performed their task well, though by far the greater number of allotments are the outcome of private arrangements between landowners, farmers, and labourers.

The most useful size for an allotment has been the subject of much discussion, but the balance of well-informed opinion seems to be that for a labourer in full work half to three-quarters of an acre is as much as he can satisfactorily cultivate. Cottage-gardens are no doubt preferable to allotments, for they are at the labourer's own door, and he can more readily obtain the co-operation of his wife and family in working them; while in many cases the labourer has to walk a long way from his home to reach his allotment; but even under such disadvantages allotments are much sought after and highly appreciated.

If our present agricultural system—large estates let out in large farms worked by hired labour—continue, it is not easy to discover by what means the Legislature can further contribute to its material improvement. The landlord usually spends as much as his means enable him in the improvement and maintenance of his land; the normal farmer pays less than the occupation-value of his land, and although his methods of agriculture may be unsatisfactory, he keeps his land in good heart, and is fully protected against losing the value of his improvements; and however grievous may be the condition of the labourer, so long as he remains a hired labourer, so long will he remain the victim of the inexorable laws of supply and demand.

Possibly some further help might be afforded to landlords by granting them larger facilities for obtaining advances for reclamation and improvement, to farmers by teaching them more of the science of agriculture and the advantages of organisation, to the labourer by more rigorous insistence upon sanitary

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housing; but these remedies would be merely ameliorative of present conditions, they would not be curative of the inherent vice of our present agricultural system—namely, the depopulation of our rural districts, with the result that the State is devoid of the economic and political advantages it would derive from the existence of a virile population carrying on a commerce of mutual benefit with our industrial classes, and affording the surest guarantee of the security of our Empire.

In not very remote times there were throughout the country, and notably in our eastern counties, a very large and thriving class of small freeholders; they have almost disappeared, but even in 1892 there were in England and Wales 4,132,000 acres of agricultural land occupied by owners; in 1912 the number had fallen to 2,954,000; and our total agricultural population constitutes only 10.4 per cent. of the whole, as against 44.8 in France, 39.3 in Germany, and 37.2 in the United States.

It is, I think, generally conceded that though the productive power of our land may under our present system of agriculture attain the highest possible standard—it compares, indeed, favourably with that of other countries—and though our industrial activities were equal to the adequate and steady employment of our non-rural population, the problem of restoring a rural population urgently demands solution.

The Government have announced their intention of introducing legislation concerning the land, but where or in what way has not even in the most general form been disclosed. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, with the assent of his colleagues, has instituted a preliminary inquiry into agricultural conditions, apparently with the object of ascertaining the grievances of tenants and labourers. As regards all material consideration the inquiry is superfluous, for in a catena of Blue Books extending over many years are recorded all the conditions, social and economic, which pertain to the landowner, the farmer, and the agricultural labourer, and the peripatetic inquisitions of persons animated by a desire to discover grievances may produce sensational literature but cannot contribute to a larger knowledge of facts. If, indeed, an inquiry were desirable to form the basis and justification of future legislation, it ought to be conducted *coram publico*, and should be governed by the usual procedure, through which alone its results could be regarded as trustworthy.

For a brief space the public were led to believe, from the incautious utterances of irresponsible persons, that the Government contemplated the imposition of a single tax—viz. a tax on land values which was to supersede and supply the place of all other forms of local and Imperial taxation; but the notion has been repudiated, and probably not the most inveterate

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believer in the doctrine of 'diffusion' or the most pronounced 'physiocrat' would credit the possibility of its application by the Legislature.

The difference between high and low rates plays a comparatively insignificant part in the financial position of the farmer; high or low prices, good or bad harvests, are the determining factors in his affairs, and rates and taxes ultimately fall upon the landlord, though in certain circumstances with some resultant effect upon the farmer; but inasmuch as agricultural rent is not, except perhaps in a very small degree, the true economic rent, but is part of the profits of agriculture, rates are necessarily a burthen upon agriculture, and inasmuch as the profits of agriculture are normally smaller than the profits of other industries, it is reasonable that there should be differential treatment in the incidence of taxation between agricultural and other forms of property. In 1896 statutory relief was given, but owing to the increase of local expenditure rates are now as high as they were before that relief was given.

There is on the part of many people who are opposed to our present land system a vague idea that nationalisation of the land would result in the immediate and facile restoration of our population to the land; it is needless to say that the conception is altogether erroneous and is not supported by a particle of authority.

With the general question of land nationalisation I have in this article no concern; it may, indeed, be assumed that where agricultural land has not reached its maximum value its acquisition at its present value by the State would be of ultimate advantage to the community, but as a means of restoring the population to the land its effect, if any, would be both indirect and very remote; in fact, the exponents of land nationalisation neither deal with it from that point of view nor contemplate that it would have that effect. Mr. Wallace, President of the Land Nationalisation Society, a thoughtful writer and one of the most brilliant exponents of the theories of Socialism, advocates the purchase by the State of the land on the basis of its net rental, and would make the farmer a tenant of the State instead of, as now, the tenant of a private owner—the tenant to own, after compensating his landlord, the farm-steading and its improvements, and the State to have the prairie or site value, and the increment, if any, accruing to the site-value.

It is thus quite obvious that nationalisation of the land would not afford the State any special facilities for the transformation of our system of agriculture from large into small holdings; but in this connexion it may be observed that under no possible

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condition can that result be rapidly attained. Even on the assumption that there is an immediately available supply of persons willing and able to occupy the 168,000 large farms (*i.e.* over fifty acres in extent) in Great Britain, after being transformed into small holdings, the task for obvious reasons could only be achieved by very slow degrees.

But although it may be impossible to work an immediate and general change in an agricultural system which has been the slow growth of potent economic influences, there is every reason to think that present agricultural conditions are favourable to a successful movement in the direction of creating with considerable rapidity a large number of small cultivators, and an important point to determine is whether they should be proprietors or tenants.

By a small proprietor is meant one who, by the aid of his own family and little or no hired labour, cultivates from twenty to fifty acres of land—the controversy as to the respective merits of large or small cultivation is not ended, but whereas in times past the great balance of English in contradistinction to Continental opinion was in favour of large farming, thanks in some measure to the teachings of Arthur Young, but in the main due to the increased demand for cereals through the rapid growth of our urban population, now the tendency of that opinion is more distinctly favourable to a nearer approach to that system of *petite culture* which has proved an unequivocal success on the continent of Europe. Moreover, landowners find at the present time they can with greater facility let their lands in small than in large holdings.

Small proprietorship has not hitherto prospered in England: the small proprietor in the cultivation of cereals cannot successfully compete with the large farmer; but now the higher standard of living in an opulent country has given encouragement to forms of cultivation previously neglected—dairy farming, culture of vegetables and fruit, poultry and egg raising may be pursued with equal or perhaps greater success by the small farmer. The small proprietors of France, Denmark, and Holland, under the older conditions of agriculture, succeeded under the inspiring sense of proprietorship; they transformed the barren heath and the rock-strewn hillside into fertile fields and fruitful gardens. 'Les économistes anglais ont l'esprit fausse en matière de propriété et de culture,' observed Madame de Staël at the time when the teachings of Arthur Young were accepted by our statesmen, and her criticism has been realised in the depopulation of rural England.

There is, indeed, in the case of proprietorship, the tendency

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to burthen the land with mortgage charges; it was exemplified with all its disastrous effects among small owners in England; it extends over the continent of Europe, and even to the virgin lands of America; and in the face of a succession of bad harvests the necessity of raising money by loan cannot be avoided by the small cultivator. In the case of the tenant farmer, the landlord will usually reduce or remit the rent to mitigate the embarrassment of bad times; the small proprietor has not that resource: he flies to the money-lender, which too often entails the ultimate forfeiture of his land.

The real question with which we are concerned is: Can the cultivation of small holdings by their occupiers, whether owners or tenants, be carried on in this country with financial success? I think the correct answer is in the affirmative—though the assurance of success is more complete in the case of the tenant than in that of the owner—subject to certain conditions which I will briefly state. I must observe that the proprietary rights of the small owner enable him to raise money on the security of his land, and this, indeed, would be a distinct advantage he would enjoy over the tenant if the loan were prudently contracted for the benefit of his land; but experience has shown that raising money on the land is often resorted to by the small owner for quite extraneous purposes. It may, however, be answered, Will not the sense of proprietorship which played so large a part in inspiring the energy and industry of the French peasant counterbalance all other disadvantages? To which it may be replied that a tenancy may be attended by such a measure of security of tenure as to afford all the material and much of the sentimental advantage of proprietorship. The money-lender still sheds his baleful influence over the small proprietor, though I ought in fairness to admit that in Ireland, where among the tenant farmers the gombeen man played so large a part, with regard to those who have acquired their holdings, there is, as I am informed by Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., and others, little or no resort to the money-lender; but the days of peasant proprietorship in Ireland are young.

The conditions which appear to me to be essential to the success of small holdings in this country are: (1) Apt choice of locality; (2) co-operation among the tenants, possibly on the Raiffeisen system, for the purpose of obtaining loans; (3) co-operation for the purchase of implements, manures, and seeds; (4) efficient organisation for the manufacture of butter, cheese, and bacon, for standardising, packing and transmission to market; (5) co-operation in the packing of fruit, vegetables, poultry, eggs, and other produce, and for their economic transit; (6) financial and educational assistance by the State.

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Some years ago we established a Department of Agriculture, presided over by a Minister of the Crown. It is impossible to speak with enthusiasm of its achievements. The routine work of investigation and scientific research, also the compilation of statistics, have been creditably performed by its able officials. It has been instrumental, in response to strong public pressure, in promoting legislation in regard to allotments and small holdings which has produced inadequate though on the whole favourable results; but it has displayed neither courage nor generosity in its performances, and has never made the slightest attempt to emulate the policy of the French and German Governments, by which their agriculture and agriculturists alike have been placed upon a plane of prosperity which excites our envy and admiration. And in this connexion I cannot refrain from paying a tribute of admiration to the splendid achievement of Sir Horace Plunkett towards the advancement of Irish agriculture by co-operative effort.

I have before me the admirable report by Mr. Cahill to the Board of Agriculture on 'Agricultural Credit and Co-operation in Germany,' which has been issued within the past few days, and I cannot refrain from quoting one passage therein. It needs no comment from me.

For nearly a generation the systematic furtherance of rural co-operation has been a matter of settled policy in the various German Federal States; and public aid has been liberally granted for this purpose. Financial assistance has usually taken the form of small grants to cover the expenses of establishing credit societies, contributions to unions towards the cost of auditing, of propaganda, and of courses of instruction for persons holding office in rural societies, advances of capital at low rates to central banks or endowments of capital, or grants towards establishment expenses of such banks, or both; occasionally it has taken the form of assisting central societies to secure advantageous terms at large banks. Direct financial assistance has also been given to rural productive or trading societies of various kinds. The co-operative movement has been substantially promoted by the district governors, agricultural inspectors, rural teachers, and other public officials, while one of the primary aims of the semi-official Chambers of Agriculture in Prussia, and of the similar bodies in other States, is the spread of co-operation among farmers.

The most signal acts of the Prussian Government in this respect have been: in 1895 the establishment of the State Central Co-operative Bank, which has received up to date a total capital of 3,750,000*l.*; in the period 1896-1906 the construction and equipment of granaries at a total cost of 250,000*l.*; and in 1902 a loan of about 80,000*l.* to the Berlin Central Cattle-selling Society at 3½ per cent. interest, subject to an annual sinking-fund payment of 1 per cent. At the present time annual grants are made by nearly all the Provincial Governments; and the Chambers of Agriculture established in each province usually work in close association with the co-operative unions, give to the latter the constant or temporary services of their officials free of charge, or make money grants, or do both.

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In Bavaria the State has, among other things, made a loan of 200,000*l.* at 3 per cent. to the Central Loan Bank to serve as working capital, and arranged for this bank a credit at the Royal Bank of up to 50,000*l.* at 1 per cent. below the official rate of that bank (but not at less than 3 per cent.); it has advanced to the Bavarian Agricultural Bank, a co-operative society with limited liability, 50,000*l.* without interest and 200,000*l.* at 3 per cent., besides providing 3,000*l.* towards its establishment expenses; and advances and grants on a considerable scale have been accorded to granary undertakings, breeding societies, and vine-growers' societies. The co-operative granaries obtain support in an especial measure from the State. Since 1904 the Bavarian National Union has received annually 1700*l.* towards the cost of audit; and other grants are made for general co-operative purposes in Bavaria. It may be added that the insurance societies for live stock also receive considerable State assistance.

In Saxony, Baden, Hesse, Würtemberg, and Alsace-Lorraine substantial public aid is also accorded; in each of these cases, except in that of Hesse, central credit or central trading organisations, or both, obtain financial support from the State.

The Small Holdings Act of 1908 has not been sufficiently long in operation to justify a definite opinion as to what may be its ultimate effect; but despite the somewhat optimistic view of Mr. Cheney in his report to the Board of Agriculture, there is ample room for misgivings that it will prove a dismal failure; and in support of this view I cite the following facts in relation to its working: (1) Only 35 per cent. of persons provided by the County Council with allotments even nominally fall within the category of agricultural labourers (in some, *e.g.* Somerset, Staffordshire, and Glamorgan, no agricultural labourers appear to have been included among the small holders), but the large majority of holders are persons with other occupations to which the holdings are ancillary. (2) Comparatively few of the holdings are provided with cottages for the residence of the holder. (3) Where the holdings have been properly equipped the rents are extravagantly high. (4) There is an almost complete absence of organisation and co-operation among the holders, and apparently little or no effort to ensure it; but co-operation would seem to be almost impossible of attainment when the average number of small holdings on each estate purchased or leased by the County Council is not more than ten or fifteen. It is only right, however, to observe that in two districts at least, East Yorkshire and Oxfordshire, the small holdings are not open to adverse criticism, though in these cases also co-operative effort is absent.

The results so far point strongly to the conclusion that County Councils are not a desirable organisation for the institution and administration of small holdings; they have neither the will nor the resources to establish them on the large scale by which alone, in the absence of specially favourable circumstances, they can

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be worked with success; neither within the geographical limits of their jurisdiction can in most instances a sufficient number of small holders be obtained to render a scheme economically sound; when the purchase price, legal and surveyor's charges, of a few hundred acres have been paid, together with the cost of building homesteads, cow-byres, cart-sheds, and the laying out, fencing, road-making, and draining of the land, the rental at which it can be let to the tenants without loss to the County Council must be excessive.

If, on the other hand, agricultural boards, without reference to county areas or authorities, were established in districts naturally and artificially suitable for the creation of small holdings, land in large tracts could be obtained, small holdings carved out with rough grazing attached, the cost of equipment effected on a much lower scale of expense, and by the establishment of a large number of small holders in one locality full facilities for effective co-operation be afforded. There are districts in England, especially in the eastern counties, where the conditions are favourable. In the first instance, probably there would be little more than a local demand to satisfy, but the agricultural labourer, unlike the small tradesman who now largely monopolises the small holdings, has no ties which bind him to a locality, and if he has the spirit of enterprise it is doomed to remain unsatisfied, or find scope in distant colonies; it might well be that under a beneficent scheme of small holdings he would prefer to remain in his own country rather than seek his fortunes in a distant land.

The English Government has done next to nothing to help the small holder; in Germany, France, and other European countries their Governments have recognised that it is a paramount duty of the State to help the agriculturist and promote the welfare of the small holder. If the ideal of restoring a rural population is to be even partially realised the Government must follow the example of other States.

I have endeavoured in this article accurately to set down the main facts in relation to English agriculture; and I have tried to discuss them in a spirit detached from party bias or the zeal of the enthusiast. From the social and political point of view the system is wholly at fault; from the economic point of view it equally fails to stand the test of productivity or capability to support the maximum agricultural population. One hundred acres of small holdings support more persons and render a larger gross profit of all agricultural produce, except, perhaps, cereals and sheep, than an equal acreage of large holdings. In his able report of 1912 to the Board of Agriculture, Mr. Rew states that, under present conditions, holdings of 1-5 and 5-50 acres respec-

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tively support 13.4 and 6.5 permanent labourers per 100 acres; whereas holdings of 50-300 and over 300 acres only support respectively 3.3 and 2.6 permanent labourers. It is the system which is at fault; the landlord, the farmer, and the labourer are in their respective conditions its inevitable product. In the eighteenth century the public opinion of Europe condemned that system, and now, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, our agricultural population is but a scanty remnant, and those who should constitute it are pressing on the margin of subsistence in our industrial centres.

It may, indeed, be that the evil is too deeply rooted for eradication; it may be that our Colonies, with their virgin soil and unlimited resources, offer more attractions than our home-land, and that the labourer who seeks to better his lot will respond more readily to the generous call of Canada and Australia, where many of his class have already secured a prosperous career, than to the belated invitation to a precarious enterprise against the forces of fierce competition; but the effort is worth making, and should it secure success will bring contentment to many and rich reward to the State.

Our political orators point to the agricultural labourer and bewail his lot. To uplift him by better housing and fuller wages is of comparatively trifling moment; it is not in the deserted village, or the picturesque squalor of the thatched cottage and the uneventful life of its ill-paid inmate, that the most cogent proof of the failure of our agricultural system and the need for change is to be found; it is in the dark and noisome quarters of our great cities, among the crowd of strong men clamouring at the dock gates for work and bread, in the company of those miserable phantoms of manhood who seek their nightly rest in the recesses of the great thoroughfare over which towers the palace of their Parliament.

L. A. Atherley-Jones.

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FRANCE AND HER ALGERIAN PROBLEM

'European domination of Northern Africa will stand or fall as a whole. . . . We can no more afford to be indifferent to the relations of France with her Moslem subjects than she can disregard the trend of our policy in Egypt and in India.'[1]

MRS. ROY DEVEREUX, who wrote those words, is the author of a recent study on Algeria which has been very much appreciated in France, not only for its friendly spirit but also for the courteous and valuable criticism it contains. I had to object, a few months ago, in this Review,[2] to the way in which Mr. E. D. Morel was attacking the French Congo as well as the French policy in Morocco. Far from addressing the same rebuke to Mrs. Roy Devereux, I think that her French readers cannot be too grateful to her for the critical remarks she makes about the condition of the natives in Algeria. Her book is sure to help us in acknowledging our faults. It is also bound to enlighten the British public as to the difficulties France is encountering on the other side of the Mediterranean, and the pressing nature of the problem she is trying to solve.

Two main reasons account for the present acuteness of the native question in Algeria. There is, first, a general one which England is also experiencing in Egypt. The Moslem world is everywhere awakening to reflection. Although the average Algerian native is less cultivated than his Egyptian colleague, he is beginning to talk French, to read the Declaration of the Rights of Man, and to ask for a certain number of liberal reforms. Such a movement may be deplored by those who believe in autocratic methods: it is, however, a fact the consequences of which cannot be avoided. The second reason is peculiar to Algeria. Conscription was introduced last year, for the first time, among the natives. A mild sort of conscription indeed: 2214 men only have been enlisted under the new decree. But I need not explain why, in face of the coming increase of the German army, conscription of the natives in Algeria has come to stay; in fact, it will certainly be applied very soon on a larger scale. As a result of the new measure, the natives sent to Paris

[1] *Aspects of Algeria*, by Roy Devereux (London: Dent and Sons), p. 157.
[2] 'The Truth about the Franco-German Crisis of 1911,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, June 1912.

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last summer a number of delegates, who declared that they cheerfully accepted the obligation to serve in the army, but claimed, in return, definite political compensations. The feeling has been growing among the natives since then, that in return for the military duty they were called upon to perform, they ought to receive certain rights. No thinking Frenchman would dare to reject their request. It is not only a question of justice but also one of safety, as nothing would be more unpleasant, in case of a European war, than to have Algeria up in arms against France. Thus it has become more urgent than ever to deal with the possible defects of the present *régime*.

These defects are to-day freely acknowledged by a large portion of French public opinion. It would be childish to try to conceal them. Still, I do not think it possible for a foreign student to understand them properly, without realising the capital difference which exists between Algeria and Egypt, a difference which can be summed up in a single word: the Colonists.

When Great Britain undertook to guide the Egyptian Government, she never intended for one moment to bring British settlers into the country. There were, of course, many Europeans already there, but most of them were living in the towns, and even to-day their number is insignificant as compared with the eleven millions of Moslems and Copts who live in the Nile Valley. On the other hand, the British Dominions, where the natives are either absent or of an inferior type, were already a natural and sufficient outlet for British emigration. England thought, therefore, that her only duty in Egypt was, according to her promise, to teach the Egyptians to govern themselves. Her main preoccupation was to do away at once with all the disreputable features of every Eastern government; she waged war against the famous 'three Cs' (Courbash, Corvées, and Corruption), against financial disorder, and every form of anarchy. As early as 1883 Lord Dufferin granted the natives the right to elect representatives to the Provincial Councils, the Legislative Council, and the Legislative Assembly. Two years later Lord Cromer established the principle that in all fiscal matters the natives and the Europeans were to be treated on a footing of equality. More recently, in 1910, the power and importance of the Provincial Councils have been considerably increased. In one word, Great Britain has had only one object in view—namely, to promote the welfare of the natives.

On the contrary, the object of France in Algeria, since 1830 almost, has been twofold. She made up her mind not only to give the natives a better government but also, and even before all, to make Algeria a French province by implanting on her

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soil a large French population. The first man who clearly defined that policy was Field-Marshal Bugeaud, who governed Algeria from 1840 to 1847, and who gave such an impulse to the development of the country that when he departed 100,000 French colonists had already settled down in Northern Africa. This immigration policy was abandoned for a time under Napoleon the Third : the Emperor dreamed of an Arab kingdom of which he was to be the king, and in which the French element was only to play the leading part, as the British element does to-day in Egypt. But the old conception of Bugeaud was revived after 1871, and is now more popular than ever. The reason for this change is obvious. After the loss of Alsace-Lorraine the whole nation thought, with Prevost-Paradol, that her last chance was there : she must make Algeria a part of France, and therefore, while educating and benefiting the natives, she must foster, by all legitimate means, the growth of a European population which was to increase her own strength at home.

Keeping in mind this double purpose, it is easy to understand why the work performed by France in Algeria is in many ways so remarkable and in others so strangely defective. Roughly speaking, the colonial side of the work compares favourably with anything that has been achieved in any other part of the world by other civilised nations. Out of 752,043 Europeans who are living in Algeria, the last census of 1911 showed that no fewer than 562,531 are of French nationality. Many of them are, of course, naturalised, but I do not think that anybody who has visited the United States or Canada will consider that the number of foreign immigrants in Algeria is increasing at a dangerous pace. Another important fact is that 141,970 Frenchmen are living out in the country (agricultural statistics of 1909-1910), 72,304 being landowners. The network of French colonisation is spreading further every day, sometimes by leaps and bounds, as it happened recently on the Sersu high plateau. Some Algerian plains, such as the Mitidja, or the region of Sidi Bel Abbès; or, again, the Summam Valley near Bougie, are as well cultivated as are the most prosperous French provinces. The public works carried out by the Government are equally admired by all foreign travellers. I will only mention the fine roads which run by every village or French farm from the sea down to the desert, some of them climbing over the Atlas Mountains, as between Fort-National and Michelet. In fact, no European country is better equipped in that respect. As for the economic development of the country, the statistics speak for themselves. Until about the year 1900 Algerian wealth had been increasing rather slowly. Since then, however, capital has been flowing in, and the foreign trade, which was standing at

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about 20,000,000*l.*, has more than doubled in twelve years, reaching last year a total of 50,000,000*l.* sterling. Success in that direction is undeniable.

Unfortunately the same cannot be said of the native side of the work. A wholesale condemnation of the policy followed by France in regard to her Moslem subjects would, of course, be unjust, and I do not gather from Mrs. Devereux's book that she intends to go as far as that. When Bugeaud declared that he had the welfare of the natives at heart, he, as usual, meant what he said. His followers were true to his programme. France has done much for her subjects: only she has not done enough.

There are, indeed, many proofs that the Algerian natives have benefited largely from the establishment of French rule. The mere fact that their number is rapidly increasing (reaching to-day nearly five millions), shows that their general condition has much improved. But other signs are more conclusive. An important number of Kabyls, and even of Arabs, are buying up land on such a scale that some colonists are asking themselves whether the whole land will not after a time become the property of the natives. It is interesting to note, at any rate, that many native landowners are taking to modern agricultural methods. Out of 108,653 European ploughs which existed in Algeria in 1910, 34,420, or about one-third, were in the hands of the natives. Recently, I visited a native farm in which every sort of American machine was used by the farmer, who had bought the whole property and outfit from a colonist. If one takes the trouble to remember that the native population of Algeria is, on the whole, of a lower intellectual level than that of Egypt, the educational work of France appears, I think, to have been considerable. It has been especially beneficial to the large bulk of the population by the development of mutual benefit societies, which have lately taken an enormous development from north to south. There were in existence in 1910 208 *sociétés indigènes de prévoyance*, with a membership of 540,580 natives. Their receipts in 1909-10 totalled over 1,000,000*l.*, their reserve funds over 800,000*l.* Owing to this institution, without mentioning others, famine has practically disappeared, even in such a bad year as 1912, when, under normal Eastern conditions, thousands of natives would have died of hunger.

Other facts might be quoted in order to show that a great deal has already been done. It is, however, more important to confess the defects which we want to remedy. These defects fall under three headings: fiscal matters, justice, and political representation.

I do not hesitate to say that, in my opinion, the present system of special taxation and 'corvées' in Algeria is unjustifi-

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able. Its origin is clear. As it was considered, from the first, that the colonisation of the country should be favoured by all means, the best governors never even thought that the first duty of a civilised government was to divide the burden of taxation equally between colonists and natives. They believed sincerely that it was enough not to increase the taxes already established by the Turks. Hence the fact that, while European agricultural land does not pay a farthing to the Algerian Treasury, the native landowners pay various taxes (achour, zekkat, hokkor, and lezma), which together bring in a sum varying each year from 16 to 18 million francs (from 640,000*l.* to 720,000*l.*). Some French Algerians have themselves pointed out that nothing can justify the fact that, in face of such a heavy burden supported by the native agriculturists, the European vinegrowers, who in 1911 exported wine amounting in value to over 8,000,000*l.*, should be exempt from any kind of taxation. But this is not all. Besides these so-called Arab taxes, the Algerian Moslems are liable to other obligations, which practically amount to another form of taxation. In certain towns they have to furnish night patrols, or to redeem themselves by paying each month a sum varying from one to two shillings. In the neighbourhood of the forests they have to perform the 'corvée' of fire watchmen, which corresponds to an additional taxation of about 80,000*l.* a year. Then there are the so-called *prestations supplémentaires* (extra days of prestation) due when they want to lead their sheep into the woods. Many of the petty chiefs, called cheikhs, who are in charge of the distribution of the taxes, exact a supplementary sum which they keep for themselves. The worst of all is that, in order to be exempt from this heavy burden, it is sufficient to be a European or an Algerian Jew, as in fiscal matters all the Europeans are treated as if they were French, and all the Jews were made French citizens by a single decree forty years ago. In these circumstances it is easy to guess what must be the feeling of the Moslems, who still pay a tribute as if they were a conquered race.

The judicial system applied to the natives does not seem to be much more satisfactory. It is known under the general name of *indigénat*. For slight offences the natives may be fined 15 francs, or imprisoned for five days, by the French administrators who are in charge of practically the whole country outside of the towns (in the *communes mixtes* as opposed to the *communes de plein exercice*). For more important misdemeanours, or for crimes, they are referred to special courts: *tribunaux répressifs* and *cours criminelles*. Lastly, under the name of 'internement' they may be deported, or even imprisoned in a special penitentiary, by order of the Governor-

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General. The disciplinary powers given to the administrators may be necessary in an Eastern country; in fact, the Egyptian Mudirs have the right to inflict the same penalties; but the special courts are blamed by the Algerian Frenchmen themselves as being often ruthless and unfair. As for the 'internement,' that Algerian form of the 'lettre de cachet' which was abolished in France at the time of the great Revolution, it is difficult to see how it can be justified any longer, since Great Britain is doing without it in Egypt, where she has to deal with a native population twice as large as that in Algeria, and with a nationalist agitation which culminated in the murder of Butros Pasha. It is in fact amazing that England should have adopted the French code in Egypt while France has clung to Egyptian methods in Algeria.

Finally, there is the question of political representation. In no other direction has the intention of making way for the European colonists been more noticeable. The general principles involved in the present organisation were, of course, sound: the uneducated natives were to be left under the control of the French administrators; in the towns and their immediate surroundings, where they were supposed to have reached a higher degree of civilisation, it was decided that they should elect representatives to the municipal council, and thus have an opportunity of receiving a kind of political education; a few natives, partly elected, partly chosen by the Administration, were to represent the Moslems in the *Conseils Généraux* (corresponding to the Egyptian provincial councils), in the *Délégations Financières* and the *Conseil Supérieur* (two bodies corresponding roughly to the General Assembly and the Legislative Council in Egypt). Thus the native element was to be represented in all the political councils of the colony. This scheme was perfect in theory. Unfortunately it turned out quite different in practice. The difference between totally uneducated and partially educated natives is a very artificial one; there are, indeed, a great many natives of the better class in the so-called *communes mixtes*, which include about 80 per cent. of Algerian civil territory; these people elect no representatives at all; they were even deprived, as early as 1868, of the right they had under Turkish rule of electing a village assembly (*djemaa*). As for the elected municipal councillors, who are chosen by a ridiculously small electoral college (including only landowners, farmers, civil servants, and a few others), they must be content with being mere phantoms: their number can never exceed the fourth of the French councillors nor be superior to six; moreover, they cannot take part in the election of the mayor, who is not only in charge of the financial administration of the commune but is invested

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at the same time with a considerable power over the native population. As for the Moslem members of the higher councils, they are so few in number and so much in the hands of the Administration that they have received the nickname of Beni-oui-oui, which implies that they say Aye each time they are asked to vote for a measure favoured by the Governor-General. The result of all this is that the natives feel that their interests are never properly cared for; that, for instance, they have no means of making their grievances known when they are bullied by some cheikh, or by a French Administrator; that the money they provide is used by the mayors for the exclusive benefit of the colonists. In one word, the whole system of political representation appears to them as being a mere humbug, devised in order to cheat them.

Even were the spirit of discontent not growing at a disquieting pace among the Arabs as a consequence of these three abuses, it would not be possible any longer for the French democracy to uphold such a vicious organisation. As a matter of fact, it has lasted so long only because French opinion was not aware of its existence. A British observer must always remember that it is only very recently that the French nation, as a whole, has begun to take a real interest in her own colonies. However, one of the happy consequences of the Moroccan crisis has been precisely to make French Northern Africa popular in France. The French public is at last awake to the fact that other nations, with Great Britain at the head, have set a better example in dealing with their Moslem subjects, and that France herself used different methods when she organised her Tunisian protectorate. There are, indeed, many reasons to believe that the summer of 1913 will not pass without the Chambers taking action; definite promises have been given to that effect by the Government; a growing number of French deputies are declaring themselves in favour of immediate reform. The question is, however, what is to be done? Before trying to answer, I should like to point out the main difficulties which stand in the way of the French reformer and make the Algerian problem so much more difficult than the problem which Great Britain had to solve in Egypt.

The most evident one is due to the special characteristics of the Algerian Moslems. Writing in his last report of 1910 about the failure of the liberal policy in Egypt so far as the Legislative Council and the General Assembly were concerned, Sir Eldon Gorst said: 'In my opinion, the principal and sufficient reason has been that from first to last the adoption of this policy has been attributed both by the Egyptians and by the European colonists to weakness, to an attempt to pacify the nationalist

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agitation by ill-timed concessions and to an intentional diminution of British authority.' An impression of the same sort would be much more disastrous in Algeria. Though the intellectual class does not show the anti-European tendencies which are commonly displayed by the Egyptian nationalists, there is not the slightest doubt that the Algerian Moslems are more warlike, more apt to throw themselves into the risks of a rebellion, more difficult to subdue, once they are up in arms, than are the Egyptian people. The country lends itself to guerilla warfare much better than does the Nile Valley. The Berbers have at all times been hard to manage, harder to conquer. The powerful religious associations, of a more or less pan-Islamic trend, which group the Moslems by thousands from one end of the country to the other, might make use of the first sign of weakness in order to persuade them that the time has come to throw the 'Rumis' into the sea. It was after the liberal reforms attempted by Napoleon the Third that these very associations started the great revolt of 1871, the most dangerous one experienced since the days of Abd el Khader. More recently, the short Margueritte affray showed some twelve years ago that any foolish marabu can induce these credulous people to proclaim the Holy War. Caution is therefore required before launching any reforming scheme which might give the natives the impression that France, owing to her decreasing population and to the increasing pressure of Germany, was losing her strength. A wholesale change of the condition of things in Algeria would involve great risks.

In the second place, the difference, already pointed out at the commencement of this article, between Egypt and Algeria makes the French task still more complicated. Even after renouncing the old conception which gave everything to the colonist and scarcely anything to the native, we cannot ignore the fact that there exists in Algeria a French colony which is the stronghold of French domination, and which has to be treated as such. We have to be fair at the same time to the Moslem and to ourselves. One or two instances will suffice to show how, under these circumstances, any political reform is a more delicate thing in Algeria than in Egypt. No difficulty was experienced three years ago in extending the power enjoyed by the Egyptian Provincial Councils, because they were only composed of Egyptians. On the contrary, the Algerian *conseils généraux* are composed of a majority of Europeans and a minority of natives; it is impossible to increase the power of the native element without injuring the French element and without adding something, at least for a time, to the various causes of friction always at hand in a mixed assembly. Then

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the Legislative Council and the General Assembly are both purely consultative bodies; on the contrary, the *Délégations Financières* are a kind of Colonial Parliament which has the right to reject and to modify the budget; to give the natives a proper representation inside that body is therefore to invest them at the same time with a real power which might be turned against the general interest. The only British colony which might truly be compared in that respect with Algeria is the Dominion of South Africa: the difficulties which you have experienced in Cape Colony with the black electors are, however, less formidable than those which are awaiting us in a country where the natives are all white men—*i.e.* of a superior race, and Moslems, therefore less manageable.

Under these circumstances, any rash action would do more harm than the continuation of the present abuses. Though there is little doubt that French opinion will not be satisfied until fiscal equality is established, until the exceptional judicial system is abolished, and until the natives are properly represented, it is to be expected that the French Government will proceed very cautiously in that new direction. It is, indeed, possible to foresee what will be the first steps taken by the Mother Country, and where she will think it wise to stop for the present.

Strangely enough, the fiscal reform is the only one which has been already entered upon, and which will require the greatest amount of patience. During the summer of last year the *Délégations Financières*, though they are controlled by the French element, voted the principle of a land tax on all European agricultural property. It is rather interesting to note that the French colonists have recognised the necessity of proclaiming such a principle a year after the South African Government announced, so far as can be gathered from the budget speech delivered by the Hon. H. C. Hull on the 10th of March 1911, that they were going to apply 'uniform methods of taxation to the white and native races throughout the Union.' But the Algerian colonists have not gone as far as that. The land tax they are prepared to accept is a 3½ per cent. tax on the renting value, which is nearly five times less than the present land tax to which the natives are liable. They will evidently resist to the utmost any attempt on the part of the Mother Country to establish full equality between them and the Moslems. Of course, the French Government has the means to compel them, as Algeria enjoys only a limited self-government, and has to submit each of her budgets to the approval of the Chambers in Paris. Brutal compulsion on the part of France would, however, be an obviously unsound policy. The Mother Country will very

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likely content herself with asking that the proposed European land tax be applied without delay, and it is only by degrees that the new tax will be brought to the level of the native one, until a general form of taxation will be devised for the whole country without distinction of race or nationality.

As for judicial reform, it will have to begin at the top and leave things as they are at the bottom. The famous *internement* must go; Parliament has only to express its will, and the Governor-General will have to give up the right of exiling or imprisoning a native without granting him a hearing. The native courts may also be abolished by a single stroke of the pen, for other courts already exist to which all native cases may be referred at once. The case is different, however, with the disciplinary powers of the administrators. The numbers of the *juges de paix* and the police forces would have to be increased considerably throughout the country; the administrators would lose a great deal of their prestige, and would find it more difficult to maintain order in their *communes mixtes*; finally, there is no apparent reason why they should not continue to wield the same authority which a Mudir enjoys in Egypt, and which may, for a long time to come, be necessary in an Eastern country. The probable solution will be that the administrators will keep their powers, but will be submitted to a closer control on the part of the superior administration: a number of special inspectors will be created for that purpose.

The political reform may be more drastic. It is not without reason that the educated natives, as well as liberal opinion in France, consider that it should be undertaken before all others. It is the key to every other change. Once the natives have representation, which they lack almost entirely at present, they will themselves be in a position to work for the betterment of their condition. They will be able to ask to some purpose for a better distribution of taxes, as well as for a better use of municipal, provincial, and colonial funds. Their protestation will be heard whenever they feel that they are the victims of unfair treatment. Moreover, as it is to be supposed that there will always be some wrongs left, it is important for the popularity of French rule that the Moslems should be obliged to accuse their own representatives rather than the French Civil Service. Two main political changes will therefore be insisted upon. First of all an electoral body worthy of the name must be constituted at once; the right to vote must be granted, not only as at present to a few landowners and farmers, but to all licensed tradesmen or artisans, and to all the natives who have gone through the French primary schools; in order to protect the electors against any kind

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of pressure, they must be freed from even the mitigated form of *indigénat* to which the great bulk of the native population will be submitted in the future. In the second place, the influence of their elected representatives will have to be strengthened in all the assemblies by increasing their number and by giving them —a concession distasteful to the colonists—the right to vote for the election of the mayors. As for the special representation of the natives in the French Parliament, which is advocated by some, it will probably be put off till a later date.

Such a programme may appear at first sight to be a very moderate one. I do not think, however, that anybody who has had any experience of colonial conditions would advise France to go farther for the present. At any rate, these cautious reforms would be important enough. They would mark a new departure in the policy which France has been following for over eighty years in Algeria. According to Bugeaud's conception, which was at the root of that policy, the natives had no rights at all; they had been conquered: France's only duty was to be 'good to them.' The new conception is very different, and one which, I believe, is bound to be more in harmony with Great Britain's own traditions. It implies that France has to grant definite rights to her subjects as well as to her citizens. The Algerian Moslems are to enjoy fiscal equality, justice, and sufficient power to defend their own interests and take part in the administration of the colony.

The political reform advocated to-day, and which the French Parliament will very likely approve with an almost unanimous vote, would suffice by itself—without counting the other envisaged reforms—to open the new era. To what goal will that liberal method lead French Northern Africa? There is, of course, a risk that a nationalist movement, which is scarcely noticeable to-day, may come out of these reforms and be a menace to the peace of Algeria. But without indulging in undue optimism, it seems to me that things may turn out quite differently. Of course, a native party is sure to be formed and to be in conflict with the party of the colonists. Party warfare is, however, less harmful to the general wellbeing of a country than the secret discontent which exists to-day among the Moslems. Moreover, the Algerian natives will look more and more to France as their natural protector against the colonists. That feeling is already plain to-day: the very intellectual element which works in Egypt for independence is advocating in Algeria the development of French schools and of French conscription. As the number, the wealth and the power of the colonists are steadily increasing, the Moslems will each year find it more necessary to cling to France,

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if only France is wise enough to make her action felt in their favour without harming the legitimate interests of the European population. Thus there is some chance that the future policy of France may be successful. Its aim must be to maintain the balance between the two races which are condemned by fate to live side by side in the new France beyond the sea.

PHILIPPE MILLET.

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THE FUTURE OF AVIATION

In the application of all great inventions there are two points of view which mankind does well to consider. The first is that of the present, with its contact with immediately coming time, and the second is that of the future. When gunpowder began to be applied to purposes of war, leaders then living had to think first of the bearing of that great change upon the safety of nations and on the conduct of government. But so slow and gradual was the process of development that no vast effort was then needed to fit new methods to existing conditions. Though archery had been the strength of England and by gunpowder archery was abolished, yet that abolition was spread over generations and even over centuries. Cannon are reputed to have been used at Creçy in 1347, yet bows and arrows, equally with firearms, were employed by the men who followed Drake in the epic voyage, commenced in 1577, in which he burst the Spain-shut gates of the new world and opened the Pacific to the English race.

Again, in the sphere not of war but of peace, when the humble Guthenberg introduced the printing press into what seemed a stagnant Europe, the evolution of the fresh forces thus let loose was as tardy as it was sure. The spread of knowledge and the enlightenment of man were the distant consequences, while the Reformation and the Thirty Years' War were the more immediate children, of that mechanical appliance. But, between the first books printed by the mechanic of Mainz and a Germany ravaged and desolated through conflict sprung from ideas which the printing press had spread, extended an interval approaching two hundred years. Well was it for Guthenberg, but ill for the Church of Rome, that in the fifteenth century the far effects of his invention remained unguessed.

Once more, when steam first became a factor in the affairs of men, though the attention of statesmen and economists was speedily drawn to its earlier results, few or none seem to have forecast the long course of its ultimate achievement. That it should abbreviate home travel, and that it should give employment to home labour—these were issues apprehended and

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approved; but the effects, incomparably vaster, which it has since wrought remained hidden in the mists of unborn time. That steam should bridge alike the barren wastes of the sea and the virgin plains of the land; that it should link, in the bonds uniting feeder and fed, territories, immense and then almost unexplored in America, with the crowded population of English towns; that it should revolutionise naval and military science; that it should bring Vladivostock within a fortnight of Moscow and Russia into conflict with Japan; that it should lead to the creation of a journalism cheap enough to reach the eyes and sway the minds of innumerable millions whom no printed words had hitherto touched; that it should facilitate prodigious growths of industrial activity, and change the character of peoples by gathering multitudes from the country into the towns—all these developments were veiled from those (of whom some still live) who beheld the entry of steam upon the stage of this earth.

Was it within the power, and would it have been to the advantage, of the statesmen who lived in the second quarter and the first half of the nineteenth century to discern, even though dimly, the shadows of coming events and to shape their path accordingly? The answer to the former question should be partly, and to the latter wholly, in the affirmative. Though clear vision into far futurity is not given to mortal foresight; though even our apprehension of that future which is near at hand must ever be inchoate and vague, yet it is not impossible to foresee, however partially and imperfectly, the probable results in approaching years of a mechanical invention which already exists. When, for instance, in 1845, the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws was at its height, the potentialities of steam had already been displayed. Railways were already in existence, or in formation, throughout England. Steamboats had already long become the normal means of crossing the Channel. The era of Atlantic transit by the new motive force was about to begin. To estimate some of the probable attainments of steam in years that now are the past, but were then the future, was not impossible. But two qualities were requisite—knowledge and imagination. The knowledge needed was knowledge of the actual victories and of the necessary limitations of steam power, and also that of the nature of the great regions of fertile land which America contained. The other faculty wanted was that indefinable power of mental conception which embodies dissimilar points in a single flash of thought and converts induction into definite idea. With such equipment, a seer of the 'forties might have foreseen the likelihood that in the course of another generation the hitherto untouched fertility of the American Continent might be brought, by steam, into contact with the lives

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of the masses here. Would the grasp of that idea have had no bearing upon the great discussion which then raged in Britain?

The usual answer to such speculations as this is that it is easy to be wise after the event. But the particular and special object with which I have brought forward this example and indulged in this retrospect is to suggest the expediency, in another direction, of being wise before the event. We stand now in the early beginnings of a new power which is unquestionably destined to alter all the previously existing external conditions of human life upon this planet. And since outward conditions reflect upon inward, since that which is material reacts upon that which is spiritual, it follows that even the life of the spirit with which religion deals, and the resulting character of man, are certain to be affected (as printing and steam have affected them) by the progress of a mechanical science which must inevitably change their environment. The fate which Claudio feared :

> To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
> And blown with restless violence round about
> The pendent world,

is one which, in its simpler sense at least, will soon no longer terrify the modern world. The paths of the air have been opened to man, and with them vistas of change vast as the aerial ocean itself.

The question, then, which I present is whether it is possible and whether it is worth while to peer a little way into the coming years, so as to form some notion, before we reach them, of what they are likely to bring forth. That there may be some practical utility in gauging the immediate future of aviation will hardly be denied. For if the British public could be brought by any means to grasp the significance to themselves of that which is impending, it might yet be roused from its deadly apathy in time to avert the catastrophe with which it is threatened.

We see that within the brief space of some eight years, counting from the time when the Wright brothers made their early experiments in America, the inability which has tied man to the surface of his world, or, if he ascended in a balloon, made him a very plaything of every breeze that blew, has at length been overcome. The internal-combustion engines which produced motoring have produced also the vehicles which traverse the air. We also see that the conquest of the air is constantly proceeding, and proceeding apparently with ceaseless acceleration. A few days before the date at which this article is penned an aeroplane, according to newspaper report, reached a height of over nineteen thousand feet, an elevation surpassing by more than half a mile that of the summit of Mont Blanc. The Alps

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have been twice flown, and on the second occasion without the sacrifice of human life. The transit of the Channel by heavier-than-air machines is now a commonplace feat, hardly deemed worthy of a paragraph in the Press. Yet little more than three years have elapsed since that performance was accomplished for the first time in human annals amidst the admiration of two nations. Transit by aeroplane from Paris to London will soon be equally familiar. Passages of several hundred miles at a single journey have been made, and continue to be made with increasing frequency. The speed of a hundred miles an hour, and even more, has been attained by monoplanes.

The truth which these well-known facts display is that the progress of aviation has been immensely more rapid than that of steam. The generations and centuries referred to before as required for the evolution of former inventions are not needed for the development of modern discoveries. Greater advance is made in one year now than in fifty years of medieval time. When once the value of a new appliance has been approved by the world, its gathered intelligence descends, as it were, upon it. The impetus of commercial instinct and the supreme motive force of national impulse have together gripped the art of aviation, and they are promoting it with the rapidity of its own element, the wind. To realise this swiftness of advance is the first step which must be taken if we wish to estimate what victory over the air is likely to mean to mankind in years that lie not far ahead. For that purpose we have to consider, not merely what the aeroplane and the dirigible can do now, but what they will probably be able to do, at their present rate of progress, in, say, another decade. It is a safe prophecy that, unless the aeroplane is superseded altogether by some better form of flying machine, its tendency will be to increase greatly in size. Greater size will mean larger fuel capacity with extended radius of action. It is probable that the machines now in use will be as toys in comparison with those employed in ten years' time. This increase in size, with concomitant increase of weight-carrying ability, would bring with it the possibility of having two, or even three, engines instead of one. If this improvement be effected, the omnipresent danger of sudden descent, through failure of the means of motion, would be enormously reduced, and the resulting safety would tend to swell immensely the number of aviators..

In considering the probabilities of the future, one factor to be taken into account is the certainty that a point will soon be reached at which commercial enterprise will make a start. Hitherto aeroplanes have been used only, or mainly, for purposes of war and purposes of exhibition, and of these two motives the

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former is the more powerful. But as soon as large machines, capable of carrying ten or twenty passengers, appear on the scene they must become competing forces with other modes of transit. The breadth of the Atlantic separating the west coast of Ireland from the eastern shore of Newfoundland is, roughly, about sixteen hundred miles. The time cannot now be far removed when machines will be produced capable of traversing this distance without refuelling, and the additional power required to carry passengers will certainly be gained within a few years after the exploit has first been achieved. As soon as the hydroplane has entered upon this stage, the Atlantic liners, once termed the greyhounds of the ocean, will become the slow-coaches of travel. How can a ship which requires five days, or—allowing for possible acceleration in the meantime—four days to cross from Europe to America compete with aircraft which can cover the whole distance from London to Quebec or New York in perhaps thirty to thirty-five hours? Yet the direct crossing of the Atlantic represents undoubtedly one of the most difficult tasks which the disposition of land and sea offers to aviation.

The transit from the Old World to the New could, however, be performed with far less danger if another route were chosen. From the north of Scotland to Iceland, *viâ* the Orkney, the Shetland, and the Faroe Islands, is a trip which could perhaps be accomplished, under fair weather conditions, even by some existing machines. Those of ten years hence will probably regard it as a most trifling voyage. From Iceland to Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, is a passage not half that from the Irish to the Newfoundland shore, and the distance from Cape Farewell to the last-named coast is not much more. It may be added that the stretch of sea which divides the nearest part of the west of Newfoundland from Sydney, Cape Breton, is only some sixty miles. So soon, therefore, as heavier-than-air machines have advanced a little beyond the stage which they have now attained—in, say, five years from the present date—so soon as they can achieve some eight hundred miles of direct flight and carry a small number of passengers, wide commercial opportunities will be open to them. There are, in fact, very few portions of the land surface of the earth which cannot be reached without the necessity of traversing any great extent of ocean. But wherever land extends fuel stations can be established, and the need of constant repairing will become less every year. Asia can, of course, be attained from Alaska, with no break but that of the Behring Straits; or, if a more southerly route be desired, the long chain of the Aleutian Isles, extending from the Alaskan peninsula right across

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the North Pacific to within about five hundred miles of Kamchatka, offers an admirable series of halting-places.

As for Australia, its imaginary isolation (upon which much printers' ink has been expended in the past) is an indigenous newspaper myth. There is one break of about seven hundred miles, after leaving Hong Kong, and then the Philippine and Molucca Islands extend in a little separated line down to Timor, which is but some three hundred miles from Port Darwin in Australia's northern territory.

There is no development of the future more evidently certain than that of aerial communication along this line of islands between China and Australia. Even now it might probably be possible to establish an aeroplane mail service between Port Darwin and Hong Kong, and from the former place, across the Australian Continent, to Adelaide—a land distance of, roughly, eighteen hundred miles. Such a service would, of course, require a subvention from the Commonwealth, but the cost of this might be partly defrayed by charging an express fee on letters so conveyed, which would reach Adelaide from China, at present aeroplane speeds, in from two to three days. The principal expense would consist in creating petrol stations in certain of the islands and at perhaps five or six points between Port Darwin and Adelaide.

From another and as yet untouched aspect of the case, Australia would be well advised to devote her most earnest attention to the development of flying machines and the training of flying men. Writing in this Review in the year 1909,[1] and dealing then with the same subject with which I am dealing now, I ventured upon two special prophecies, which experienced the sort of greeting usually accorded by critics to any vaticination. Of these forecasts one was that those who, at Dover, watched and applauded M. Latham's attempt to fly across the straits were assisting at the first stage of the funeral of the sea power of England; while the second expressed the belief that within ten or fifteen years 'the centre of military gravity'—that is, the principal force in war—would pass from the surface of the sea and the land to the air. These prophecies seem in a fair way to be fulfilled. Command of the air is now generally admitted to be a condition precedent to the attainment of victory, whether in naval or in military conflict. That function of the aircraft which is at present most valuable is the power to observe. Given equal fleets, or equal armies, and the admiral or the general who has the better information is bound to win. But the better intelligence must belong to him who, under conditions of weather which do not make aerial work impossible, has the better aerial

[1] 'The Wings of War,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, September 1909.

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fleet. Hence it follows with logical certainty that battle on sea, or battle on land, must be preceded by battle between rival fleets in the air. Here, then, we reach the stage at which the world has actually arrived.

The second, or combative, function of the dirigible and the aeroplane is to fight with their hostile compeers. But, besides these two functions, aircraft possess assuredly a third, as to which their efficiency is as yet unknown. This last task is to take actual part in the work of destruction by dropping or directing bombs upon hostile objects. The extent to which their power extends already in this regard cannot accurately be determined. It is enough to know that by gathering intelligence they can already dominate the issue of war. But, whether either dirigibles or aeroplanes already possess the ability to sink ships or to destroy towns or not, nothing is more inevitable than their acquisition of such ability at no distant date. The normal reply made by military officers to forecasts of this kind is that no bomb-dropping can ever inflict any serious injury upon an entrenched army. This criticism may be perfectly just, yet it leaves the core of the matter untouched. For at present the armaments of a people stand between its centres of population and its foes. Until its navy or its army, or both, are defeated those centres of its congregated life remain safe. But, when once such defeat occurs, then surrender follows, because no further resistance is possible. Refusal to surrender then would mean the massacre of a nation. But, whenever aerial fleets acquire the power—which they must acquire before many years are over—to inflict hideous bombardment and ruin upon cities, then the navies and armies on the surface of sea and land will find that they have lost the principal reason for their existence. They might be intact, and yet useless. The result, which aforetime the enemy could only attain through their defeat, he can now attain without their defeat. Very conceivably, an entrenched military camp might constitute the only safe spot in the whole of a country commanded by an enemy's aerial force. But of what use would be its safety if the troops within it were unable, as they would be unable, to defend the nation, which gave them birth and maintained them, against wholesale destruction? They could merely wait until the destroying process had proceeded so far as to be insupportable, and then share in the national surrender. But, since it is certain that aerial fleets can only be effectively met by other aerial fleets, the inference is plain that such fleets must ere long become the dominant factors in that culmination of international competition which we call war.

Unless these considerations can be shown to be invalid, and shown by some other method than a jibe, it follows that one

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of the first duties of every Government should be to develop national power in the air. Such a duty should be taken up at once with the deepest earnestness by the Government of Australia, whose fate, less than a generation hence, may well be decided in aerial contest. But, beyond all other Governments, that of Great Britain should now endeavour to make good its hideous past neglect. If I have said nothing on this point before, it is because hundreds of pens have written on it already. Everyone knows now that France has from five hundred to six hundred aeroplanes and Germany from two to three hundred, and that, even according to Colonel Seely's optimistic figures, which are derided by every expert, we have not more than a hundred and one. It is known also that in regard to dirigibles our inferiority is greater still. Should Germany attack us during the next twelve months, our admirals and our generals will resemble blind men who have to contend against opponents endowed with the acutest vision. To impose such conditions on our sailors and our soldiers is to send them to inevitable massacre.

Will the nation awaken at last from its sleep, or, if the middle-aged are wrapped in too deep a lethargy, can the young men and women, or the very children, of our race be kindled with some spark of living impulse which shall light at last a fire in the hearts of their seniors and shame them into action?

H. F. Wyatt.

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ARCTIC EXPLORATION IN SHAKESPEARE'S ERA

I

THE exploration by Englishmen of Arctic regions and Polar seas began in earnest 360 years ago. It was pioneer work which courted tragedy. Yet some of the dangers proved superable, and many notable triumphs were scored. Indeed, the nineteenth century was well advanced before any of Shakespeare's countrymen engaged in Arctic discovery with a greater energy or an ampler profit than the dramatist's contemporaries. To the Arctic voyages of Elizabethans and Jacobeans attaches, too, a glory of originality which, contrary to common belief, is lacking to their travel in better worn fields. Elsewhere English explorers of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century pursued slowly and haltingly the paths marked out for them earlier by Spaniard, Portuguese, and Frenchman. England under Tudor rule was the first among the great nations of Europe to cross the Arctic Circle. There her steps were of her own making, and for a time she gazed alone on the icy recesses of the world. The Dutch followed Englishmen into the eastern half of the Frigid Zone within forty years of the first English invasion. At a later date Danes, Norwegians, and Russians joined in the Arctic quest in the same hemisphere. In the western realms of the Arctic empire, however, English invaders met no rivals for more than three hundred years.

II

The popular estimate of the scope of Tudor Englishmen's exploration has to undergo qualification before it can pass for history. The exploits of a nation cannot be estimated fairly at any epoch until they have been dispassionately compared with those of other nations of the same era. In most parts of the world exploration by Englishmen of the sixteenth century lagged far behind Portuguese, Spaniards, and Frenchmen. There is nothing in Tudor history to rival the discovery by the Portuguese mariner Vasco da Gama of the Cape of Good Hope and of East Africa, nor the unveiling of Magellan Strait and of the Pacific

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Ocean by a second Portuguese mariner (in the Spanish service) Ferdinando Magellan. Columbus's discovery of the West Indies and of the mainland of South America belongs, despite its superior popular fame, to a lower plane of maritime achievement than the feats of either Da Gama or Magellan. At any rate these three mariners stand ahead of all others in the golden book of modern exploration. Near them should of right be placed those Spaniards who, without guidance, forged overland routes through thousands of miles of jungle, mountains, forest, and river in both the American Continents. England played no comparable part in discovery of the Temperate or Tropical zones either by land or sea. Even Sir Francis Drake, in his circumnavigation of the globe, seems only on two occasions to have reached points where Spaniards or Portuguese had not preceded him—once in the South Pacific below Cape Horn, and for the second time on the north coast of California. John Davis, an Elizabethan seaman who almost deserves Drake's fame—although on somewhat different grounds—afterwards discovered the Falkland Islands below the Equator to the east of the South American Continent. Elizabethan discovery in ice-free latitudes knew no other quite indisputable triumphs.

Into the Antarctic regions neither Elizabethan nor other European of his age made entry. The South Pole stirred the awe of ignorance from a great distance. The many guesses of the world's mapmakers in the sixteenth century included the notion that a fifth continent called Terra Australis, or Terra Antarctica, formed a southern boundary of the Magellan Straits and stretching both east and west, was the massive framework of the South Pole. The delusion was slowly dispelled. It was only in 1616, the year of Shakespeare's death, that the earliest Dutch fleet to girdle the earth first rounded Cape Horn, and thereby destroyed that part of the illusion which credited the straits with dividing immediately two mighty continents. Yet the old error was thereby scotched, not killed. Fables still located a Gargantuan expanse of land just off Cape Horn. The discovery by seventeenth-century Spaniards of the north coast of Australia in the Eastern hemisphere merely perplexed counsel. The sixteenth-century dream lived on until recent Antarctic exploration showed that, although an illimitable mass of land covered the South Pole, six or seven hundred miles of open ocean cut off the true Antarctic continent from the lowest point of South America.

Elizabethans knew nothing of the Antarctic Circle. Yet many leagues away from it, in the South Pacific Ocean, some serviceable experience was gained of Arctic, and indeed of Antarctic, conditions. Within the Magellan Straits snow-clad

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mountains, overhanging glaciers, and freezing temperatures dominated all seasons of the year. When Drake traversed the passage, for the first time among Englishmen—between the 21st of August and the 6th of September 1578—he described the climate as 'extreme cold, with frost and snow continually.' In April 1591, when a severe snowstorm kept an English ship at anchor in the straits for a week, eight or ten sailors were frozen to death each night, and frostbite wrought terrible havoc on the feet and noses of survivors. But it was not in the Antarctic quarter of the globe that Englishmen of Shakespeare's era learned the full meaning of life amid snow and ice. The revelation was made at the opposite end of the earth.

III

Proofs of Elizabethan prowess and priority in Arctic lands and seas are as thickly strewn over maps of the high northern latitudes of the world as the signs of Spanish and Portuguese prowess and priority crowd the maps of middle or South America and Africa. The names of Elizabethan explorers and of their patrons still cling to the Frigid zones as closely as the names of fifteenth and sixteenth century Spaniards and Portuguese to the Temperate and Torrid zones. If to-day one travelled westwards from the Gulf of Ob, an eastern inlet of the Siberian ocean, by way of the frozen islands of Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen to the northern shores of Greenland, and if one thence passed round the Continent of Greenland through Baffin Bay and Davis Strait to the western reaches of Hudson Bay—the route, which would traverse nearly a half of the Arctic Circle of the globe, embraces straits and bays, headlands and islands all bearing in modern charts the names of Elizabethan statesmen, noblemen, mariners, and merchants, any of whom Shakespeare might have met in London. The Elizabethan designations were more numerous two hundred years ago, for in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries Denmark and Russia claimed and rechristened many territories in the Eastern Arctic regions which had been first visited and named by Elizabethans. But enough of the Elizabethan nomenclature survives to attest the thoroughness of the Elizabethan conquest of the North.

Spitzbergen is a Dutch discovery; but one of the large adjacent islands is still called Edge Island after Thomas Edge, the English sea captain who discovered it in Shakespeare's lifetime. Whatever were the relations of medieval Icelanders with Greenland, that continent was definitely brought to light anew by an Elizabethan John Davis. The Danes who now hold the habitable portions have swept from its map much

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verbal evidence of Elizabethan enterprise there. But Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of the continent, preserves the title which was bestowed upon it by Davis; while 'Sanderson's Hope,' the midmost point on the west coast, still testifies to Davis's regard for William Sanderson, a wealthy patron of maritime endeavour, and an enlightened London merchant. Davis Strait and Baffin Bay, the seas which wash the western shore of Greenland, commemorate Davis himself and William Baffin, two Elizabethan navigators of undying eminence. The region about Baffin Bay abounds in memories of Shakespeare's era. Three great north-western inlets, or sounds, are called respectively after (Sir Thomas) Smith, (Francis) Jones, and (Sir James) Lancaster, prominent London merchants, who especially encouraged Baffin's enterprise. Off the far north of Baffin land—itself another echo of Baffin's activity—lies Bylot Island, which preserves the name of Robert Bylot, a venturesome companion of Baffin; and further south are still visible Cape Walsingham, Cumberland Sound, and Cape Warwick, all baptised in honour of leaders of Elizabethan society. Frobisher Bay, in the near neighbourhood, tells its own tale. The adjacent Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay are noble monuments of Henry Hudson, who ranks among explorers with Baffin and Davis. Very liberally are Elizabethan appellations scattered about Hudson Bay; there Southampton Island, the great island to the north, commemorates Shakespeare's patron; and Port Nelson and the River Nelson on the west recall Thomas Nelson, a humble Elizabethan sailing master, who died and was buried on the western shore of the inland sea. The wide James Bay to the south of the expanse keeps alive the name of yet another seventeenth-century sea-captain, Thomas James of Bristol. Such facts are mere gleanings from a luxuriant field of geographical terminology some three hundred years old.

It was in a serious spirit that Shakespeare's contemporaries distributed their own and their patrons' names over newly found regions of the North. The Northern discoveries 'were so named,' it was written of them in the seventeenth century, 'as a small remembrance of the charge, countenance, and instruction given to the enterprise, and which, though small, neither time nor fame ought to suffer oblivion to bury.' It was the pious hope of Shakespeare's contemporaries, that when future ages should reap the full harvest of such explorations, acknowledgment would be made, that 'the honourable and worthy' godfathers 'were the first advancers.' The pioneers have not been wholly forgotten, but their fame has grown dim and uncertain.

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IV

The hopes which fired the Tudor expeditions to the Frigid zone differed greatly from those which filled the hearts of Arctic travellers of recent date. Wild delusions prevailed in the sixteenth century regarding all quarters of the globe, but none were wilder than those concerning the physical and geographical conditions of the northern roof of the world. The errors persisted later, for some two hundred years at least. When Shakespeare was born the belief was cherished that the sun always shone on the North Pole and rendered its neighbourhood the earth's 'greatest place of dignity'; the discomforts of ice and snow were deemed to be the negligible incidents of a journey to a country of perpetual light and warmth. But the Pole, with whatever geniality it might be credited, was not the primary goal of Elizabethan Arctic search. The essential ambitions might well be realised if the pleasing dream of the Pole's kindly heat were never tested by experience. It was in the interests neither of venturesome sport nor of scientific research nor of geographical knowledge that Polar journeys were undertaken in the sixteenth century. The finding of the Pole was reckoned in itself to serve small purpose. Its imagined importance was as of a finger-post to a region beyond it, which might indeed be possibly gained by an easier approach. None doubted that on the distant shores of Northern Asia there lay a mythical territory of gold and silver and precious stones; on that haven of desire three roads were judged to converge, one through the Arctic East, a second through the Arctic West, and a third across the Pole. A north-east passage, a north-west passage, and a Polar passage were all reckoned to be gateways to the same storehouse of unmatched opulence. The Polar expeditions of Shakespeare's era were designed as touchstones of this Asiatic fable.

Yet in Arctic exploration, as in much other effort, the practice of the Elizabethans proved wiser than their theory. Their professed aim was a vain delusion, but they made a rich atonement for its inevitable failure. In the result Elizabethans lighted the road for those who came after them, alike to the Pole and to the eastern and western waterways environing it. The Elizabethan inquiries were not pushed home. The North Pole was not reached by Shakespeare's contemporaries, nor did they go far along either the north-west or the north-east road to Asia. But some of Shakespeare's generation came within ten degrees of the Pole, and many travelled over a broad expanse of the Arctic Circle in the higher latitudes of both the East and the West Hemispheres. Sir John Franklin, who first solved the puzzle of the North-West Passage in 1847, took the path through

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Lancaster Sound which Elizabethans discovered on the west of Baffin Bay. The first conqueror (in 1878-79) of the North-East Passage, Baron Nordenskiold, paid generous tribute to Elizabethan pioneers. As far as the Kara Sea to the north-west of Siberia, he followed in the tracks of Elizabethan seamen. It was, moreover, through Smith's Sound at the head of Baffin Bay—a sea channel which a contemporary of Shakespeare first found and entered on one of the many searches of the epoch for the North-West Passage—that Commander Robert Peary sailed on his triumphant journey to the Pole four years ago.

No precious metal rewarded the Arctic enterprise of Elizabethans as they had hoped, but the mercantile gains were important. Whale and seal fisheries were inaugurated, and the discovery of Northern Russia opened a new and profitable market of foreign trade. Nor were the practical claims of geography or science rejected. Enthusiasm for discovering unknown places on the world's surface came to mingle with the fanciful pursuit of treasure, while the many strange and unlooked-for experiences of Arctic travel stirred active observation, which vastly extended scientific knowledge. The Elizabethan explorations shed light in many directions. New lands and seas were described; icebergs and glaciers were studied for the first time; new kinds of animal- and plant-life came into man's ken; fresh conceptions were formed of climate, of ocean currents, and of the earth's magnetism. Elizabethan exploration of Arctic regions gave a rare impetus to the progress of nautical science. As Shakespeare's coevals voyaged in Polar latitudes, they sought to measure the variations of the compass and the dip of the magnetic needle. Involuntarily the Arctic adventures of Shakespeare's era promoted the advancement of learning.

V

Shakespeare takes little notice of the Arctic activity of his epoch. 'The thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice,' which Claudio in *Measure for Measure* dreads after death, is scarcely presented as a scene of human experience. The dramatist knew of Arctic nights in Russia which had no end. But his only precise reference to Arctic exploration is to the exploits of Willem Barents, the heroic Dutchman, who wintered with a dozen companions in Nova Zembla in 1596, some fifty years after its discovery by Englishmen. That wonderful story of snow and ice thrilled England as well as Europe. When Sir Toby Belch is warned that he has 'sailed into the north of' the Lady Olivia's 'opinion,' he is threatened with the fate of 'hanging there like

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an icicle on a Dutchman's beard.' The allusion to the Arctic sufferings of the Dutch is clear, though it hardly does justice to the tragic marvels of the episode.

It is only from the unpretending notebooks, logs, and charts of the Arctic mariners or their companions that the story of the Polar achievements of Elizabethans can be gleaned and certified. Bacon noticed the curious fact that all who travelled in his day by sea kept diaries. There is no romance in the numerous maritime journals. The Arctic chronicles, notably, deal with hard fact, but they bear witness at the same time to rare enthusiasm, to scientific insight, and to magical endurance. The Elizabethan captains were readers of books; they blessed the midnight sun for lengthening their hours of study. All were disciples of Richard Hakluyt, the Elizabethan collector and editor of reports of travel. Hakluyt's persistent appeals to his countrymen to emulate the exploits of Spaniards or Portuguese was a moving cause of Elizabethan exploration of the North. By way of pious recognition of Hakluyt's stimulating counsel, the Arctic voyagers of his age often tell how they inscribed his name on points of prominence in both the East and West Arctic regions. The great Mount Hakluyt on Jan Mayen Island in the Greenland Sea has been rechristened by the Danes Mount Beerenberg. But a notable beacon in the Eastern Arctic Ocean, the north-western corner of Spitzbergen, is still known by its original designation of Hakluyt Headland. Sparse were the protective measures which the Elizabethans devised against the Arctic perils, and the spirit of tragedy always hovered over their campaigns. Yet the inevitable suffering ended in death less often than might be anticipated. The majority of Arctic explorers returned in safety with narratives of their experiences. Although accident and privation claimed their fated prey, the mortality was higher in voyages further south.

On the whole, the Elizabethan records of Arctic experience strike a singularly modern note. The first-hand historians of the frozen zone in the twentieth century often seem to echo those in the sixteenth. The superiority of modern equipment and scientific training leaves smaller trace than would seem possible on the main tenor and temper of the story. The thought of home and family spread depression through the nightless days and the dayless nights, and in the rank and file there were outbreaks of unruly temper which bred at times murderous mutiny. But among the captains and pilots there was no repining, and the tone of their narratives is resigned or hopeful even amid disaster. In Queen Elizabeth's or King James the First's day, as in the present epoch, brave Englishmen from time to time left their bones in the White North, the victims of frost, hunger,

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disease, or shipwreck. But Providence seems to decree that m... of all eras dying in such desperate conditions should quite in... pendently speak with their last breath the same resolute langua...

There survives the last diary of Sir Hugh Willoughby, t... Englishman who was the protagonist in the Arctic drama, n... for England only, but for Europe. In 1553 he sailed into t... Arctic Ocean, and with sixty-nine companions was driven to se... winter quarters in the extreme north of Norwegian Lapla... His journal was subsequently rescued from the scene of his ic... bound refuge. The last page, dated the 25th of September, ru... thus :

> Thus remaining in this haven the space of a week, seeing the year f... spent, and also very evil weather, as frost, snow and hail, as though it ha... been the deep of winter, we thought best to winter there. Wherefore w... sent out three men south-south-west to search if they could find people, wh... went three days' journey, but could find none; after that we sent oth... three westward, four days' journey, which also returned without findi... any people. Then sent we three men south-east, three days' journey, who i... like sort returned without finding of people, or any similitude of habitatio...

Some two years later search parties lighted on a camp of froze... corpses. Frost and exposure, not hunger, were the causes o... death, for some food remained unconsumed. The papers whic... were recovered included Willoughby's will. He had signed it i... January 1554. The rest is silence. The fatal agonies of th... party would seem to have lasted some four months, and the... closed while the leader was disposing of his property among hi... wife and children at home.

Similarly at the extreme end of the period of Arctic explora... tion which is under survey in these pages, seven Dutch sailor... were accidentally separated from their companions on the Island... of Spitzbergen, and were abandoned by their ship on the 11th o... September 1634. The winter was involuntarily passed within... some twelve degrees of the North Pole. The castaways were... better provided with fuel and with materials for lodging than... Willoughby and his party. But all were attacked by scurvy,... the dread disease of Arctic exploration; and again in the course... of four months life ebbed slowly away. One of the doomed men... kept a diary, which was found next season by a returning vessel... It is as heartrending a record as anything penned under Arctic... or indeed Antarctic, skies. Amid darkness that was impenetrable... by day as well as by night, the epidemic got the upper hand... On the 14th of January 1635 the first death took place, to be... followed by another within twenty-four hours. To their dismay... two days later the hopeless band saw pass away 'the man of s... the rest on whom they had put their most hopes next to God.' The four survivors had scarcely strength to make coffins for their...

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comrades. But they braced themselves to the effort. Thenceforth their strength declined. On the 7th of February a fox was caught in a trap, and was added to their scanty store of food. Next week their weakness had so increased that they were unable to fetch in fuel. On the 24th of February a glimpse of the sun momentarily enlivened their gloom. Two days later comes the last entry in the journal. It reads thus:

> Four of us that are still alive lie flat upon the ground in our hut; we believe we could still feed were there one among us who could stir out of the hut to get us some fuel. But nobody is able to stir out for pain. We spend our time in constant prayer to implore God's mercy to deliver us out of this misery, being ready whenever He pleases to call us. We are certainly not in a condition to live thus long without food or fire, and cannot assist one another in our mutual affliction, but must everyone bear our own burthens.

Later in the year whalers discovered the dead bodies of the writer and his companions, and brought back to Holland the mournful record of their deaths.

Shakespeare playing in his *Sonnets* with the fancy that 'that which is hath been before' wondered whether all human effort be not rotatory, and be not destined to repeat itself. Were the poet in a position to compare these heroic and tragic adventures in Arctic regions of his own era with Arctic or Antarctic exploration of our own century, he might have applied to some modern Polar episodes the last lines of his rotatory plea:

> To me [sc. they] are nothing novel, nothing strange;
> They are but dressings of a former sight.

VI

The shadowy medieval ambition to bring Europe into easy communication with Kubla Khan's mythical empire of opulent Cathay in the Far East is the parent of all geographical discovery of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The attempts to reach the marvellous kingdom by land were acknowledged by the end of the fifteenth century to have failed. As a consequence mariners of South Europe resolved on the hazard of a search by sea and thereby they quadrupled the knowledge of the earth's surface. The result of their enterprise belied their expectations. But the theoretic geographers of sixteenth-century Europe were disappointed rather than exhilarated by the discovery of South Africa and South America, and they vainly argued that if obstructive continents blocked western and south-eastern seas and thus impeded the ocean passage to Cathay, the narrower circumference of the earth round the North Pole might possibly offer superior facilities of communication of West and East.

Columbus himself, who began his seafaring career by a voyage one hundred leagues beyond the Isle of Thule (*i.e.* Shet-

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land), contemplated at the end of his life, after his glorious quest of the South Atlantic, a second journey to the Far North in order to test the Polar hope. Meanwhile other sailors took up the parable. John Cabot, a Venetian pilot, induced Bristol merchants at the end of the fifteenth century to commission an expedition for Cathay across the North Atlantic. Portuguese ships soon pursued the same tracks, and they caught a first fleeting glimpse of what was to be called hereafter Hudson Bay. Frenchmen subsequently lifted the curtain on Canada. These efforts proved of service by revealing to Europe fertile fishing-grounds, but the Arctic regions were still out of sight. Nothing was learnt of Polar seas nor of a passage through them.

Spain and Portugal claimed the ownership of newly found land and sea in Temperate or Torrid zones, and England showed for the time no disposition to question their pretension. But the extreme North fell outside the bounds of Spanish and Portuguese ambition. And enterprising Englishmen came by slow degrees to argue that their country's northerly position destined her to occupy the Arctic surface of the world and to solve the riddle of Cathay. In 1553 England set out on her career of Arctic pioneer by despatching an expedition to seek Cathay by the North-East Passage. It is a date which looms large in Arctic history. Three ships, the *Bona Esperanza*, 120 tons; the *Bona Confidentia*, 90 tons, and the *Edward Bonaventura*, 160 tons, each carrying a pinnace and a boat, left Ratcliffe on the Thames 'to make search and discovery of the northern part of the world.' The expenses were defrayed by London merchants. The command was entrusted to a soldier, Sir Hugh Willoughby, who does not seem to have enjoyed previous experience of the sea. The pilot-general was Richard Chancellor, who had sailed in the Mediterranean. Provisions of meal, beer, and salt meat were taken for a cruise of eighteen months, six months on the outward course, six months on the homeward, and six months' anchorage if the extremity of the winter compelled it. All the conditions were unprecedented. The leaders confessed fear of the unknown climate, of barbarous and cruel natives, of terrible monsters of the deep; they dreaded, too, difficulty in maintaining discipline among the crews. Yet they looked forward to delivering to the ruler of Cathay a letter which they carried from King Edward the Sixth.

From the Shetland Isles they crossed, amid violent winds and thick mists, to the islands of the Norwegian coast. Soon they perceived 'that the land lay not as the globe maps mention.' The fog parted the little fleet. The *Edward Bonaventura*, Chancellor's ship, was separated from her two companions,

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the *Bona Esperanza*, in which Willoughby sailed, and the *Bona Confidentia*. Willoughby and his companion vessel pressed beyond the North Cape into the Far Eastern sea, and they sighted an island, which has been identified with the lower half of Nova Zembla, though others have denied that Willoughby sailed beyond Kolguev Island. He christened the vaguely defined territory Willoughby's Land.

Then the two ships turning on their course anchored in a natural harbour off Lapland, where the winter, as we have seen, brought death to all. The sixty-nine dead included nine London merchants, who had come out on the chance of new trade, and two surgeons. The disaster was assigned by early observers to want of experience 'in making caves and stoves.'

Meanwhile Willoughby's colleague Chancellor met with better fortune. He successfully brought the *Edward Bonaventura* into the White Sea, to a spot near which the town of Archangel was built later. Thence he made his way by the river Dwina to Moscow. England thus discovered the kingdom of Russia. Notable results followed immediately: England inaugurated political and commercial relations with the newly found kingdom. Willoughby and his friends had missed the goal which they sought, but compensation was not lacking. Thenceforth during Shakespeare's lifetime Chancellor's northern passage to the White Sea was constantly navigated, and Elizabethan statesmen and merchants won Russia's friendship through this circuitous avenue. But Chancellor himself did not enjoy his triumph long. He returned in his old ship to the White Sea a year after his first voyage, and was wrecked on the homeward course off Pitsligo in Scotland. He and many of those with him were drowned. Heavy was the first toll which the North Sea claimed of England.

VII

Disaster proved no deterrent to Tudor seamen. Chancellor's sailing-master, Stephen Borough, did not accompany the second Russian voyage, but he left Ratcliffe independently on the 23rd of April 1556 with a view to ascertaining Willoughby's fate. He established a new record by first passing into the Kara Sea through the strait to the south of Nova Zembla. Borough was the first English sailor to report on the mysteries of floating ice, a 'terrible heap' of which approached so near his vessel as almost to overwhelm it in the Kara Sea on the 5th of August 1556.

English sailors, who pursued Willoughby's and Borough's tracks, kept for the time within the limits of their pioneer routes. Whales were seen to abound in northern seas, and a whaling industry was gradually organised by way of supplement to the

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Russia trade. But geographers and men of science did not cease to study the chances of a North-East Arctic passage with a child-like faith in medieval fables. Richard Hakluyt, not without justification, feared foreign competition, and he recommended somewhat prematurely the occupation or fortification of an Arctic island, so as to hold the Arctic road to Cathay against all comers. In 1580 a new and strenuous effort was planned on Hakluyt's urgent advice. Two small ships—the *George*, of forty tons, and the *William* of twenty tons, carrying all told only fourteen men and two boys—were equipped by London merchants under the respective commands of Arthur Pet, of Ratcliffe, and Charles Jackman, of Poplar, for a two years' expedition. The instructions were a curious medley of sound sense and credulity. The mariners were to sail between latitudes 70 degrees and 80 degrees, but must go no further north than 85 degrees, *i.e.* within five degrees of the Pole. It was admitted to be uncertain whether land or sea would be found in that direction. Careful note was to be taken of the variations of the compass, of the tides and of the currents. The winter might be passed in Nova Zembla. The rumour ran that sea-water in very high latitudes was fresh; and inquiry was urged into the subsequently established fact that melted ice on the frozen surface of the sea yielded fresh water. Other instructions betrayed greater innocence. As soon as the voyagers came among the mythical people of Cambalu and Quinsay, they were to impress the strangers' minds with England's greatness by exhibiting maps of the country and of London, together with specimens of English manufactures, such as broadcloth, gloves, shoes, soaps, and wax candles.

With high hopes the two barques left Harwich on the 3rd of May 1580. But they miscalculated the force of the ice. Soon after leaving Vardö, beyond the North Cape, icebergs, ice-floes, and pack-ice barred their advance. With heroic persistency they sought to penetrate the obstruction. But every day 'the ice increased upon them,' and in September snowstorms and fogs drove them back on Kolguev. Before the end of the month the ships parted company; Pet in the *George* arrived safe at Ratcliffe on the 26th of September, after some five months' cruise. In Tragedy, meanwhile, pursued Jackman in the *William*. In October he landed on some northerly point on the Norwegian coast, and managed to winter there without serious mischance. But the second English experience of the Arctic winter proved a little more fortunate than the first. In February Jackman and his men set out for England, and nothing more was heard of them or of their ship.

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VIII

There was good ground for Hakluyt's prophecy that other nations of Europe would contest any claim on England's part to monopolise the Arctic east, however inhospitable the climate proved. A challenge soon came from Holland. The new Dutch republic was about to set at defiance the seafaring energy of all the world. Spain, Portugal, and France were soon to find their sway of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans shaken by Dutch fleets. But it was in the North, in the Arctic Circle, that Holland was first to prove conspicuously her powers of maritime endurance. Like England she fixed her hopes on the North-East Passage and the mythical wealth of Cathay. Her first entry into the Arctic regions dismayed England by its daring. Willem Barents, an Amsterdam mariner, the Arctic hero of Holland in Shakespeare's era, began his Arctic career in the summer of 1594 with a descent on Nova Zembla. A second expedition next year achieved little; but on the 18th of May 1596 Barents left Holland on a very stirring errand. After discovering Spitzbergen he explored unknown portions of the coast of Nova Zembla, and being hemmed in by the ice was forced to winter in that forbidding refuge. A house was built, and the rigours of an Arctic winter were faced with cheerful heroism and infinite ingenuity. Fuel was abundant, and a fair number of foxes were trapped for food. But the Dutchmen's story of their sufferings from frost occasionally strains belief. Linen taken out of hot water instantly froze hard. Liquids removed in cooking utensils from the fire became solids. As the men sat at their crude hearth the stockings on their feet burnt before they felt any heat. The toll of life inevitably proved heavy. In the spring it was found impossible to extricate their imprisoned ship; and on the 13th of June twelve survivors left the Arctic island in two small boats. Five died of exposure on the passage westwards, and among them Barents himself.

The ultimate arrival at the Hague of the remnant of the expedition evoked a national rejoicing. Many Dutchmen quickly pursued the North-East trail. Yet Nova Zembla was not revisited by any white man till 1871, when a Norwegian explorer, Captain Elling Carlsen, discovered Barents' winter quarters much as he had left them; though the house was in ruins, the ship's cooking pans of copper, the carpenters' tools, nails, a flute, fire-arms, pieces of rope, gloves, candles were found uninjured, and fragments of a Bible and other books were still legible.

Thenceforth the Dutch and the English both claimed the Arctic seas and islands of the Eastern Hemisphere in spite of all difficulties of access. The whaling industry there grew to

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be a bone of perilous contention between the nations. But the English were not to be evicted. Through the early years of the seventeenth century a long procession of English ships wended its way to the Arctic Circle on the eastern side of the globe. Some were commissioned 'for a further discovery to be made towards the North Pole,' and others were merely ordered to make fuller survey of the North-East Passage; all were bidden to do what they could to develop the whaling industry. Spitzbergen was very carefully surveyed and English names were strewn about it and the neighbouring islands.

A vigorous attempt to cross the frozen sea to the north of Spitzbergen failed. In May 1615, the year before Shakespeare died, Robert Fotherby, in command of as many as eight ships, despatched anew 'for discovery of seas, lands, and islands to the northward,' vainly spent nearly three months in seeking an outlet through the Spitzbergen ice into the Polar ocean. On his return he refused to allow that he was disheartened, and he advised that the endeavour should be annually renewed. He recommended that a pinnace with ten men should be sent each year at the modest cost of 150*l.* to 200*l.* to see whether the ice could be got through. Fotherby's advice was not neglected. But no decisive advance was achieved beyond Spitzbergen for more than two centuries.

Yet the subjects of James the First boldly faced the problem of subsistence in Arctic latitudes. Englishmen of Fotherby's generation set up in Spitzbergen a summer whaling station, which prospered for a time in spite of Dutch competition. James the First was proclaimed by English mariners to be king of 'this new land,' while the Dutch conferred identical honours of dominion on Prince Maurice of Orange, the Dutch stadtholder. The region remained, in fact, a 'no-man's land.' The zeal for the Polar and the North-East Passages drooped amid the battle for blubber, train-oil, and whalebone; but failure to regulate the slaughter of the whales and walruses threatened the supply, and the Arctic regions of the East in the century following Shakespeare's death gradually lost their attraction with the decay of valuable animal life.

IX

Meanwhile more strenuous English effort was concentrated on the western side of the Arctic Circle. Sir Humphrey Gilbert, a man of enterprise, learning, and social position, was powerfully pleading through the early years of Queen Elizabeth's reign for a North-West Passage, which he reckoned to be shorter than a North-East Passage, to Cathay. Gilbert accepted the strange misconceptions which had been formed by speculative

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geographers regarding the North American Continent and the farther North-West. All was imagined to be a multitude of islands of varied shapes and sizes. An element of truth lurked in the description, but it was discounted by the assumption that Canada was formed of small fragments of the Arctic archipelago, outposts of which stretched into the mid Atlantic. Gilbert's personal investigation was limited to a voyage to the Island of Newfoundland, which cost him his life. Taking a southern course on his return, he was lost off the Island of the Azores. His spirit ran high to the last. A fit epitaph is offered by his own words: 'He is not worthy to live at all who for fear or danger of death shunneth his country's service or his own honour; since death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal.'

Friends of Gilbert meanwhile planned a bolder experiment. It was at Gilbert's entreaty that Martin Frobisher made his three famous voyages to the North-West. On the 7th of June 1576 Frobisher left Blackwall in command of two little vessels, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, each of some twenty-five tons, in order to cross to Asia by the North-West Passage. The *Michael* soon turned back. Frobisher traversed the North Atlantic and entered an inlet thenceforth to be called Frobisher Bay. With singular credulity he mistook it for the desired passage. It was the southernmost indentation of what is now Baffinland. The latitude is the same as the Faroe Isles, many leagues to the south of the Arctic Circle. Frobisher landed on the southern shore, and christening the land 'Meta Incognita' claimed to occupy it for the Queen of England. This region was the scene of all Frobisher's North-Western adventures, which wofully belied expectation. A shining piece of mica which was discovered on his first voyage was mistaken for gold, and the error was to corrupt the whole enterprise. Some of his earliest experiences widened knowledge of geography and climate. On the 11th of July 1576 he first saw in the distance the western mountains of Greenland 'rising like pinnacles of steeples, and all covered with snow.' During August in the North Sea the snow lay a foot thick on the hatches of his ship. But his friends at home rated his alleged glimpse of gold higher than any of his observations.

Next year Frobisher conducted to his newly discovered country a second expedition of more imposing character. Besides his two former barques the Queen lent a ship of the Navy, the *Aid*, of 180 tons. The aim was frankly admitted to be precious metal, and no geographical purpose was claimed. One hundred and forty men of position were enlisted to share the plunder. Victuals were taken for six months, although the voyage only lasted four (the 26th of May to the 17th of September 1577).

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Ice threatened the entrance into Frobisher Bay, and notable addition was made to the existing lore of icebergs.

> Whoso maketh navigations to those countries [writes the historian of the voyage] hath not only extreme winds and furious seas to encounter withal, but also many monstrous and great islands of ice: a thing both rare, wonderful and greatly to be regarded.

Blocks of ore weighing 200 tons were the only prize of the expedition, and again they yielded nothing but valueless mica. Yet the sanguine speculators remained undaunted. For a third time Frobisher crossed the North Atlantic on the vain golden quest. The fleet now consisted of as many as fifteen ships. No precaution was willingly overlooked. Materials were carried for building a wooden house, to be set up in 'Meta Incognita.' There it was resolved to provide winter lodging for a company of 100 men, consisting of sailors, miners, soldiers, bakers, and carpenters. Thus might the auriferous capacity of Arctic America be thoroughly tested and the imagined mines be secured by Englishmen. In spite of hard teaching to the contrary, it was still believed that the Arctic climate would prove to be 'delicate, commodious, and wholesome,' when once it was adequately tried. Animal life was known to be abundant and to supply ample food. The severe cold on the North Atlantic which had previously disturbed the travellers' equanimity was attributed to the icebergs set in motion by summer heat. Once out of their range it was innocently presumed that the temperature would prove benign.

Frobisher's third expedition left Gravesend at the end of May 1578 amid much public excitement. The commander received Queen Elizabeth's good wishes from her own lips at Greenwich Palace, and a chain of gold from her hand. Once again Frobisher sighted Greenland, and he christened its western shore West England, and one of the neighbouring peaks Charing Cross. He passed onwards under the illusion that the great continent was a comparatively small island. Icebergs of mountainous dimensions barred his approach to the American coast. Through faulty navigation he was driven south into the entrance of what was to be known as Hudson Strait, instead of making, as he intended, for Frobisher Bay, which lay further to the north. Involuntarily he broke new ground and once more enjoyed new experience. The month of July saw English ships engaged in a more stubborn fight with the ice-floe than history had yet recorded. Poles, pikes, and pieces of timber were wielded night and day to break the impact of the frozen masses on the ship's sides. But the cloud had some silver lining. The sailors found novel recreation in walking many miles over the

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frozen water, and they were invigorated by the fresh-water pools which formed on its surface. Butts were set up and seals were shot with calivers. At length Frobisher Bay was regained, and a landing was effected on familiar ground. But the scheme of sojourning there for the winter was rediscussed and abandoned. Although the expedition never passed above 62° latitude, the cold, according to credible reports, was more intense than any that had been endured, ten degrees higher in the Eastern hemisphere. Throughout the journey the rate of mortality—forty deaths out of some four hundred—was disheartening. In October the ships reached England, again carrying a mass of useless minerals which was mistaken for gold ore. All hope of profit sank when the useless rock was assayed. Disappointment was universal, and Frobisher, who incurred blame from rash investors, did not repeat his northern endeavours.

Yet, despite the poor material results, some useful Arctic lessons had been learned. A new chapter in the history of ice was opened. Native Eskimos taught Englishmen how to travel on ice with sledges drawn by dogs, and how to make fitting clothes of the skins of seal, fox, deer, and bear. In summer the skins were to be worn with the hair outside, and in winter they were to be folded four or five times, with the hair always inside. Specimens of the costume were brought home for future use.

X

Where Frobisher showed a small taper a contemporary was soon to hold a large candle. John Davis, a master-mind among Elizabethan navigators, took up Frobisher's cue in 1585, and during that and the two following summers he reaped as an Arctic explorer a harvest of greater price than gold. Danes of Iceland had settled in Greenland two or three centuries earlier. But they had long since abandoned the Continent as uninhabitable. Frobisher had caught only hazy glimpses of the coast; its true shape and physical character remained unknown until Davis practically brought it within men's ken. On his first voyage he spent a fortnight in the southern extremity which he well named 'The Land of Desolation.' Then he coasted northwards, stubbornly forcing a passage through the icefloes of what was to be called thenceforth Davis Strait. Subsequently he travelled 732 miles up the west coast of the Greenland continent, half its length. To his furthest point, a great beetling cliff, in latitude 72° 12′, he gave the surviving title of 'Sanderson his Hope,' thereby commemorating his merchant patron William Sanderson, of London. Beyond, he mysteriously thought to discern a great sea 'free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable

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depth.' He imagined that he was in presence of the fabled North Polar ocean which never froze all over. He left the solution of his puzzle to a younger contemporary, William Baffin. Between them they lifted the curtain on Arctic waters heroically high.

Crossing the ice-infested sea to the North American coast west of Greenland, he there sought eagerly for the North-West Passage. He examined many inlets far above Frobisher Bay, and, like other Elizabethan explorers, he imagined each one to be his longed-for passage till land barred his way and confuted his theory. He failed to identify Frobisher's course and gave Frobisher Bay the new name of 'Lord Lumley's Inlet,' after another of his patrons. Nor does he seem to have been aware that, when he entered the Strait to be called after Hudson, Frobisher had been in that direction before him. The historian of Davis's voyage gave, however, a far fuller and more vivid description of that Strait than was before accessible. It was now described as 'a terrible gulf and whirlpool,' as 'a furious overfall,' 'a very great gulf of water whirling and roaring, as it were the meeting of tides.' Davis failed to penetrate the Strait. But his stirring account of it and his daring seamanship stimulated others to master its perils. On his last Arctic voyage Davis proved the quality of his courage by threading sea and ice in a clincher-built pinnace of only twenty tons.

Vast was the addition Davis made to Elizabethan knowledge of geography, natural history, physical phenomena, and navigation in Arctic regions. A man of letters, he was able to embody his observations in books on hydrography and navigation. It was a notable part of Davis's exploits to prove that Greenland is the nursery of Atlantic icebergs. Wandering up a fiord, he saw the great glacier which envelopes the interior, and watched it forcing its way through the clefts of the granite mountains which encircle the coast. He observed how gigantic masses of ice and rock broke over the mountains, and, falling into the ocean, drifted south, to the peril of navigation. Ice of all conditions came his way. Battling with the middle pack in Davis Strait, he described the thunderous noise with which the large pieces of ice ground against one another. He grows enthusiastic over the wealth of animal life, describing with gusto encounters with whales, white bears, and reindeers, and boasting of his sport with gulls and guillemots. He saw reindeers as well as dogs drawing sledges over ice. He complains of the heat amid the ice in July, and feelingly pictures the grievous torments of mosquitos. Not all his conclusions were just. He piously believed that the Pole was quite accessible, and that there were people living there in felicity, whether in the summer sunlight or in the winter moon-

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light. He was confident that God had created a North-West Passage for Englishmen's infinite happiness, and for the glory of her Majesty.

XI

Some years elapsed before Davis's course was retraced. Tragic disaster was to hamper much of the fresh activity. With the opening of the seventeenth century a ship engaged in Arctic exploration for the first of several times in Shakespeare's era was given the since familiar name of *Discovery*. The earliest vessel to be thus christened was of seventy tons. She sailed with a consort *Godspeed* of forty tons from Ratcliffe on the 6th of May 1602. They were victualled for eighteen months. The commander, George Weymouth, was new to nautical responsibilities. Frobisher's tracks were followed, and the coast of Meta Incognita was rounded into Hudson Strait. But the cold fog, which froze as fast as it fell, bred among the men a spirit of mutiny, which it is said the chaplain fostered. Weymouth turned home after four months, having accomplished practically nothing. In April, two years later, a little barque of forty tons, the *Hopewell*, once more steered for the North-West Passage, but her leader, one John Knight, was slain, with three sailors, by Eskimos, on the Greenland coast. Arctic adventure was indeed to find new obstruction in the unsocial instincts of civilised as well as of uncivilised man.

Some foreign rivalry was to attend English progress in the western Arctic region as in the eastern Arctic. But the western interlopers were less formidable than the eastern, although they boasted a better title. The Danes were stirred by the English exploits to seek in the icy continent of Greenland traces of the Danish colony of which all clue had been lost for more than two centuries. The Danes gracefully enlisted English co-operation in the search. In the three years 1605-7 James Hall, a native of Hull, piloted three Danish expeditions under royal auspices to the Greenland coast. Each time a landing was effected with difficulty amid the ice, but no success attended the quest of the old Danish settlements. Subsequently Hall rejoined the English service, and continued the exploration of Greenland in behalf of English masters. But martyrdom rewarded the transfer of his energies. Far north on the west coast of Greenland a native's dart dealt him a fatal wound, and, by his own request, he was buried at hand 'in some out-island.' Hall seems to be the first Englishman who found a burial place in view of Greenland's icy mountains.

While Hall was voyaging to Greenland a greater sailor than he entered the Arctic field. Henry Hudson's range of explora-

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tion was wider than that of any other man of his time. Yet his activity, as far as it is known, began and ended within a brief period of four years (1607-11). He comes into the ken of history when he sailed from Ratcliffe for Spitzbergen on the 19th of April 1607. His life ended in Hudson Bay in the course of June 1611. Of his four Arctic voyages the first three were directed to the Arctic north-east; but in the course of the third he passed from the Eastern hemisphere into the West. The fourth and last voyage was alone aimed at the North-West Passage.

Hudson's first voyage was described as 'a discoverie toward the North Pole, set forth at the charge of certaine worshipfull merchants of London.' No earlier expedition was credited so directly with the goal of the Pole. Hudson reached without delay the north-east corner of Spitzbergen, and named it for ever Hakluyt Headland. He claimed, somewhat doubtfully, to have gone beyond it, as far as latitude 82°. But his attempt to round the north coast of the island failed, and he clearly did not touch a higher point of land than 80° 23′. Nevertheless no more northerly boundary was achieved in the Arctic region by any navigator of the day, and for nearly two hundred years afterwards Hudson's latitude remained the record. Only Parry appreciably outdistanced it in 1827.

On his way back to the Thames in 1607 Hudson discovered an island (noted for its mighty mountain) which he called 'Hudson's Touches'; it is now known by the Danish name of Jan Mayen. Next year—1608—Hudson sailed for a second time in the same direction. But his objective was now Cathay rather than the Pole, and he sought to penetrate beyond Nova Zembla. He landed on the island hoping to find traces of Willoughby's alleged presence there fifty-five years before. The ice checked further progress. The Dutch, however, acknowledged Hudson's promise, and tempted him for the subsequent season to lend them his energetic aid. It was in the service of the Dutch East India Company that a year later he returned to Nova Zembla. He looked forward once more to piercing the Siberian sea, but his Dutch crew declined to follow him into regions so remote. Crossing to the more familiar Atlantic Ocean, he amply compensated his employers for his change of course. For the first time he sighted Sandy Hook and Manhattan Island, and ascended the river which goes by his name through New York State. By a freak of fortune Holland enjoyed the initial benefits of these notable English discoveries.

Hudson's abandonment of his country's service was short. It would have been well for him had he postponed his re-enlistment at home. In the penultimate year of his life, in 1610, he

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made, under English auspices, a final incursion into the Arctic circle of the Western hemisphere, and he inscribed his surname on a still larger section of the North American map. The effort had a tragic issue, and his reward was the cruellest death known to the annals of the sea. Leaving Greenhithe on the 26th of April 1610, in the seasoned *Discovery*, with twenty-one men aboard, he arrived at 'the furious overfall' which had checked the advance of both Frobisher and Davis, and at length he pushed through it into the land-locked sea beyond, into the Mediterranean of America. The entry and the inland sea itself were christened respectively Hudson Strait and Hudson Bay. It was thus that Hudson Bay was revealed to the modern world. On the 1st of November Hudson was near the southern extremity, and the wintry weather compelled a halt. On the 10th of November the *Discovery* was 'frozen in,' and nearly seven months were spent on a frost-ridden shore. Provisions, which were ample for a six months' stay, gradually grew scanty. Edible prey included partridges, swans, geese, ducks, and teal, but all was 'hard to come by.' At need 'moss of the ground' and frogs were eaten, but with the approach of summer fish grew abundant. The mortality was not high, although the gunner died soon after the camp was formed, and subsequently scurvy threatened. But a fatal disaffection spread among the crew, and Hudson was freely blamed for the perils and discomforts.

June was well advanced before the ice allowed the breaking up of the winter quarters. No sooner had the ship set sail on its way to the outlet of Hudson Bay than mutiny got the upper hand. The mutineers, who boasted a slight numerical majority, resolved to set adrift Hudson and eight companions. The marked men numbered, besides the captain, his young son John, who had been a companion of all his voyages, an intimate friend Thomas Woodhouse, a mathematician, with Henry King the carpenter, and the chief mate, who were men well-disposed to Hudson; four sick sailors who were stricken with scurvy completed the toll of the mutineers' victims. The base conspiracy was worked with success. The condemned party was taken by surprise and forced into a shallop, which was turned into the open sea. A little meal was all the food left with the castaways. When the inhuman deed was done the *Discovery* set all sail and hurried away. Nothing was heard of the fate of Hudson and his companions, but that they all perished miserably on the scene of their leader's greatest exploit cannot be doubted.

The crime leaves an indelible stain on the history of English exploration. Some retribution pursued the criminals. The five ringleaders of the mutiny were slain by Eskimos as they sought to land near Hudson Strait, and a sixth succumbed to the

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tortures of hunger on the Atlantic voyage. The five survivors reached Plymouth more dead than alive. They repudiated responsibility for the brutal murder of Hudson and his comrades, and their asseverations were accepted without legal inquiry. One of them indeed, Robert Bylot, engaged in much further Arctic exploration.

Very tardily, in May 1612, an expedition was sent to Hudson Bay to ascertain Hudson's fate and to make further exploration within the range of his voyage. Of two ships under Thomas Button, one, a pinnace, was once more named the *Discovery*. No trace of Hudson was found. But there was much examination of the west coast of Hudson Bay, and many islands, including Southampton Island, were named. Button denied the existence of any western outlet, and his error remained unconfuted for nearly two centuries. He spent the winter much as Hudson had done, and although no mutiny threatened his safety or blackened the credit of his crew, the loss of life from privation was great. Another voyage was designed for Hudson Bay in 1614, in a ship again called the *Discovery*. But the vessel failed even to cross Hudson Strait, and was for months stranded on the Labrador coast.

XII

Meanwhile another naval hero had entered the Arctic field, and his achievements gloriously end the story of the quest of the North-West Passage and of the North Pole in Shakespeare's era. William Baffin is a comparatively late comer on the Arctic scene. Nothing is heard of him till 1612, when he served as pilot on a voyage of small account intended to prospect for mineral ore on the west coast of Greenland. In each of the two following years he accompanied fishing fleets to Spitzbergen. There he carried out much novel and useful observation, climbing, in 1614, a high mountain in the island to determine how far the ice extended inland and at sea. In 1615 he began his adventures in the north-west, as pilot of the *Discovery*, apparently Hudson's vessel, which once more sailed westwards. Baffin extended very far the survey of the northern portions of Hudson Bay, and he did his work with a scientific precision which no contemporary excelled. He made careful notes of the tides, and his accuracy was amply confirmed when Captain Parry pursued the tracks anew in 1821, and completed the nautical description of Hudson Bay. Baffin shared Button's unjustified scepticism respecting a northern exit. But there was better warrant for his conclusion that the North-West Passage was more likely to be found off the western coast of Greenland than through

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Hudson Bay. Next year he set forth to test this theory. His patrons were convinced by his argument, and his sailing instructions credulously ordered him, on arriving in latitude 80° off Greenland, to turn in a south-westerly direction, which would take him to Japan without loss of time.

On the 26th of March 1616, rather earlier in the season than was customary for Arctic mariners, Baffin sailed from Gravesend, again as pilot in the *Discovery*, with Bylot as master. On the 30th of May he was at 'Sanderson his Hope,' the furthest point on the Greenland coast, which Davis compassed thirty years before. No one had approached it since. There Baffin vainly sought for the water which Davis had described from a distance as a 'very salt and very blue sea of an unsearchable depth.' Ice now obstructed Baffin's path, and, failing to pierce the middle pack of ice, he coasted north through the icefloe off the coast. The journey took him some 500 to 600 miles through what has since been known as Baffin Bay. He halted in 78° at the inlet which he called Smith Sound. He went no further north. Deeming the sound impassable, he turned south and examined on the western coast of Baffin Bay many other inlets, but none of them seemed to him to be penetrable. The North-West Passage still eluded him. As he sailed onward in the newly found region of Baffin Bay he christened islands, headlands, and inlets after patrons and friends, and the mighty island which bounds Baffin Bay to the south was called Baffinland, by way of attesting the scope of his discoveries.

The inlets which defeated Baffin's purpose remained unexplored till the nineteenth century. Then most of them were pierced for the first time. Smith's Sound is Baffin's chief monument. It was an American Arctic explorer, Elisha Kent Kane, who in 1853 first went further than Baffin through that outlet and proved it to be a channel. In 1870 another American, Charles Francis Hall, completed what Baffin and Kane had begun, and passed out through Smith's Sound into the open polar sea. That route finally conducted Peary to the North Pole in 1909. As a skilled chart-maker, as a narrator of travel, as an astronomical observer, Baffin ranks with those who followed in his footsteps in Arctic lands and seas.

XIII

The record of Arctic exploration in Shakespeare's era has more than an antiquarian interest. The story has practical value. Those who subsequently traversed the old ground owed much to their Elizabethan guides. The Arctic experience of Shakespeare's contemporaries illustrates the adaptability, in resolute hands, of small and inadequate means to great ends.

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The travellers credited many fables of geography and science which precise knowledge of later epochs has laid aside. But the Elizabethan darkness is brightened by numerous flashes of intuition. Baffin and Davis, despite their lack of scientific appliances, made observations of tides and currents, of sun and moon, of native races and of animal life, which entitle them to the rank of scientific explorers. It is clear that the first steps in unknown spheres of effort cost a larger measure of courage and daring than any subsequent pursuit of the original clues. Elizabethan adventure in the Arctic regions was discovery in a more literal sense than that of any of their many eminent successors. Arctic exploration forms a chapter in Elizabethan history which has for the most part faded from memory. No just account of Shakespeare's era is complete without its due commemoration.

SIDNEY LEE.

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WHAT SHAKESPEARE SAW IN NATURE

A CRITIC of irreproachable honesty, who was in his day a successful dramatist, a poet of distinction, an admirable classical scholar, and who had the inestimable advantage of knowing Shakespeare both as a man and an author, wrote two lines which, amongst others, were affectionately inscribed 'To the Memory of my Beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.' They run as follows:

> Nature herself was proud of his designs,
> And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines.

The writer was one Ben Jonson—a name that should to-day be as good as a biography. Was Ben Jonson justified in writing as he did? I think he was, and should like to give some reasons for my belief.

Yet to say with any satisfying exactness what Shakespeare saw in nature, within the limits afforded to me, is naturally impossible. Many volumes have been written upon his almost limitless range of vision; and many volumes more might be filled with the poetry into which he wove the natural objects, large or insignificant, which engaged even for a moment the keenness of his unforgetting observation. One can at best but gather from the mighty mass some random samples, some flashing touches of the master's hand, some of the cameo gems that stud his works, with here and there a vignette, or even perhaps at times a full-length portrait of the dwellers in field or forest or air, whose trivial existence and generally unnoticed paths of life were absorbed by so consummate an artist and made in one way or another a leading feature in his poems and his plays.

In speaking of what Shakespeare saw in nature, it must be understood that human nature is not included. I deal only with what he was given to see in his wanderings in the countryside surrounding Stratford-on-Avon—in those early days when, either as a schoolboy, an enthusiastic follower of the sports of his time, or a mere lover of wild-wood life or rustic landscape, his young mind was drinking in deep draughts of all that country life contained, the recollection of which, so far from being obliterated by his residence in London, was possibly intensified by the very contrast which he found between the city of that

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day and the peace of those quiet woodland regions which he had made up his mind to leave for at least some time. Expressions of a love of country life are indeed so frequent on the lips of Shakespeare's characters as to furnish in themselves a very excellent reason to account for his early return to Stratford, in spite of the success which attended his life in the metropolis; and, as Mr. Justice Madden reminds us in that learned and delightful volume, *The Diary of Master William Silence*, it is a somewhat significant fact that Shakespeare continued to be described in legal documents throughout his life as of Stratford-on-Avon, the place he seems to have regarded as his permanent abode.

I should be slow, however, to suggest that one is to lay *too* much emphasis on words put by an author into the mouths of his dramatic characters. The fact that they *are* characters in a drama is in itself a fairly strong intimation that they are necessarily something outside the personality of their creator—and Shakespeare's characters are, of all others, so broadly individualised as to prevent us, as a rule, from falling into any exaggerations on this point. At the same time, there is one respect in which a very large number of his *dramatis personæ*, much as they may differ in other respects from one another, may be said to embody the very personality of the man who brought them into being—that is, in their genuine appreciation of outdoor rural nature; their keen-sighted observation of the ways of the birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the creeping things upon the earth, and, generally, in their intimate and first-hand knowledge of all that is connected with plant-lore, whether trees, shrubs, flowers, or grasses, and the many sorts of animal life which are commonly associated with such forms of vegetation.

I, of course, include under the term outdoor rural nature all that has to do with sport as practised in Shakespeare's day. It may be said, indeed, that in this particular respect his characters become so intimately identified with the creating dramatist himself as to make it possible, as Mr. Justice Madden has very ably demonstrated, to decide between the conflicting claims of the Quarto and the Folio, not to say the critic or emendator, in any disputed passage which contains a word or phrase relating to the terminology of hunting, with either hawk or hounds, in Elizabethan times.

Shakespeare's mind was at all times so possessed with images and recollections of English rural life, that he refrained not from attributing a like possession to men of all sorts and conditions, regardless of time, place, or circumstance. Prospero sets on his spirits in hunter's language, by names well known in Gloucestershire kennels. Ulysses compares

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Achilles sulking in his tent to a hart keeping thicket. The fallen Caesar suggests to Antony a noble hart, whose forest was the world, bayed and slain by blood-stained hunters. Titus Andronicus proclaims a solemn hunting after the fashion of Gloucestershire. Egyptians, Athenians, and Romans are intimately acquainted with the coursing matches of Cotswold. Roderigo of Venice and Pandarus of Troy speak the language of English sportsmen. Theseus hunts the country round Athens with hounds as thoroughly English as was the horse of Adonis.[1]

Even Juliet in Verona, and Othello the Moor of Venice, for all the apparent inappropriateness of their speech, are familiar as Shakespeare himself was with the exact terminology of falconry.

When dealing with Shakespeare as a writer on natural history it is, of course, of great importance to bear in mind the conditions of his time, and the knowledge of the subject then possessed by people of average education. It is interesting, too, to mark the difference between his methods of treating the subject and those adopted by other writers of the time. One and all, they may be said to have been profoundly ignorant of the science of natural history, all still saturated with the classical and mediaeval lore that then did duty with an uninvestigating populace for the complex realities of nature as we now understand them. Even Francis Bacon, close student as he was of nature in all her manifestations, had only reached the fringe of definite knowledge in this region, many of his conclusions in connection with flowers, mosses, caterpillars, and suchlike, being almost childish when considered in the light of more recent research. There is, however, no reason to blame the Elizabethans for being content with such information as they had to work on. Had they known more, their poetry would assuredly have been the poorer. What they did invariably know was the public for whom they wrote—whose minds were, like their own, steeped too often in traditional misconception of nature's inner working—caring no jot how the bee contrived to carry his honey to the hive, or whether the young cuckoo in reality bites off the head of the hedge-sparrow that brought him up. In all such matters poets and public were at one, and Shakespeare, in his big knowledge of humanity, knew it best of any. The poets of that day knew only that nature had filled the earth with things beyond man's comprehension—things that, as poets, they had no wish to probe below their outer film—things whose dissected anatomies would but kill the poetry which they might weave around such objects as a bountiful nature presented to their eyes in mountain, meadow, and forest, or by the riverside. It is in such a spirit they have painted for us in words the colours of the sun at its going

[1] *The Diary of Master William Silence.* London. 1907.

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down, yet told us nothing of either refraction or the aberration of light. They have caught in what they have sung for us the minstrelsy of thrush, and lark, and nightingale, and made their lines to ring with the music of these birds—and never a one of them is debtor to the ornithologist. It is the same with all else in nature which they touch on or describe—and the greatest amongst them was Shakespeare, for he loved the country with a greater love than any poet of his time, and he studied external nature in all her forms with a keener sense of observation, and with a broader and warmer sympathy. For the proper understanding of his attitude it is essential to remember that it was always with the aspects of natural objects his great descriptions have to do—the side of things that awakes in a poetic mind the fullest sense of beauty. Another great writer, whose word-paintings of nature have perhaps never been excelled by any but Shakespeare himself, has well explained this obvious requirement in picturing what is finest in the world of nature. Here is a passage from John Ruskin: 'We have found beauty in the tree yielding fruit, and in the herb yielding seed. How of the herb yielding *no* seed, the fruitless, flowerless lichen of the rock? Lichen and mosses . . . how of these?'

The writer goes on to describe these meek and humble forms of herbage in words of dazzling tenderness and beauty, but adds in a footnote: 'The reader must remember always that my work is concerning the aspects of things only: of course, a lichen has seeds just as other plants have, but not effectually or visibly for man.' And if Ruskin, with all his intimate knowledge of scientific botany, refuses to drag in the arid details of a wearisome reality, how much more is Shakespeare justified in taking a like course, at a time when the science of natural history was still largely encumbered with the swaddling clothes of mediaevalism and classical tradition? And it is because Shakespeare has given us only what he saw with his own eyes (except, perhaps, when he was borrowing) that Milton hails him as 'sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,' and describes him as warbling 'his native wood-notes wild': and who more fitting than Milton could be called to bear testimony to Shakespeare's greatness as nature's delineator?

Milton, it should be remembered, was fifteen years of age when the First Folio was issued from the press, being eight when Shakespeare died. He came, in fact, so closely after his greater predecessor, that one may turn aside for a moment to mark a contrast which exists between the treatment of nature by the one and by the other. Milton's knowledge of nature, and the uses he made of that knowledge, are so well enunciated by the late Mark Pattison that I do not hesitate to add, in his

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own words, a few extracts from what he has written. Referring to *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* he says :

> The two odes, taken together, present contrasted views of the scholar's life. . . . They are Milton's own moods, and might be employed as autobiography, depicting his studious days (in those years when he was forming his mind and hiving wisdom). But they are ideally and not literally true, just as the landscape of the odes is ideally, but not literally, that of the neighbourhood of Horton. The joyous mood is the mood of daytime, beginning with the first flight of the lark before dawn, and closing with music inducing sleep. The thoughtful mood is that of the same scholar studying through the night, and meditating in his solitary moonlight walk. For the country life of these idylls is not the life of the native of the country, peasant or proprietor, but of the scholar to whose emotions all the country objects are subordinated. Milton does not set himself to tell us what rural objects are like, but indicates them by their bearing on the life lived among them by his studious youth. Whereas in Browne's *Britannia's Pastorals* (1613-16), with which Milton was well acquainted, there is generally the faintest possible breath of human interest, in Milton, town and country are but scenery to the moods of the human agent. . . .
>
> It is misleading, then, when these odes are spoken of as 'masterpieces of description.' A naturalist discerns at once, in more than one minute touch, that the poet is not an accurate observer of nature, or thoroughly familiar with country life. As a town-bred youth, 'in populous city pent,' Milton missed that intimacy with rural sights and sounds which belongs, like the mother tongue, to those who have been born and bred among them. . . . Nature has for Milton the stimulus of novelty. Like other town poets, he knows nature less, but feels it more. What he does exactly render for us is not objective nature, but its effect upon the emotional life of the lettered student.[2]

Would it be too much to say that Milton was aware of his own deficiency as a nature-poet as compared with his predecessor when he wrote the lines on Shakespeare I have already quoted? If it were so, we get an added value in the word 'native,' which seems to show that Milton was well aware of the Stratford poet's opportunities of studying nature in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, and knew how he had incorporated the very atmosphere of that district with his writings.

A few quotations will, however, be of greater value than any general observations on Shakespeare's amazing range of vision in matters connected with the world of nature. I wonder if a more perfect picture of the quiet approach of dawn was ever portrayed than in these two lines :

> The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
> And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.

The language is simplicity itself; but behind it you can actually see the tiny lamp diminishing as broadening daylight steals silently over the earth. Take the cowslip, and note the

[2] *The English Poets*, etc. Edited by T. Humphry Ward. 1880.

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even microscopic minuteness with which its beauty is described as when *A Fairy* sings of his Queen :

> The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
> In their gold coats spots you see;
> Those be rubies, fairy favours—
> In those freckles live their savours:
> I must go seek some dewdrops here,
> To hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

The same colour features come out again in the picture of the sleeping Imogen :

> On her left breast
> A mole, cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
> In the bottom of a cowslip.

How fine, too, Titania's description of the topsy-turvy alteration of the seasons, brought about by her love-quarrel with the Fairy King :

> hoary-headed frosts
> Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
> And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
> An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
> Is, as in mockery, set.

The beauty of rain or dewdrop on a flower, as in the last cowslip passage, had a constant attraction for Shakespeare, and he uses it with great poetic tenderness :

> The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun,
> And with him rises *weeping*.

And again in Titania's lines :

> The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
> And when she weeps, weeps every little flower.

With Shakespeare, as is so often the case, the very mention of the name of the simplest flower unlooses with electric swiftness the current of his poetic recollection of all that his eyes have seen or ears have heard :

> daffodils,
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
> Or Cytherea's breath.

And if one would see in the clearest way the immeasurable distance between him and his great contemporary, it is only necessary to compare the foregoing flower passages with Bacon's well-known Essay 'Of Gardens.' In it some hundred flowers and trees are mentioned as 'things of beauty,' for the guidance of those who wish 'to garden finely,' yet never a one of them has even an adjective added to its ordinary name to commend it

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attractiveness or suggest a gardener's love of leaf or blossom. From start to finish—and it is one of the longest of the Essays—it is no better than a nurseryman's bald catalogue of seasonable plants. And of the writer we may say with Wordsworth :

> A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

When we come to Shakespeare's notice of the *very* small living things in nature, the mind jumps at once to Mercutio's unrivalled picture of Queen Mab and her chariot—without any question the most exquisitely finished gem in the literature of Dreams and Fairyland :

> and she comes . . .
> Drawn with a little team of atomies [3]
> Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
> Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
> The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
> The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
> The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:
> Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
> Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat. . . .

Poetry can go no further in weaving the most diminutive of living creatures into a dream-picture of such unapproachable perfection. Where all is perfect it is difficult to pick out any feature for special commendation; but, was it not an artist's crowning thought to put the gossamer 'ribbons' in the hands of that 'small *grey-coated* gnat'?

Some other instances, of a minor kind, may be quoted here to show the poet's sympathy with the humblest of God's creatures when ill-used :

> Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
> Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain.—*Venus and Adonis.*

> And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.—*Measure for Measure* III. i.

In what I have referred to up till now I have kept back any special mention of either butterflies, moths, crickets, or bees; and I have done so for this reason. An article was published a good many years ago in the *Quarterly Review* [4] which might well be passed by unnoticed but for its having recently been adopted, almost in its entirety, by the author of *The Shakespeare Problem Restated*, and followed to a very considerable extent by a distinguished literary Professor in his work on Shakespeare.

[3] Meaning the tiniest form of midges, as in *As You Like It* (III. v.) :

> 'Eyes that are the frail'st and softest things,
> Who shut their coward gates on atomies.'

[4] 'Shakespeare's Birds and Beasts,' April 1894.

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Commencing with what seems to be a misreading of wh... Johnson says in the preface to his well-known edition of Shak... speare's Works, the Reviewer proceeds to demonstrate by ... series of distorted conclusions that Shakespeare had no re... sympathy or knowledge of a personal sort in his treatment ... the wild birds and wild animals which he has mentioned i... his works; and that—to put the matter shortly—his acquaintan... with such subjects was the result of *reading* and not of observa... tion. Among the extraordinary statements contained in th... congeries of curious assertions in reference to Shakespeare i... this:

> He has no butterflies in his sunshine, no moths in his twilight, n... crickets in his meadows, no bees in his flowers. Living creatures do no... slip naturally into his landscape. When he thought of being out in th... field and garden and orchard he did not think of the small life that goes... to gladden the scene, and makes 'the country' so blithe and beautiful fo... most of us.

This strange example of unpardonable nonsense can best be answered by Shakespeare himself. Let us take it step by step. 'No butterflies in his sunshine.' When Cominius is speaking of Coriolanus and the Volscians he says:

> they follow him
> Against us brats, with no less confidence
> Than boys pursuing summer butterflies.

And it is in the same play that Valeria tells Volumnia how she had seen the young Coriolanus run 'after a gilded butterfly' and 'mammock' it. Again, when the enamoured Titania gives her commands to her quartette of fairies who are to wait on Bottom the Weaver, her words are:

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes; . . . .
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
> To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.

Lear, too, as the tragedy is deepening around himself and Cordelia, refusing to give way to weeping, cries to her:

> Let's away to prison;
> We two alone will sing like birds in the cage;
> . . . And tell old tales and laugh
> At gilded butterflies;

while *Troilus and Cressida* supplies us with:

> For men, like butterflies,
> Show not their mealy wings but to the summer.

'No moths in his twilight.' Supposing there were none, it is hard to understand why their absence should stamp a poet as unsympathetic with the smaller things in living nature. But

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the truth is there *are* moths, only that Shakespeare's moths are —quite correctly—the little insects that lead a lazy life eating our clothes, and when they do come out in the twilight getting singed by the candle for their pains. Shakespeare's complete accuracy in this small matter is well illustrated by an observation of Bacon, who in his *Natural History* remarks: 'The moth breedeth upon cloth and other lanifices, especially if they be laid up dankish and wet. It delighteth to be about the flame of a candle' (Cent. vii. Spedding II. 558). So Shakespeare is shown to have known what a *moth* was in his own day better than the writer of the article in question.

'No crickets in his meadows.' Here the *Quarterly Reviewer* speaks the exact truth, though it does not help him in his argument, for, as a matter of fact, crickets were not to be found in the Stratford meadows in Elizabethan times, or in any other meadows of that day; and Shakespeare when he mentions them, as he often does, makes them, correctly, dwellers by the fireplace and the oven, as when Mamillius begins his tale:

> I will tell it softly:
> Yond crickets shall not hear it.—*Winter's Tale* II. i.

The proverbial merriment of this little animal is alluded to in *Henry IV.*; its singing in *Cymbeline*; and Lady Macbeth hears its cry when waiting for her husband while Duncan is being murdered in his sleep.

'No bees in his flowers.' Has this weird critic forgotten

> Where the bee sucks there suck I?

Could he not remember Bottom's anxious appeal to his fairy emissary, 'Mounsieur Cobweb, good Mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag'—and so on? It is little less than humiliating to recall such passages in disproof of wild assertions; but there is *much* more of a similar kind, and, of course, enormous stress is laid on the famous passage in *Henry V.* (I. ii.):

Canterbury.

> . . . for so work the honey-bees;
> Creatures, that by a rule in nature, teach
> The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
> They have a king, and officers of sorts:
> Where some, like magistrates, correct at home;
> Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad;
> Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
> Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds;
> Which pillage they with merry march bring home
> To the tent-royal of their emperor:
> Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
> The singing masons building roofs of gold;

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The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;
The sad-eyed justice with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drone.

The one line, 'Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds' is of itself conclusive against the Reviewer's assertion; but he has more to say on the extract as a whole. 'As poetry, it is the most beautiful passage; as a description of a hive, it is utter nonsense, with an error of fact in every other line . . . Obviously, therefore, there could have been no personal observation.'

No personal observation! As if a poet who loved the country and all that belongs to it, as Shakespeare did, is to be denied the possession of observation because he never troubled his head to make a scientific survey of the beehive and learn, over 300 years ago, things that are only now beginning to be understood in a scientific way. It is somewhat strange to find the Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford accepting such views, adopting the very words in which they are expressed, and describing the author of them as 'a critic of knowledge and parts'; merely adding by way of original comment: 'Virgil knew something of the bee, Shakespeare little or nothing.'[5]

Perhaps the Professor would be surprised to hear that every so-called 'error of fact' contained in the passage from *Henry V.* is to be found in the *Fourth Georgic* of Virgil. It might further surprise him to learn that many of Virgil's less credible 'facts' are carefully avoided by the later poet; and that Shakespeare's knowledge of the inner natural history of the bee, as shown even in other places in his works, is (when not attributable to personal observation) in exact agreement with the views of the Roman poet himself.

In the *Henry V.* passage Shakespeare would seem to have been more indebted to Virgil than to Lyly's *Euphues*, to which it is usually attributed.[6]

[5] *Shakespeare*, by Walter Raleigh, 'English Men of Letters.' 1911.

[6] Here are some extracts (as translated by Conington) from the *Fourth Georgic* bearing on the life of the bee. I have not seen them set out before, though they form a curious set of parallels to the main features of Canterbury's speech:

The head of the hive is a 'King': 'Some with sleepless care watch over the general sustenance': They are 'stimulated to labour by an inborn love of acquiring, each in his own function': They 'lead a life of submission to the majesty of the law': They are 'citizens' ('Quirites'): They 'sharpen their stings' for battle: They 'range lawn and woodland through, cropping the bright-hued flowers': They collect 'the spoils of the flowers': They crowd round 'the very door of the royal tent': 'The King . . . he is the master of the works; to him they look up; the whole nation surrounds him thronging and humming': 'Some hang in air the roof of clinging wax': 'Mould the clammy honey':

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Before leaving the *Quarterly Reviewer's* criticism I should mention perhaps one other train of argument relied on by him to establish Shakespeare's want of observation in matters of rural life generally. If we had no other play of Shakespeare but *As You Like It*, the majority of average readers, and certainly all scholars with any love of poetry, would, I think, regard the author of this exquisite fantasy as the prince of woodland painters in literature. Not so, however, the tilting critic of the *Quarterly Review*. He must needs ride his spavined hobby even into the woods of Arden; and, after what must have been a very hasty morning's canter, he emerges to tell us of the birdless, lifeless, flowerless, and all but treeless region where he has been noting the flora and fauna of the locality. Here is an extract from the official report which sums up the results of his investigations:

> His [*i.e.* Shakespeare's] characters live in Arden Forest, and yet they never hear or see a single bird, or insect, or flower all the time they are there. As for animals, deer excepted (and these the poet was compelled to introduce for food), there is only a lioness, and 'a green and gilded snake.' . . . The oak is the only forest tree in the play. There is not a flower in it. Even the words 'flower' and 'leaf' are never mentioned in the play; nor the word 'bird' except in an interpolated song.

A more preposterous sentence could hardly be penned. Even if literally true as to 'flower' and 'leaf,' it would be meaningless—the whole indications as to the season of the year throughout the play pointing to winter-time. But as a matter of fact the whole extract is in the main untrue; for amongst the birds actually mentioned are 'a Barbary cock-pigeon' and 'his hen,' 'a parrot,' 'the falcon,' 'a wild-goose,' 'the ravens,' 'the sparrow,' 'pigeons' and 'their young,' 'chanticleer' and 'Juno's swans.' 'Flower,' 'blossom,' and 'rose' also occur. Of animals there are mentioned no less than twenty-two, as anyone may see who reads the play. The oak is *not* the only forest tree in the play, for we find the medlar, the hawthorn, the palm-tree, the green holly, the rank of osiers, and olive trees as well.

I would here willingly leave this sadly ill-informed pretender to Shakesperian learning, but one cannot help expressing

there are . . . who relieve those who are coming in of their burdens, or collect a troop to expel from their stalls the drones, that lazy, thriftless herd.'

The line in *Lucrece* (1769), which is cited as another instance of Shakespeare's inferiority in knowledge to Virgil, 'The old bees die, the young possess the hive,' is absolutely Virgil's own: 'Hence it is, that though each single bee is born to a narrow span of life . . . the family abides undying, and for many, many years the star of the house delays to go down, and fathers' fathers of fathers' fathers are counted on the roll.'—*Georgics IV.*, 206, *sq.*

The drone's important office in the bee world was as little known to Virgil as to Shakespeare.

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surprise at finding the Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford going, even in a moment of Homeric somnolence, to such a source for the least of his facts. In his recent work on Shakespeare he writes:

> The best instance of this alliance of poetry with the drama is to be found in *As You Like It*. The scene is laid, for the most part, in the forest of Arden. A minute examination of the play has given a curious result. No single bird, or insect, or flower is mentioned by name. The words 'flower' and 'leaf' do not occur. The trees of the forest are the oak, the hawthorn, the palm-tree, and the olive. For animals, there are the deer, one lioness, and one green and gilded snake.[7]

The fanciful statement of the *Quarterly Reviewer* is adopted almost verbatim; but though the Professor's list of the trees mentioned is extended slightly beyond the restricted limits of his obvious authority, what he tells us of either bird, tree, animal, or flower is not altogether sufficiently convincing to justify his use of such a phrase as 'a minute examination of the play.' 'You have said,' as Touchstone remarks, 'but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.'

The subject of trees in one particular play brings us naturally to the trees to which Shakespeare has made reference in his works at large. Of these we find quite a goodly list, for in addition to those just mentioned there are the 'crab-tree,' the 'bay-tree,' the 'box-tree,' the 'cedar,' the 'cypress,' the 'elder,' the 'elm,' the 'line' (or, as we call it now, the lime), the 'mulberry,' 'myrtle,' 'pine,' 'plum-tree,' 'sycamore,' 'willow,' and 'yew'—about twenty trees in all. When, in the face of all these, we find the *Quarterly Reviewer* stating that Shakespeare of 'real trees that he knows he actually uses in his forests only the oak, the pine, and (very doubtfully) the sycamore,' we are left, in charity, to suppose that his edition of the poet's writings had been botanically Bowdlerised before coming into his possession. If you wonder why any writer should set himself so ridiculously at variance with facts in such matters—and in *many* more which I have omitted—you will find something towards the end of the article which distinctly discloses the traces of a cloven hoof peeping out from under a mantle of verbiage. 'It is too often forgotten,' he says, 'when admiring Shakespeare's how much his contemporaries knew, and that the same literature was open to Shakespeare as was open to *Bacon*[8] and other men whom we still call learned.'

[7] *Shakespeare*, p. 126. Animals to be found in the play are horse, hare, goats, sheep, lambs, rams, cows, ewes, hogs, horn-beasts, dog-apes, weasel, hyen, toad, ape, snail, monkey, dog, cony, rat, cat, as well as hart and hind and other deer (*without* any reference to food).

[8] The italics are mine.

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By such unreliable subtleties are people to be cajoled into thinking that Shakespeare did not write his own works!

While on the subject of trees, let me mention one singular instance of the rare power of observation which belonged to the poet. There is a fine description of the rising sun in *Richard II.* in which occur these lines :

> But when from under this terrestrial ball,
> He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines.

Note the word 'fires'; for Ruskin, who was also a keen student of nature, has some interesting remarks upon it in connexion with what he tells us about pine trees :

> And then the third character which I want you to notice in the pine is its exquisite fineness. Other trees rise against the sky in knots and dots, but this in fringes. You never see the edges of it, so subtle are they; and for this reason—it alone of trees, so far as I know, is capable of the fiery change which we saw before had been noticed by Shakespeare. When the sun rises behind a ridge crested with pine, provided the ridge be at a distance of about three miles, and seen clear, all the trees, for about three or four degrees on each side of the sun, become trees of light, seen in clear flame against the darker sky, and dazzling as the sun itself. I thought at first this was owing to the actual lustre of the leaves; but I believe now it is caused by the cloud-dew upon them—every minutest leaf carrying its diamond. It seems as if these trees, living always among the clouds, had caught part of their glory from them; and themselves the darkest of vegetation, could yet add splendour to the sun itself.—*Mod. Painters* V., Part vi., ch. ix.

Of all the sections into which natural history is divided there was probably none which had a greater fascination for Shakespeare than that relating to bird life; none in connection with which he shows a wider or more accurate power of vision. He mentions no less than seventy-six different birds in his plays and poems; and many of these even are designated by more than one name. And not only does he mention them, but, so far at least as British birds are concerned, he has usually some original description, short or long, for each of them, plainly showing a knowledge of their habits, characteristics, and haunts which can only have been acquired in nature's own book. Taking a few examples at random, we have 'The russet-pated chough,' 'The plain-song cuckoo grey'; 'strutting chanticleer'; 'The staring owl'; 'The owl, night's herald'; 'This guest of summer, the temple-haunting martlet'; 'The gentle lark'; 'the shrill-gorged lark'; and many other natural touches of this kind. Mark the accuracy with which he introduces the Grebe, vulgarly called the Loon, with its white cheeks that show so strongly against its dark head :

> The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!—*Macbeth.*

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Recall Suffolk's charming simile :

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.—I. *Henry VI.* V. iii.

The same unerring observation, in combination with a keen sense of sympathy, breaks out in *A Winter's Tale*, when Paulina, as the play is ending, addresses those whose happiness has been assured—she alone uncomforted :

I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough; and there
My mate that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

So, in a similar sense, Othello cries :

O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,
Boding to all.

Even in the very smallest things connected with bird life Shakespeare's recollection of what he has seen is always there to intensify and add an unexpected dramatic force to language of the simplest kind—as in Imogen's appeal :

But if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!—*Cymb.* IV. ii.

And, one may ask, when has the lark's song been ever set in a more exquisite framing than :

Your tongue's sweet air,
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, and hawthorn buds appear.
Midsummer Night's Dream I. i.

In *Hamlet* there is a strikingly effective simile, based on what can only have been the result of a personal observation of the woodquest, or turtle-dove, during the nesting season :

Queen. This is mere madness:
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.—V. i.

The singular appropriateness of the comparison has been somewhat spoiled by a few commentators who take 'dove' to mean pigeon. Others even more erroneously take 'couplets' to mean eggs, and 'disclosed' to mean revealed. A reference to an earlier passage in *Hamlet*[9] would have shown that 'disclosed' is only 'hatched'; and confirmation of the same will be

[9] And I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.—*Hamlet* III. i.

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found in Bacon's *Natural History*, where he speaks of the interval 'between the egg laid, and the disclosing or hatching.' A young pigeon's down cannot be described as 'golden'—but the colour of the callow woodquest, or turtle-dove, fits in exactly with the adjective Shakespeare uses.

But to appreciate Shakespeare's overwhelming artistry in words in connexion with bird life, one has to understand the meaning of a few everyday phrases taken from the language of falconry as it was understood at his time, and observe the uses to which the master-hand puts this seemingly commonplace material. For example, a *haggard* amongst hawks was the *wild* hawk that was captured fully grown, and for that reason never likely to be subject to complete obedience or control in the service for which it was intended: the *jesses* of a hawk were the short leather straps attached to its feet when carried by the falconer. When the hawk was flown, 'cast off' or 'whistled off,' as the terms ran, the jesses still remained on the bird. Falconers always let fly the hawk *against* the wind: if a hawk flies *with* the wind she seldom returns, and has to take chance as to feeding herself. Each of these expressions was in Shakespeare's time as well understood by high and low that cared for hawking as is the language of the racecourse to-day by every owner, trainer, rider, bookmaker, and racing man to be found between Aintree and Epsom. But mark the way in which a big poet gathers such wayside weeds of speech to serve his dramatic purposes. He shows us Othello, his sorely tortured mind worked upon by the insidious villainy of Iago—Desdemona's chastity is in the balance: He 'dotes; yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves'; but doubt is nearing victory when he comes to say:

> If I do prove her haggard,
> Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
> I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,
> To prey at fortune.—*Othello* III. iii.

Does the literature of Tragedy, from Æschylus to the present hour, give us anything to equal the condensation of agonised despair which crowds these simple lines? Take, too, Juliet's longing appeal after bidding good-night to her lover:

> O, for a falconer's voice,
> To lure this tercel-gentle back again!—*Romeo and Juliet* II. ii.

It is only those who know the language of falconry ('the kindeli termis that belong to hawkis,' as *The Boke of St. Albans* would put it) who can appreciate the words. The males of the hawks chiefly used—namely, the peregrine and goshawk—were called tercels: the male of the *nobler* species, the peregrine,

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had the word 'gentle' in addition. One can here see the unerring accuracy of Shakespeare and also the peculiar appropriateness of 'tercel-gentle' as applied to Juliet's lover.

When we come to consider Shakespeare's observation of animals as distinct from birds and insects, we are met with two great groups which are so widely distinguished that justice can only be done to both by dealing with them one at a time. Animals of the chase form one group; all the rest, the other. On the first I must be very brief, for all its immense importance. Put shortly, what I have to say about it comes to this. The plays and poems teem with references to hunting in all its ramifications as practised at the time: almost every kind of horse and dog that took part, in *any* capacity, in connexion with hunting is named, noted, or described. The exact language of the hunting field, the accurate terminology of the chase, is widespread through Shakespeare's works; springing to the lips of all his characters, whether in tragedy, comedy, or poem, and quite independently of any considerations bearing on the appropriateness or otherwise of its being so employed by the individual who is made its mouthpiece. So consistent and so frequent is the occurrence of this sporting phraseology that it alone stamps his works as readily distinguishable from the writings of any other author of his day; and, further, it is no exaggeration to say that without a knowledge of it there are many passages which are utterly unintelligible. Such a condition of things can only have been the result of keen enthusiasm, unfailing personal observation, and a vivid recollection of a sport the writer knew, practised, and loved. Yet all this was but one division of the things that Shakespeare saw in nature. Those who wish to understand the largeness of its universal importance, as bearing on Shakespeare's life and works, must consult Mr. Justice Madden's very remarkable work already referred to, which covers and illustrates every feature of the subject from every conceivable point of view.

There is one small inhabitant of the woods, the weasel, which has been a stumbling-block to some critics of Shakespeare. They maintain that his knowledge of it was inaccurate in that he has described it as 'night-wandering'; and one of them at least tells us that it is made to suck eagles' eggs,[10] on the strength of a purely metaphorical passage:

> The eagle England being in prey,
> To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
> Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs.—*Henry V.* I. ii.

The latter critic has not even noticed that 'weasel' here is an adjective, so one need not stop to argue with him. But

[10] *Quarterly Review*, April 1894.

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and Oliver Goldsmith in their Natural Histories both describe the animal as a night-wanderer, and when Shakespeare says the same he is hardly likely to be wrong. There is one remarkable instance, however, where, without any question, Shakespeare was right in calling the weasel 'night-wandering'; and where, indeed, he shows a knowledge of classical antiquities of a curious kind. When Tarquin has forced an entry into the chamber of Lucrece, we read: 'Night-wandering weasels shriek to see him there'—a line that seems to have baffled all the commentators so far as I am aware. But Shakespeare must have known the fact, well understood by classical scholars to-day, that the Romans had no knowledge of what we call a cat, and were in the habit of keeping some animal of the weasel tribe, tame in their houses, for the same purposes for which we use the cat.[11]

The treatment of dogs by Shakespeare has led to many comments, and chiefly of an uncomplimentary kind. There seems, however, to be a good deal of exaggeration in what is said against him. Having regard to the unstinted praise he has given to dogs of the chase, his detractors have in most cases limited their fault-finding to his apparent want of affection for dogs of a domestic kind; but the distinction is one which is difficult to maintain with any great clearness, for (as we all know) there *are* sporting dogs that become the close companions of their masters at such times as they are not in actual employment for hunting purposes—as, for instance, the spaniel. Miss Phipson, in her book on *Animal Lore in Shakespeare's Time*, goes so far as to say that Shakespeare has in no instance mentioned with appreciation the moral qualities of the dog—an assertion that recalls a story with which some of us are familiar connected with Lord Nugent and Sir Henry Holland. The former, who had a high reputation as a Shakespearian scholar in his day, laid a wager that no passage was to be found in Shakespeare 'commending, directly or indirectly, the moral qualities of the dog.' Sir Henry took up the bet; and, after a year's search, acknowledged his defeat and paid his guinea. I am not sure that he was right in doing so, for if courage and fidelity be considered 'moral qualities' a good many passages might be quoted to show that Shakespeare's dogs were at times wanting in neither. Take, for example, the appeal of Helena to Demetrius:

> I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
> The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
> Treat me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
> Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,

[11] See Mayor's *Juvenal*, Sat. ii. 360, note; and a learned and exhaustive article by G. C. Lewis, *Notes and Queries*, Ser. ii., viii., pp. 261-3 (1859).

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> Unworthy as I am, to follow you—
> What worser place can I beg in your love
> (And yet a place of high respect with me)
> Than to be used as you do use your dog.
>
> *Midsummer Night's Dream* II. i

Here it almost looks as if the 'moral qualities' were lacking in the man, and not the dog.

In *Henry V.* Lord Rambures says: 'That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.'

And Launce, whose experiences with his own dog were of a somewhat trying character, confesses to a knowledge of 'three or four gentlemanlike dogs' belonging to other owners. Justice Shallow, too, has a word to throw at a dog, but of a genial kind. 'Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair.' Though other passages might be mentioned, my last example on the subject shall be from *Timon of Athens*, and it is perhaps the most convincing of all.

> *Apemantus*: What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
>
> *Timon*: Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?
>
> *Apemantus*: Myself.
>
> *Timon*: I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
>
> IV. iii.

Timon's rich appreciation of the better side of dog nature is hardly to be questioned in the face of the last passage. But if one would know the utmost limit to which human sympathy can reach in the way of compassion for man's four-footed canine friend, who but gentle Cordelia herself can be our teacher? Harrowed in mind over her father's sufferings in the cruel and stormy night, she asks:

> Was this a face
> To be opposed against the warring winds? . . .
> Mine enemy's dog,
> Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
> Against my fire.

Can it be that Professor Sir Walter Raleigh had forgotten *all this* when he sums up what he has to say on Shakespeare's attitude to the dog in such words as these: 'Dog except when the dog helps in the chase, he commonly uses as a term of vituperation'?[12] No one can, of course, deny that 'dog' in Shakespeare is very often a term of abuse, but such was the language of the day, and, as I said before, the dramatist cannot always be identified with the characters

[12] *Shakespeare*, p. 36.

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his creation, many of whose sentiments and expressions must be at times the very opposite of what he thinks himself. In Homer, as in Shakespeare, 'dog' is often merely used in an abusive sense; but the Greek poet does ample justice, when occasion arises, to his strong fidelity and affection for his master. It is true, as Mr. Justice Madden reminds us, the horse, and not the dog, was the chosen friend and companion of Shakespeare; while Scott, on the other hand, loved the dog as a friend, but traduced him as a hound hunting by scent.[13] In the Bible the dog fares very badly; but this is accounted for by his being declared 'unclean' under the Old Law, and excluded from the Kingdom of Heaven in the Book of Revelations (xxii. 15). Ben Jonson himself is not very complimentary either, although there is one remarkable exception—the case of the dog of Sejanus who leaped into the Tiber after the body of his master and was drowned.

But to leave Shakespeare's dogs and return for a moment to his universal observation of nature—whether it be of bird or insect; wild animal or domestic; tree, flower, or landscape. I have attempted to say what Shakespeare *did* see in nature, and I think I have shown something of what he not only saw, but personally felt. I am glad to say that all the most scholarly critics are persons with whom I find myself in complete agreement. In the passages I have quoted, although only a portion of what might have been set out, we can, I think, see the expression of a very genuine and sympathetic affection for rural nature and all that it contains on Shakespeare's part. Strange as it may seem, Professor Sir Walter Raleigh cannot away with such a view. 'The wild creatures of the fields and the woods,' he tells us, 'are outside the circle of Shakespeare's sympathetic observation.' 'The social life of the humbler creatures did not engage his attention.' To Dr. Brandes, who had praised Shakespeare for his astonishing store of natural knowledge, and had adduced for proof, amongst other examples, the poet's acquaintance with the fact 'that trout are caught with tickling; that the lapwing runs close to the ground; that the cuckoo lays its eggs in the nests of other birds; that the lark resembles the bunting,' he has no better answer than, 'Many a city-bred boy knows all this and more'—an observation curiously reminiscent of the *Quarterly Reviewer* whose guidance has led him into other quagmires. I have seen trout caught with tickling, and can assure the Professor that the art is not to be learnt in town, nor even what it means. And as for that city-bred boy who knows a lark from a bunting (excepting perhaps a poulterer's apprentice with a turn for poetry), I have not yet come across

[13] *Lady of the Lake.*

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him, and don't know anyone who has; and I fancy that bo these precocious youths were even rarer in Shakespeare's tim than in these less spacious days of State-aided education. I concluding, I should like to quote a short expression of opinio which puts concisely what I have been trying to prove. Dr Edward Young, in the eighteenth century, writing of Shak speare, says: 'Whatever other learning he wanted, he wa master of two books unknown to many of the profoundly read though books which the last conflagration alone can destroy the book of nature and that of man.'

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

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THE SOCIAL DATA OF RADICALISM

AN EXAMINATION OF MR. MASTERMAN'S WORK, 'THE CONDITION OF ENGLAND'

More than seventy years ago the distinguished economist McCulloch discussed an idea then prevalent as to the landowners of the United Kingdom. Landowners, he said, were supposed to be far fewer in number than they were, because of all forms of property land is the most visible, and of all landed estates the most widely known are the largest. These alone, so his argument ran, make any sharp impression on the mind of the average observer, and hence by an unconscious process the popular idea had been generated that the entire area of the country was monopolised by such estates as these.

Subsequent events have illustrated the accuracy of McCulloch's criticism. The vague impression on which he commented as to the smallness of the number of landowners was translated, some thirty years later, into definite terms by Bright, who asserted that Great Britain and Ireland, so far as the soil is concerned, were owned by thirty thousand persons, the actual number at the time having been far more than a million; whilst of late years an assertion perhaps even more remarkable has been popularised by the Ministerial Press with regard to the soil of London. This area, which is actually divided between more than thirty-four thousand freeholders, has been constantly described as monopolised by no more than eight; and, in order to show that this was no mere figure of speech, a picture-postcard was scattered broadcast over the country which represented London in the grip of a great octopus, each tentacle bearing the name of one of the 'eight' in question.

Both of these statistical statements and the ready assent accorded to them are due to the same cause. They have for their foundation not any knowledge of facts taken as a whole, but impressions produced on the imagination by a few facts out of a multitude, which impressions tend to be acute and operative in proportion as the facts producing them are not representative

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but exceptional. For Bright, a landowner was a man whose acreage was extensive enough to invest him with at least some local influence, and an influence opposed to the policy with which Bright himself was identified. Others had for him no appreciable existence. In a similar manner the 'land reforming' Radical of to-day believes as to the soil of London what is told him by the 'octopus' postcard, not because there is even an approximate truth in the statement that the whole, or even most of that area, is owned by eight specified persons, but because there are only some eight owners (such as the Dukes of Bedford and Westminster) with whose names the public has any general aquaintance.

These particular errors as to land, and the manner in which they have arisen, are typical of the method, alike of study and presentation, which Radicals are accustomed to apply to social conditions generally.

A comprehensive and most instructive illustration of the justice of this criticism is supplied by a volume called *The Condition of England*, the special significance of which is derived from the fact that its author, Mr. Masterman, is a member of the present Government and is reported to be in closest sympathy with the typically Radical section of it.

Mr. Masterman's general thesis is this. The structure of English society at the beginning of the nineteenth century—a period coinciding with the youth of the grandparents of living men—was comparatively sound and simple. For rich and poor alike it was mainly founded on agriculture, and 'the spirit of England was the spirit of the countryside.' Wealth existed, but it was not in the aggregate overwhelming. Poverty existed, but not to an unmanageable extent, and there was between all classes an intelligible and personal relationship.

But with the dawn of the nineteenth century a change began to reveal itself, which in the course of three generations has sufficed to transform everything. The bulk of the rural population has by this time 'crowded into the towns,' and has there been transmuted into a population of classes practically new—a nation of urban artisans; a middle class, urban or suburban; underneath these a nation of the 'broken poor,' and over all a cosmopolitan plutocracy 'whose super-wealth, piled up in ever-increasing aggregations,' is a weariness to themselves, distracts others with envy, and is threatening by its mere weight to destroy the equilibrium of the entire social body. How long can such a state of things endure? There are, Mr. Masterman admits, compensations which will be mentioned presently, but the developments just summarised are, according to him, the salient features of to-day, and represent the conditions with which it is the mission of Radicalism to deal.

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Now in a picture like this no doubt there are certain elements of accuracy, but it is an accuracy of a peculiar and very limited kind. It is the kind of accuracy distinctive of a caricature. Readers of *Punch* are familiar with countless portraits of Mr. Gladstone in which the nose is represented as nearly as large as the head. But although any one of such portraits, in virtue of this very exaggeration, might have been such a 'speaking likeness' that a strange doctor, had Mr. Gladstone been ill, could at once have identified him by means of it, yet if sent to a doctor as a diagram of his patient's body it would be useless to him as a means of determining the nature of his patient's ailment. Mr. Gladstone might have been suffering from nothing more than a cold, but the doctor, if guided by a measurement of his features as portrayed in *Punch*, would have certainly pronounced him to be the victim of some cancerous growth on the nose. In the same way pictures of social conditions, such as that drawn by Mr. Masterman and other statesmen resembling him, may for the casual spectator constitute 'speaking likenesses,' but, if taken as providing a basis for any practical policy, they are fatally misleading in precise proportion as their errors fall short of being so monstrous as to be on the face of them unbelievable.

Let us now consider Mr. Masterman's picture in detail.

For the purposes of his analysis he divides the present population of England into five principal groups: (1) The population of 'the countryside'; (2) 'the super-wealthy,' who constitute the typically rich class of to-day; (3) the modern middle class, or 'the suburbans'; (4) 'the multitude,' or the great mass of the average and superior wage-earners; (5) 'the broken poor,' or those who, owing to circumstance, or to defects of character, lie outside and beneath the ranks of regular industry. Mr. Masterman's main assertions with regard to each of these groups shall, so far as is possible, be given in his own phrases.

With regard to the population of the 'countryside,' the statement, he says, that this is declining does but partially express the truth. Of all those born in the country during the last three generations, 'nine families out of every ten have' fled into the cities, deserting the fields for ever; and life for those left behind has been going from bad to worse. The rural labourer's lot, in days which a few old men still survive to represent, was 'no ignoble one.' In those days 'any able-bodied Englishman bred on the land might cherish the hope of becoming a small landowner himself,' or 'the tenant of some landlord who had not a personal interest in his degradation.' But the old race of landlords, who understood the rural labourer and who sympathised with him, have been displaced by a new, under

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whom great farmers have everywhere displaced the small and succeeded in making small holdings impossible; and the labourer, who once enjoyed a sense of comparative independence, has now sunk to the condition of 'a slave who is still before his lord'! He sees nothing before him but 'a life of unchanging toil at unchanging wages,' and the wonder is, as we look at the 'ruined villages,' not that so many men leave the land but that any remain on it.

What, then, Mr. Masterman asks, has become meanwhile of 'the multitude,' who form to-day the great bulk of the population, and who, according to him, consist mainly of refugees from the country, metamorphosed by urban surroundings? When he gets upon this ground, he at once strikes a new note. However deplorable the flight from the fields to the towns may be, he represents the fugitives as having benefited very greatly by the exchange. 'The majority,' he says, 'are in regular labour, summer and winter. Their rate of payment is higher for shorter work than is at present prevailing in any country in Europe,' or ever prevailed in England at any previous period. Indeed, he says, 'one of the typical results' of the modern industrial system is 'the strings of little red and grey cottages, pushing their tentacles from factory or industrial centre out over the neighbouring fields, and proclaiming with their cleanliness and their modest comfort a working population prosperous and content.' But even here, like a true Radical, Mr. Masterman detects the presence of two ominous evils. One is a mental evil; the other an economic. The life of the 'multitude,' despite its comfort, is 'drab,' partly because it does not promise any escape from itself to a life substantially different, partly because it is lived in an atmosphere depressingly charged with coal-smoke. 'You may see the multitude,' he says, 'in the dim morning of every London day, struggling from the outskirts of the city into tramcars and trains, which are dragging it to the centres of labour'; and this spectacular 'drabness' is an image of the life that underlies it. But apart from the matter of its 'drabness,' the life of the 'multitude' is undermined by a fact which is still more sinister. Though this class receives out of the national income a slice which, even if it ought to be larger, has never yet been so large, the share which it owns of the national capital is inconsiderable. Hence, whatever may be the comfort which it enjoys from day to day, it is separated from poverty by nothing but its own daily exertions. 'In other words,' says Mr. Masterman, 'it is goaded into activity by fear—by fear of the grim and implacable forces of hunger and cold.' It is, therefore, whatever may be its hand-to-mouth prosperity, 'a poverty population' in its essence, none the less; and 'it is on a poverty

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population (the statesman must lay this to heart) that we have built up the unparalleled accumulations of England.'

When, however, we turn from the 'multitude' to the new middle class, or the 'suburbans,' the material conditions which we encounter he admits to be almost wholly favourable. Indeed, in this class, more than in any other, he declares we discover promise of a brighter future for England.

In respect of the line by which he divides the middle class from the 'super-wealthy,' Mr. Masterman is not very consistent. Sometimes he employs the latter term to indicate some ten thousand people whose incomes are upwards of 5,000*l.* a year. Elsewhere he says that he means by it a few hundred people only, whose incomes are reckoned not by thousands but by tens of thousands: but in any case, according to him, the characteristics of their position, as a social factor, are these:

In the first place, the incomes of the super-wealthy differ from all others in the fact that those who receive them do nothing towards producing them. With regard to this point Mr. Masterman is very precise. He refers to writings of my own in which I have urged that the modern increase of wealth is due to the influence of a few minds over the minds and hands of the many; and he admits that in a general way this contention is correct. But although it is a certain minority who in this sense are the arch-producers, it is not, he says, this minority which receives the great rewards. They seldom realise fortunes of more than 5,000*l.* a year. Those who realise the millions are, in an economic sense, passive. They are 'the financiers,' 'the successful brewers,' 'the town landlords,' 'the recipients of mining royalties,' and, more generally, 'the owners of large trade organisations, run as limited companies (not by themselves, but) by skilled and alert managers,' who are nothing more than substantially salaried servants.

The fact, however, that the super-wealthy do not produce their wealth is of minor importance in comparison with the effects that result from their possession of it. So far as they themselves are concerned it leads to an expenditure on luxuries which is wasteful, because they derive from it no proportionate pleasure; whilst the spectacle of glitter and movement which it exhibits to the rest of the nation makes all classes hungry for a life which can never be made general, and poisons what once was competence with a sense of imaginary privation. Sometimes, indeed, super-wealth becomes directly aggressive, having in the course of three generations 'turned half the Highlands (or about one-third of Scotland) into a deer-forest' for the sake of its own amusement. Finally, apart from indirect or

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exceptional results like these, the aggregate income of the super-wealthy has by this time become so vast—it constitutes such a drain on the general resources of the country—that it seriously diminishes the income of all other classes alike, and finds its particular counterpart in that miserable and appalling body which Mr. Masterman described as 'the broken poor' or 'the prisoners.'

With regard to these last, his principal propositions are as follows: (1) That this residuum of the wretched, though it has never been entirely absent, is something entirely novel in respect of its present proportions; (2) that its increase is the direct result of the increase of modern 'super-wealth'; (3) and that in proportion as 'super-wealth' becomes vaster and more concentrated, so does misery deepen and become more widely extended. Mr. Masterman gives point to this assertion by reference to Lord Beaconsfield's well-known novel, *Sybil*, which was written during the years often spoken of as 'the hungry forties.' In that novel England is described as the country of 'the two nations'—the rich and the poor, each as different from, and as much estranged from, the other as the population of China from the population of Western Europe. The estrangement and the contrast between the two is, Mr. Masterman asserts, even more profound to-day than it was in the days of *Sybil*. In short, he says, we discern in England at the present time 'a society fissured (as no society ever was before) into unnatural plenitude on the one hand, and, as its inevitable consummation, a society fissured into unnatural privation at the other.'

Such is Mr. Masterman's case, as the spokesman of contemporary Radicalism. Let us now examine it. We shall find that it is a picture made up of two distinguishable elements—images which are false because they distort realities, or useless because they obscure them; and images which correspond to no realities at all, and represent (to use a phrase of Ruskin's) nothing but 'pathetic fallacies' engendered by a misused imagination.

Before we deal with Mr. Masterman's treatment of facts, let us glance at a few examples of his exploits in the regions of pure fallacy.

Of these, perhaps the most obvious is his closing tableau, which he wishes his readers to carry away in their memory, and which represents the population of England as fissured into two groups—the children of unnatural plenitude and the children of unnatural destitution. This is not only false to facts as ascertainable by ordinary evidence; it is absolutely inconsistent with facts as previously depicted by himself. How can a society be fissured in such a way that everyone who is not super-wealthy

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is the victim of unnatural want, when the great majority—'the multitude'—according to his own express declaration, are enjoying a widespread comfort unapproached at any former period? Mr. Masterman, by way of laying stress on the shortening of the days in autumn, might just as well say that by the 15th of October they are fissured into a glare of sunrise, and the horrors of premature night. Such a picture is not an exaggeration of reality. It has no more relation to it than a picture of a man who is all head and feet.

Similarly, when dealing with the agricultural labourers he signalises their numerical decline, he is not out of touch with fact; but when he goes on to say that three generations ago—that is to say, before the first Reform Bill—any able-bodied labourer might look forward to becoming a landowner, that he was then comparatively independent, and that his life 'was no ignoble one,' but that since he has been provided with a vote and other Radical medicines, he has gradually sunk to the condition of 'a slave who is still before his lord,' Mr. Masterman is overlaying fact with what is so completely fiction that, except for purposes of agitation, it has no meaning at all.

He applies this same method of 'the pathetic fallacy' not only to the shapes of things but also to what may be called their colouring. In order that his picture of 'the multitude' and its 'widely extended comfort' may not appear too bright, he bewails the fate which every day of the year sends them to the centres of their labour in the sadness 'of the dim mornings'—as though mornings clear and beautiful, for the larger part of the year, were not even in London the rule rather than the exception. The multitude was till recently commiserated on the much more solid ground that so many, before starting their work, had to walk miles to get to it. They now reach it with an ease that was once unknown to kings; and Mr. Masterman commiserates them on the ground that 'they are dragged to it by trains and trams.'

But of all the facts which, transmuted by 'the pathetic fallacy' into illusions, Mr. Masterman parades as grievances characteristic of modern England, the most important and representative is the fact that the 'multitude,' however great may be its hand-to-mouth prosperity, is only 'goaded' to work for it by fear—'by fear of the grim and implacable forces of hunger and cold,' and must for that reason be regarded as poverty-stricken in the midst of plenty. If this fact is a grievance at all, the fault does not lie with anything peculiar to this age or country. It lies with the solar system and the structure of our own bodies. No human being would ever have delved or spun except for the 'grim fear,' or rather, for the common piece of knowledge, that he would else have no bread for his stomach and no coat for

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his back. A minority may, by the possession of capital, be exempted from this pressure personally, but a minority only. If capital were owned in equal shares by everybody, the common lot would in this respect still remain unchanged. The lot of the many would not become that of the few. The lot of the few would be assimilated to that of the many. If a man with a borrowed spade is only 'goaded' into digging with it by the grim fear of famine, he would be 'goaded' no less implacably if the spade were to become his own.

Grievances such as these, taken from Mr. Masterman's stock, which are either purely fictitious, or fictitious if adduced as arising from defects in human institutions, have been glanced at here merely because they are interesting illustrations of fallacies which form a prominent part of all Radical appeals to the public, and which have for their sole object the artificial production of discontent. They are sham or artificial sores which Radicals manufacture in order to secure votes, as an Italian beggar manufactures them in order to extort alms. Or if Mr. Masterman and his friends would sooner be compared to doctors than to beggars, another parallel suggests itself which is perhaps even more informative. Mark Twain tells a story of a doctor who professed to cure all diseases, and was summoned accordingly to treat a case of small-pox. This particular disease being new to him, he was for a moment perplexed by it; but promptly recovering himself, he proceeded to prescribe some powders. 'Give,' he said, 'these to the patient. These will bring on convulsions. I'm not much at pustules, but I guess I'm hell on fits.' Of the treatment which Radicals administer to the public patient, the production of artificial convulsions forms no inconsiderable part.

These observations are here, however, in the nature of a parenthesis. My main object is to deal not with inflammatory generalities which are altogether fictitious, but with statements relating to ascertainable fact which are sufficiently specific to be definite and measurable distortions of it. We will begin with those which Mr. Masterman enunciates in connection with the land.

His cardinal proposition, twice reduced by him to definite statistical form, is that 'nine out of every ten families' (in England and Wales) 'have migrated within three generations from the life of the fields to the life of the cities.' Now this is information of precisely the kind we want, provided only that it is true. But is it?

In the first place, it is a statement which, despite its seeming simplicity, has several possible meanings. We will try them in turn. Its most obvious meaning is that if nine-tenths of

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those born in the rural districts of England had not migrated to the towns since the beginning of the nineteenth century, the present population of such districts would be ten times as numerous as it is. If this is Mr. Masterman's meaning, his proposition is obviously nonsense; for if it were true, as he will see from the latest Census Report, the rural population of England and Wales alone would to-day be greater by something like 40,000,000 than the actual population of the whole of the United Kingdom.

Let us try, then, another interpretation, which his words will no doubt bear. Between the beginning of the nineteenth century and to-day the population taken as a whole has increased in the ratio of one to four, or from 9,000,000 to 36,000,000. Now, the population of the 'countryside' in 1801, on the assumption that it amounted to as much as four-fifths of the total, was 7,200,000; and if we assume that its natural increase—that is to say, the excess of births over deaths yearly—has been equal to the average for country and towns together, its number to-day, had there been no loss by migration, would approximately be 29,000,000. Possibly, then, when he says that nine-tenths of the country-born population have migrated it is to this 29,000,000 that Mr. Masterman is intending to refer. And his assertion will, if this is what he really means by it, seem at first sight to assume a much less preposterous character. But let us put it to the test of facts, and see how it works out. If nine-tenths of 29,000,000 country-born people have migrated, the number of persons remaining in the rural districts to-day cannot possibly be more than 2,900,000. The actual number as disclosed by the recent Census is very little short of 8,000,000. Thus his assertion, according to this second interpretation of it, is really even more inaccurate than it is according to the first. According to the first, it would mean that the total population of England must be greater than it actually is, in the proportion of 100 to 44. According to the second, it would mean that the rural population of England must be less than it actually is, in the proportion of 35 to 100.

But perhaps Mr. Masterman will argue that many districts which are technically still called 'rural' comprise to-day a sprinkling of petty towns whose population is practically urban; and that, in formulating his statistical statement, he must be understood to exclude these. In the preliminary Report on the Census of 1911 this precise objection is anticipated; and, for purposes of more exact comparison, a selection is made of 105 districts which not only were absolutely rural in the year 1801, but are absolutely rural now. Has the natural increase of population in these districts been

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converted by migration into a decline approaching that which would have resulted had Mr. Masterman's assertion been correct? On the contrary, in these districts there has been no decline at all. Instead of a decline, there has been an increase. In 1801 the population was 850,000. In 1911 it was 1,300,000.

Even yet, however, there remains one other position in which Mr. Masterman may possibly seek refuge. He may say that when he speaks of the population of the 'countryside' he speaks only of the population directly engaged in agriculture—the farmers and the farm labourers. If this is his meaning, let us again take the test of facts. According to the early Census figures collected by Porter in his work *The Progress of the Nation*, the number of families in Great Britain directly engaged in agriculture at the beginning of the nineteenth century was something just short of 890,000, which, when we have deducted one-eighth for Scotland, leaves about 780,000 in respect of England and Wales. This meant a total population of about 3,900,000 individuals, and of about 1,600,000 workers. According to the Census of Agricultural Production issued in the autumn of 1912, the number of persons in Great Britain actually working as agriculturists is at the present time 1,840,000; which number, if allowance is again made for Scotland, leaves for England (Wales included) a body of agricultural workers numbering about 1,630,000. These figures, even if not mathematically exact, disclose at all events the very remarkable fact that the agricultural population of England (as distinct from the merely rural), instead of having declined as compared with what it was three generations ago, is substantially identical as to numbers at the present time with the corresponding population in the year 1801. Thus, whatever way we turn Mr. Masterman's assertion, each of its possible meanings is just as outrageously remote from actual fact as the others.

It may seem to some that it is an unimportant or a merely academic question, whether a certain writer may in a certain book have been guilty of a particular error in his historical statistics or no. But such is not the case when the writer is a member of the Government, and when the error to which he lends his authority, and invests with mathematical precision, is one which, in a looser but more practical form, is generating a grave delusion amongst vast masses of the electorate. This delusion is embodied in the cry of 'Back to the Land'; by which is meant that a solution of the economic difficulties of to-day should be sought in a restoration of the balance between the rural population and the urban, as it was a hundred years ago, or even at some earlier period. Now, in order that the majority of any population may be sent back to the land it is obvious that

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they, or an equal number of persons, must have been settled on the land once and have derived a living from work on it. In the case of England to-day, if there were to be any restoration of the balance between town and country which prevailed in the days of our grandfathers, it would be necessary to transfer to what Mr. Masterman calls 'the life of the fields' about 29,000,000 persons who at present lead the life of the cities. But was there ever a period in the history of this country when the products of the fields supported a population of this magnitude? The whole of Mr. Masterman's reasoning, and the reasoning involved in the cry of 'Back to the Land,' rests on the supposition that there was, but the supposition is a pure delusion. In the days when four-fifths of the population were rural—that is to say, at the beginning of the nineteenth century—the average area per family was nearly twenty-six acres. If four-fifths of the population to-day were to be planted amongst the fields and furrows, the available acres per family would not be more than six. The proposal to 'put back' on the land more than four times as many people as ever lived on it when the rural population was at its maximum, is like proposing that a fat man six feet high should begin to economise in the matter of tailor's bills by going back to the clothes which he once wore as a baby. The primary fault of assertions like Mr. Masterman's with regard to the migration in England from field life to the life of the cities is not that the solution which they suggest of an actual problem is false, but that they give no indication of the nature of the actual problem at all.

We will now turn to an aspect of this same matter which is more important still. However fantastically wrong Mr. Masterman may be as to his details, the fact remains that the rural population of England was at one time more numerous than it is. Nevertheless, as has been shown already, the actual agricultural workers are somewhat more numerous to-day than they were in 1801; whilst, as we may now proceed to add, the rural population as a whole exceeds the corresponding population in 1801 by no fewer than 500,000 persons. It is, indeed, almost exactly identical with what was then the population of the country and the towns together, London being alone excepted. Apart from London, the population of England and Wales in 1801 was 7,940,000. In 1911 the population of the rural districts fell short of this number by less than one-half per cent., the actual number having been 7,907,000.

Where, then, does the admitted decline come in which forms the subject-matter of Mr. Masterman's wild aberrations?

The decline is one which began, not as Mr. Masterman says in the year 1801, but sixty years later in respect of the rural

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population generally, and fifty years later in respect of those actually engaged in agriculture. It was in the year 1851 that the number of actual agricultural workers reached its maximum when it amounted approximately to 2,200,000. Up to that date its increase was continuous; and it is only from that year that the modern decline dates.

In order to realise how important is this fact—a fact which under Mr. Masterman's treatment altogether disappears—let us consider what he asserts with regard to another and a cognate matter. Not content with declaring that in the course of three generations the rural districts of England have lost nine-tenths of their inhabitants, he adds that the super-wealthy have, during the same period, depopulated for their own amusement half the Highlands by converting them into a great deer-forest. This assertion, which is a commonplace on most Radical platforms, is even falser than Mr. Masterman's account of the depopulation of agricultural England. The population of the six preponderantly Highland counties—Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, Perth, and Argyll—was 380,000 in the year 1801. In the year 1911 it was 412,000. If we take the former year as our standard, there has been no decline at all. On the contrary there has been an increase of 32,000 persons. There has been a decline, it is true; but it dates from an intermediate year. The population of the Highlands, like the agricultural population of England, reached its maximum in the year 1851, when it amounted to something over 470,000; and, like the agricultural population of England, it has only declined since then.

These facts introduce us to a really fruitful question: Why did two populations, in many ways so differently circumstanced, continue to increase in number up to the same date, and thenceforth continue to decline in very nearly the same proportions? To this question one obvious answer suggests itself. The year 1851 substantially coincides with the establishment of the policy of free imports. With regard to England, it is enough to observe generally that this policy, though its full effects were not realised for many years, initiated an economy in labour by the development of agricultural machinery, to which, as is admitted by all, a large part of the decline in the number of agricultural workers is due. Of its effects on the Highlands two out of several may be mentioned. In the first place it reduced the profits of sheep-farming, and sheep were withdrawn from moorland and mountainous areas which ceased to be any longer on the margin of profitable occupation. The extension of deer-forests, as associated with a decline of the population, was, in the main at all events, an extension of them over these areas, from which population had already receded

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or was receding, and, instead of being attributable to the aggressions of private wealth, was primarily one of the sequelæ of a new national policy.

But there is another example of the effects of free trade on the Highlanders, which is less open to controversy, and will probably account for an even larger part of that decrease in their numbers which Mr. Masterman ascribes to the deer-stalker. I refer to the case of the production of certain chemicals from kelp. Before the era of free trade this was the peculiar industry of the seaboard and insular population of the Western Highlands. From small beginnings it had risen to such dimensions that it had called into being and was supporting, some seventy years ago, a population of approximately 50,000 persons. By the abolition of import duties on the group of chemicals in question the industry which supported these people in their native homes has been destroyed with such dramatic precision that no denial of the fact is attempted by free-traders themselves; and more than half of the decline in the population of the Highlands generally is explicable by the disappearance of these people alone.

The question of whether free trade is on the whole good for this country or no is not being discussed here, but if Mr. Masterman is right in regarding the decline of the rural population as one of the main social dangers by which society is now threatened, such connexion as is traceable between this decline and free trade must be accurately measured and be studied in all its bearings before the problem pressing for a solution can be so much as intelligibly stated. The whole contours of the situation, however, as he himself draws them, are not only so wildly distorted that they hardly suggest reality, but they are such as to leave no room for any one of the details on which the actual character of the situation altogether depends.

With regard to the decline of the rural population generally Mr. Masterman, apart from his assertion that it is due in the Highlands to the wanton selfishness of plutocrats for something more than a century, has only one other explanation to offer. This is that depopulation is due to the 'monopoly of the great farmers.' But what are the actual facts? If everyone is a great farmer who farms more than 300 acres, all the 'great farmers' of England and Scotland together do not occupy more than one-fifth of the entire agricultural area. No doubt the 17,000 farms of which this portion is composed would cut up into a large number of small ones, and to cut them up is a policy which, even if not sound, can at all events be intelligibly advocated; but when it is advocated on the ground that it would 'break up a monopoly' and throw open the land at large to the

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general body of the people, the argument is transferred to regi... not of fact, but of fable; for no such monopoly exists. A wife ... debt to her dressmaker might as reasonably explain her positi... by saying that the family income was monopolised by her selfi... husband when he was actually allowing her sixteen shillings o... of every pound, and was not keeping as much as a couple of ha... crowns for himself. A certain exaggeration of statement may ... times be permissible to an orator for the purpose of compelling attention to a fact which might be else neglected; but whe... exaggeration is carried beyond a certain point, the fact, as thoug... by a conjuring trick, is made to disappear from view, and th... public attention is fixed on a practically fabulous substitute.

I have dwelt thus at length on Mr. Masterman's treatmen... of the decline of the rural population, and the land questio... generally as connected with it, because it illustrates his treatmen... of the other social conditions which he singles out as represen... tative of modern England.

The most important of these relate, as has been seen already, to the two extremes of society—'the super-wealthy' and 'the broken poor'; the former of whom he represents as the lords of 'piled-up aggregations' which are every year growing vaster and more unwieldy, whilst, as the inevitable 'consummation' and counterpart of this fact, the latter are yearly becoming more numerous and more completely destitute. Let us take the detailed propositions, as already quoted, of which this general picture is a summary.

We will begin with the case of the 'super-wealthy.' It has been pointed out that, in dealing with this body, Mr. Masterman oscillates between two very different definitions of it. For the moment we will take the wider of them, according to which the 'super-wealthy' consist of all persons having more than 5000*l.* a year. Using the word in this sense, Mr. Masterman definitely asserts that, though wealth-production in the modern world mainly depends on the leadership of a specially gifted minority, these arch-producers themselves never achieve super-wealth, and that those whose incomes exceed 5000*l.* a year (their aggregate income amounting to 200,000,000*l.*) never produce anything. In order to illustrate the accuracy of this statement, he specifies seriatim certain sorts of men who will, he says, be recognised as typical of the super-wealthy class—namely, (1) the recipients of mining royalties and urban ground-rents; (2) great financiers; (3) successful brewers; (4) and above all, the owners of great trade organisations, run as limited companies by alert managers. All such persons are, according

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to him, so many male Semeles who do nothing but open their pockets to receive showers of gold.

Now, with regard to the recipients of mining royalties and of increments due solely to competition for building-sites, his description may be correct; but incomes from these sources form a very small part of the total sum to be accounted for. All the royalties and ground-rents of the country do not amount to so much as 50,000,000*l.*, and—if we may judge by facts which have now been definitely verified—not a quarter of this goes to persons having more than 5000*l.* a year. Our main concern lies, therefore, with the remaining characters on his list—great financiers, successful brewers, and the 'owners of limited companies.' Are the persons thus described persons who typically do nothing to earn their money? Do great financiers, such as those with whom the present Government has been recently in close connexion, fulfil no useful function in connexion with the nation's business? Or, if they do fulfil any such function, does Mr. Masterman suppose that they do so merely by sitting at ease in their offices, and pocketing some stipulated percentage of the money that passes through their hands? Mr. Masterman, in view of his late experiences, would himself repudiate any such a supposition as nonsense. What, then, of the successful brewer? Does a brewer produce nothing? Is not beer a product possessing an economic value, just as much as bread or boots, or any other commodity? Again, most great brewing businesses are now carried on as companies. Why does Mr. Masterman distinguish between the two?

Practically his assertion that persons who have more than 5000*l.* a year do nothing towards producing their incomes is based on the idea that no business which is carried on as a company needs anything to ensure its success but the services of 'an alert manager,' who contributes for a fixed stipend all the knowledge and all the genius needed, whilst those who provide the capital do nothing but appropriate profits which increase indefinitely. And it is true that there are certain great standardised businesses over the details of which the shareholders have no control. But apart from these great concerns, such as the railways, the capital of which is divided into 800,000 holdings, and which cannot in any sense be described as 'owned' by the super-rich, does Mr. Masterman imagine that because a business 'is run as a company' nothing is necessary to render it the source of an immense income but to secure by advertisement an 'alert manager' at a salary, put into his hand some 500,000*l.*, and leave this gentleman to deal with it as he will? Have the great shipbuilding and engineering firms of the country been

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thus built up by men who hardly know where their own wor... are situated? Let Mr. Masterman think of such names a... Whitworth, Armstrong, Vickers, Furness, Masham, Mo... Cadbury, Blundell Maple. These will be enough to show h... that because a man's holdings in a company are worth mor... than 5000*l.* a year it does not follow that his own genius a... energy are not the primary agencies which make his capit... fructify. There are shareholders no doubt having more tha... 5000*l.* a year whose incomes are derived from the ownership... apart from any administration of capital; but, as Sir Henry... Primrose pointed out to the Select Committee on Income-tax... many of the richest men who are living on their interest now... created their own capital during the earlier portion of the... lives. In any case Mr. Masterman's elaborate indictment o... super-wealth on the ground that so much of it comes from shares... in companies, and that every predominant partner in a great... business company is a drone, is another example of the way... in which the Radical agitator distorts nearly every situation... before asking for a popular verdict on it.

Let us now consider his assertions with regard to 'the broken... poor.' These, he says, are the direct product of super-wealth... or its 'inevitable consummation' at the other end of the scale... and the contrast which they present to super-wealth to-day is... in respect of their numbers and their misery alike, greater than... it was when Lord Beaconsfield wrote his novel about 'the Two... Nations.' What foundation is there for any one of these state-... ments? In what sense are the cold and starving now more... wretched than they were in the year 1845? Or, if they are not... more wretched individually, what evidence is there that they... constitute a larger proportion of the population? The number... of persons, about the time when *Sybil* was written, who were... relieved on account of their poverty, were as many as fifty per... thousand of the total population of the country. The number per... thousand had sunk, twenty-five years later, to thirty-one. For the... last fifteen years or so, the average has been twenty-two. What-... ever incidental qualification these figures may require they at... all events negative the absurd assertion of Mr. Masterman, which... must mean, if it means anything, that after sixty years of free... trade there is more famine in the country than there was before... the repeal of the corn laws.

Should an ardent free-trader like Mr. Masterman be willing... to make this admission, he would probably defend himself by... arguing that free trade had enriched the country beyond the... dreams of avarice, but that all of the increment thus arising and... more had fallen into the hands of the super-rich, so that neces-... sarily the rest of the population were as poor as, or even poorer...

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than, ever. And this leads us to what in many respects is the most important of the propositions which he enunciates—namely, that modern poverty, in the extreme sense, is the product of modern super-wealth. Now, it is obvious that modern super-wealth, however vast and objectionable, has not really swallowed up the whole economic increment of which it is such a prominent symptom. A large part of this increment, as Mr. Masterman himself admits, has gone to the creation of an immense and substantially affluent middle class, whilst a larger part still, in the shape of novel comfort, has diffused itself through the mass of wage-earners. Why, then, should the super-wealthy, since 'the piling-up of their aggregations' has not hindered nine-tenths of the population from growing richer along with them, cause in the case of one-tenth the persistence, if not an increase, of poverty? That there cannot be any general connexion such as Mr. Masterman supposes between these two extreme classes may be seen from the case of Ireland, where comparative indigence, if not technical pauperism, prevails, to say the least of it, far more widely than in England, but where the aggregate of incomes exceeding 5000*l.* a year is less, relatively to the population, by more than 80 per cent. The sole basis of Mr. Masterman's assertion consists, in short, not of facts accurately measured and presented, but of impressions which facts unexamined make on the sentimental observer, and which are then reduced to whatever specific statements are most likely to stimulate the passions to which he makes appeal. It is in this manner that Mr. Masterman deals with 'super-wealth' in relation to poverty. This is shown by the fact, to which attention has been called already, that when he argues about 'super-wealth' he does not even provide himself with any consistent definition of who the 'super-wealthy' are, sometimes identifying them with 'a tiny group of two or three hundred' millionaires, whose annual incomes may be anything over 50,000*l.*, sometimes with all those, about ten thousand in number, whose incomes exceed 5000*l.* Let us test him by each definition.

The nearest approach made by him to a precise explanation of his position is his assertion that the aggregate of incomes exceeding 5000*l.* is 200,000,000*l.* This figure is apparently taken from the hypothetical estimate of Mr. Bowley, as submitted by him to the Select Committee on Income-tax. When, however, the Budget was framed which first included the super-tax, this estimate was rejected in favour of that of Sir Henry Primrose, according to whom the total was no more than 120,000,000*l.* I myself at the time published a calculation of my own, based on evidence of many various kinds, and yielding a total of about 130,000,000*l.*, which sum is almost identical

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with that disclosed by the subsequent inquisition of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue. Of the total disclosed by the Commissioners Mr. Masterman must be himself aware; and yet, though his book has gone through several editions since he still allows his original statement to stand, though it is demonstrably in excess of the truth by very nearly 70,000,000*l.*

Such are the grounds on which agitators base their arguments. But let us take for a moment Mr. Masterman's figures as he gives it, and let us compare the amount in question with the total income of the nation. The total income of the nation is admitted by all authorities to be at the present day not less than 2,000,000,000*l.* If, then, everyone is super-wealthy who has more than 5000*l.* a year, the piled-up aggregations of super-wealth in the widest sense of the term amount to no more than 10 per cent. of the total even according to Mr. Masterman's own figures; whilst if these be corrected in the light of specific information, the actual fraction represented by it is no more than 6½ per cent.

But most of Mr. Masterman's assertions with regard to the super-wealth relate, as he himself states in so many words, to a body much smaller than this—to a 'tiny group' of millionaires and multi-millionaires, which does not consist of more than a few hundred persons. What, then, does he suppose the aggregate income of this 'tiny group' to be? Even according to Mr. Bowley (whose remarkable overestimate of the aggregate of incomes exceeding 5000*l.* Mr. Masterman follows) the aggregate of incomes exceeding 50,000*l.* does not exceed 50,000,000*l.* Let us assume, then, that this estimate is correct, and what fraction of the national income will this nugget within a nugget of 'piled-up aggregations' represent? The portion will amount to 2½ per cent.

Either of these sums may be reasonably called enormous when considered in relation to the number of those amongst whom it is divided; but the general economic effect of its present allocation is to be measured, not by the amounts which it secures for a small group of persons individually, but by the subtraction which it represents from the total income of the community, just as the loss of a man from whose pocket so many shillings have been stolen is according to the number of the shillings, and not according to the number of the thieves. A hundred and thirty, or even fifty, millions pounds, divided amongst a few people, may tend to demoralise *them*, and they by their manner of spending it may tend to demoralise others; but it is idle to say that a nation is being crushed financially, and that poverty persists as a blot on what might be universal affluence, merely because of the national

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income as a whole 2½ per cent. is abstracted by a licensed pickpocket. The piled-up aggregations of the super-wealthy may seem mountains when viewed from within, but when viewed from without they are relatively little more than molehills.

What is essential to the construction of any sound social policy is not a knowledge of social facts taken separately, but a knowledge of the proportion which each bears to the rest; and when Mr. Masterman declares that super-wealth, by reason of its brute mass, is causing the whole structure of society to give way at its very foundations, he might just as well say that a tower a hundred feet high is crumbling under the weight of thirty inches of ornamental battlements. His whole picture of the condition of England is an example of such illusory arguments founded on distorted drawing; and his method is an example (and in many respects a flattering example) of the method habitually employed by the party to which he belongs.

This article is addressed to all moderate-minded men, whether they call themselves 'Unionists' or no; and its object is to impress on them that, if the practical projects of a Government such as the present are to be opposed, the primary subject of any effective criticism must be not the manner in which Radicals reason about facts, but their presentation of the facts themselves.

W. H. Mallock.

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MORE LIGHT ON CROMWELL AT DROGHEDA

A REJOINDER TO DR. MURRAY

A SHORT time ago, merely from cataloguing the early periodicals I ascertained that the whole of what we now term the Newspaper Press of the kingdom (none existed outside London) was immediately suppressed when the news of the Massacre of Drogheda arrived in London on the 28th of September 1649, and that it was revived when Cromwell returned from Ireland.

When I announced these facts and pointed out that this somewhat startling piece of new evidence was of great importance in the modern, or 'Gardinerian,' controversy, about what Cromwell did or did not do at Drogheda, one reviewer replied that the Press was suppressed by the 'Act' of the 20th of September 1649. This was the only possible line to be taken by partisans of the pseudo-Protector, if my discovery was to be excluded from the discussion about Cromwell's deeds at Drogheda, and my reviewer did not venture to assert anything so absurd as that there was nothing new in my discovery. Further research enabled me to restate and reinforce my discovery in a manner which left the same reviewer no alternative but to state that he feared that, as I then told it, there was 'no escape from the conclusion that the whole licensed Press was suppressed to prevent disclosures on the manner of the taking of Drogheda.'

S. R. Gardiner's narrative thus became out of date. It was necessary to examine the old evidence, find out what was omitted, and to see whether there were any new documents. There were both omissions and new documents; and there was, besides, a host of minor facts to be brought to light.

The result I summarised in an article printed in this Review for September last, under the title of 'Fresh Light on Cromwell at Drogheda,' and I expressly based all I had to say upon eleven newsbooks licensed by (the heretofore unknown licenser) Richard Hatter, all the facts about their writers and the circumstances in which these documents appeared having been previously unknown, and other documents being subsidiary to the main evidence—that of the newsbooks.

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But now, for the first and only time, I have encountered an assertion that my evidence is not new. The statement is made in the December number of this Review, in a 'Reply' by the Rev. Robert H. Murray, and the writer of this remarks in his first paragraph :

> We . . . therefore turned to the article of Mr. J. B. Williams with the earnest hope that he had really given additional information on the siege of Drogheda, but that hope has been falsified. The writer uses no new evidence, and, like so many other authors on Irish matters, proceeds to abuse Oliver Cromwell, his biographer, Thomas Carlyle, and his historian, S. R. Gardiner. When we saw the evidence was not new we re-read the article, etc.

Throughout his reply, my assailant has completely ignored every new document or extract brought to light, the host of new details (the very names of the writers of the newsbooks are due to the present writer); and, above all, the cardinal fact upon which all turns, the suppression of the Press. The general public, ignorant of technical details, might reasonably conclude, on reading Dr. Murray's reply, that a competent critic had examined my facts, and had rejected them. That is not the case, and, since both Dr. Murray and myself stand at the bar of public opinion to be judged, I at once join issue.

Dr. Murray has followed up his rash assertion by a number of allusions to my evidence, and to my use of it. My knowledge of a subject I have made my own is in question. Therefore, Dr. Murray cannot object if I proceed to subject his own reading and ability to somewhat searching proofs.

Ominously enough, Dr. Murray opens his reply by a dogmatic assertion : 'In order to comprehend the meaning of events, it is necessary to draw attention to the fact that, until the second Civil War of (May) 1648 no one thought of cutting off the King's head.' On the contrary, pseudo-legal proceedings against the King's life were publicly suggested many times before May 1648. One of the most striking instances is as follows :

When the motion was made (on the 2nd of February 1648) that the King might have thirty servants allowed him (in his captivity at Carisbrooke), Sir Robert Wroth 'stood up in a fury and told them' (the House of Commons) 'he being a prisoner, it was more fit he were brought to his tryal and to give an account for all the blood that hath been spilt and that, he said, would ease them both of a great deal of fear and trouble.'[1] Moreover, on the 3rd of February 1648, Henry Walker, on the instructions

[1] *Mercurius Elencticus*, the 2nd to the 9th of February 1647-8. Thomason's note on his copy of *Severall Speeches*, that it was published on the 3rd of February, is corroborated by Walker's own statement in *Perfect Occurrences* for that week.

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of Cromwell's party, published his piracy of Robert Persons's *Conference about the next Succession*, entitled *Severall Speeches delivered at a Conference concerning the Power of Parliament to Proceed against their King for Misgovernment*. On the 1st of March he and his publisher Ibbitson produced a translation of Languet's *Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*. Dr. Murray drew his statement from Gardiner, and Gardiner knew nothing of all this.

Dr. Murray then devotes no less than seven pages to a delineation of what he terms a 'background' to Cromwell's actions at Drogheda. His object is to prove the evil deeds of the Irish in 1641, and to depict Protestant hatred of 'Papists' in general, and Irish in particular—to do, in fact, in many words, what Gardiner has done much better in a few sentences. Since this has nothing whatever to do with the question of what Cromwell did or did not do at Drogheda, I am not interested in this side-issue. I hold no brief for either side in this particular controversy (for controversy it is, and an acute one), and am as profoundly indifferent to the political questions of Ireland's past as I am to those of the present day. My opponent really wishes to do for Cromwell what 'the Council of State' did in 1650: that is, to attempt to exonerate him from his crimes by directing popular attention to circumstantial accounts of Irish outrages in 1641. On the 8th of January 1650 the Council paid Thomas Waring 100*l*. (400*l*. of our money) for 'compiling a book of the bloody massacres in Ireland.' If, in quoting from Waring's sources, Dr. Murray, instead of giving a garbled version of part only of a 'deposition by Elizabeth Price,' had set out from the same deposition the tale of the ghost of Portadown Bridge, screaming 'Revenge!' 'Revenge!' 'Revenge!' from Christmas to Lent, and of the serio-comic efforts of the rebels to appease the spectre, he would at least have added picturesqueness to an exceedingly unconvincing tale.[2]

His 'background' completed to his taste, my adversary then enters into his own version of Cromwell at Drogheda. He has nothing new to say that is to the point, and has simply re-written Gardiner's narrative in his own words—very much to the detriment of Gardiner, as I shall prove. Dr. Murray reproduces Revel's map of Drogheda: Gardiner has a much better reproduction of it. Dr. Murray tells us that Cromwell gave orders for the general massacre 'at the foot of Mill Mount.' He has taken the assertion from Gardiner, and nobody knows, or ever

[2] The payment to Waring is shown in the *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic*, for 1649-50, p. 474. The unmutilated deposition of Elizabeth Price is set out in full in Miss Mary Agnes Hickson's *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century*, i. 176-183. Waring appears as a witness in vol. ii. p. 199. See *Cal. S. P. Dom.* 1655, p. 318.

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will know, where Cromwell stood. He quotes Dean Bernard; so did Gardiner, the same passage. He quotes Wellington's letter to Canning, and quotes it from Gardiner. He quotes Thomas à Wood's story, and quotes it from Gardiner.

Throughout his reply, Gardiner's tale is told by Dr. Murray, without the slightest acknowledgment to the great writer for whom he professes so much respect. Of course, the obvious reply to this would be, that Dr. Murray has verified as well as adopted Gardiner's notes. He has done nothing of the sort, and, appropriately enough, he has proved the fact and achieved his own discomfiture in the passage I now set out:

> Mr. Williams's use of evidence demands attention. He rightly concludes that the garrison was largely Irish, but he omits to mention that Ormonde's opinion was different. *According to him, when evidence he does not like is found 'unreliable in such material points we are at liberty to say that it . . . bears the stamp of falsehood on the face of it.'* Ormonde's evidence, then, is to be rejected; yet we find, to our surprise, that he persists in using it. Thomas à Wood agrees with Ormonde that the garrison was English. Mr. Williams justly rejects Wood's testimony in this matter, and equally unjustly receives it when it supports some details of the massacre.

The not too courteous sentence I have italicised will carry back its own answer to Dr. Murray when I have dealt with the two antitheses in the passage.

I 'rightly conclude' that the garrison was Irish because I proved the facts by four quotations (three new) from the newsbooks, not because Dr. Murray has verified them. For Dr. Murray, in a footnote, states, as his authority, *Moderate Intelligence(r)*, E 573, p. 19.[3]

In order that the general reader may understand what I have now to say, I must explain that the 'Thomason Tracts' (formerly incorrectly termed 'King's Pamphlets')—that is, the newsbooks, other pamphlets, broadsides and books, collected by the contemporary bookseller, George Thomason, with the express encouragement of King Charles the First—are all in the British Museum. The collection extends from 1641 to about 1661, and contains well-nigh everything that was printed during those years. The press-marks (apart from the broadsides) on the volumes in which the collection is bound range from E 1 to, about, E 2000. And, as there are over 22,000 pieces in print in the 'Thomason Collection,' each of the larger volumes contains an average number of from ten to thirty different newsbooks and other pamphlets.

The old collector thoughtfully arranged all these in the order of date of purchase, dating each tract himself, so that strangely

[3] The omission of the final 'r' is a mistake.

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conflicting documents are bound up together in the same volume. Thus, a newsbook will often follow a sermon, and itself be followed by a satire on Cromwell's 'carrot nose,' or a treatise on astrology. So that each tract has a separate number for the volume in which it is contained.

With all those whose task it is to investigate the history of the Great Rebellion and Interregnum, the two following assertions will be admitted to be axiomatic:

(1) No one can possibly pose as an authority on any part of English history during the Great Rebellion and Interregnum unless he has gone through the 'Thomason Tracts' for that particular period.

(2) No one has any right to pose as an authority about the newsbooks or press of the period from 1641 to 1660 unless he possesses a good knowledge of the newsbooks (7216 in all) contained in the 'Thomason Collection.'

There are very many other contemporary sources of the history of the period 1641-1661, of course, but it is indisputable that, as far as they go, the 'Thomason Tracts' are indispensable. No adequate catalogue of them existed until 1908.

There exists no substitute for this collection; it is unique in the world.

Dr. Murray's *Moderate Intelligence*(r) E 573, p. 19,[4] is a reference to a newsbook contained in a volume of this collection. But no individual newsbook ever contained more than sixteen pages, two sheets in quarto being the limit allowed for each number; and, since the newsbooks usually paged themselves from their first number onwards, if Dr. Murray were referring to the actual page 19 of the *Moderate Intelligencer*, the perplexed inquirer would have to go back to the month of March 1645, which, of course, is absurd. If Dr. Murray had seen the document he was citing as his authority for saying I 'rightly conclude' the garrison was Irish, he would have referred his readers to tract 19 in volume E 573, not to page 19. He would have written (as the three printed catalogues in the British Museum do) E 573 (19).[4] The page of the particular newsbook is of no consequence to one familiar with them, and the date is the important thing.

One quotation like this of Dr. Murray's might be explained as a simple slip of the pen, not so a whole series. Dr. Murray has, in the course of his reply, given five other references to newsbooks in the 'Thomason Collection': *Perfect Occurrences* E 533,

[4] To give this in its fullest form the reference is *The Moderate Intelligencer*, No. 234, for the 6th-13th September 1649. Press-marks are not now necessary, since the authorities published a catalogue of the collection in chronological order in 1908.

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p. 15; *The Kingdom's Faithful and Impartial Scout* E 533, p. 16; *The Perfect Diurnall* E 553, p. 17 (this is a mistake for E 533) and a footnote, 'E 533, p. 15,' to Hewson's letter in *Perfect Occurrences*. Finally, there is *Perfect Occurrences*, October 5 to 12,[5] cited from the scrap-book entitled *Cromwelliana* (1810), a collection of newsbook cuttings discarded nowadays in favour of the 'Thomason Tracts.' So that Dr. Murray was under the impression that three consecutive pages of one volume of the 'Thomason Tracts'—*i.e.* pp. 15, 16, and 17 of volume E 533—contain three newsbooks, and that on one side of one leaf there must necessarily appear the whole of one periodical printed by one printer, and on another side of the same leaf another periodical printed by another printer. This would be journalism indeed!

The explanation of this absurd series of mistakes is that Gardiner set a trap for Dr. Murray, and Dr. Murray has been caught in it.

In citing the press-marks Gardiner found it easier to use a comma, instead of the brackets employed by the Museum authorities, and wrote his reference notes as follows: 'E 573, 19; E 533, 15,' etc. Dr. Murray copied the notes faithfully; and thus omitted the all-important dates of the newsbooks. Had he been familiar with the 'Thomason Tracts' and their press-marks, he could not possibly have altered Gardiner's commas into pages.

It follows that Dr. Murray's knowledge of the newsbooks and other pamphlets of 1641-1661 is of the most singular description; so much so that, perhaps, it should not cause surprise when he ventures to assert that there is 'nothing new' in my evidence about the newsbooks and press. Further comment would be superfluous.

But I have the rest of the passage quoted to refute.

I assuredly omitted Ormonde's 'opinion' about the nationality of the garrison; for no one knows what it was. If Dr. Murray knows something that the world, up to the present, has failed to find, let him publish it; for I must candidly admit that if Ormonde (their general-in-chief) said the garrison was English, I, for one, should refuse to believe the newsbooks.

The second antithesis is 'Thomas à Wood agrees with Ormonde that the garrison was English,' and that 'Mr. Williams justly rejects Wood's testimony in this matter, and equally un-

[5] The correct full references to the five newsbooks are as follows: *Perfect Occurrences*, No. 144, the 28th of September to the 4th of October; *The Kingdom's Faithful and Impartial Scout*, No. 36, the 28th of September to the 4th of October; *The Perfect Diurnall*, No. 323, the 1st to the 8th of October; *Perfect Occurrences*, as before; and *Perfect Occurrences*, No. 145, the 5th to the 12th of October. These newsbooks were of larger size just then, and, therefore, had to be bound separately from the pamphlets. There are thirty-eight in the volume in question.

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justly receives it when it supports some details of the massacre.' Now Thomas à Wood never said the garrison was English, or, indeed, anything at all about the composition of the garrison, nor did I ever assert that he did. His brother Anthony thought so,[6] and it was to Anthony I referred, by using the word 'Wood,' and adding that he was 'never in Ireland at any time.' Thomas actually took part in the storm of Drogheda.

But, later on, Dr. Murray has still more remarkable statements to make about Thomas à Wood. He says: 'Another curious example of the method Mr. Williams employs in dealing with evidence occurs in the case of the letter of Thomas à Wood.' Dr. Murray then proceeds to set out this 'letter,' and remarks: 'There is not a hint that the letter was a fable invented by Thomas to make his brother Anthony's flesh creep.'

Now, first of all, nothing written by Thomas à Wood, either a letter or anything else, original or copy, has come down to us. All that is known of him, and of what he *said*—every scrap—is contained in three paragraphs of Anthony à Wood's *Life* of himself, prefixed to the first volume of his *Athenae Oxonienses*. Dr. Murray quotes part of two of them, and this is his 'letter'! Once more, has Dr. Murray transcribed Gardiner's extract? And has he ever read Anthony à Wood's life?

What would an uninstructed reader conclude on reading Dr. Murray's extract, and his positive assertion that the tale was a fable invented to make Anthony's flesh creep? Why, of course, that there was evidence to that effect. There is none. For over two hundred years Wood's tale was the principal version of what Cromwell did at Drogheda. His brother is the witness to its truth. What, then, can Dr. Murray say against Thomas à Wood's tale? Simply that Gardiner discredits it. Gardiner's criticisms are the criticisms of a partisan, and if anything were needed to advertise the fact, and to make them and the queries postulating untruths ridiculous, it is to be found in Dr. Murray's promptly posing as a 'trained investigator' of a 'letter' that never existed, and asserting for a fact that which Gardiner only suggested as an explanation.

A severely legal line of criticism of Thomas à Wood's tale (fatal to a good deal of all history) would be that it is hearsay. What Anthony says Thomas said is not primary evidence. It can be used until we get first-hand evidence, and, in doing this, we ought to ask ourselves whether it is antecedently probable. If a thousand civilians were killed in the church, it is antecedently probable. Cromwell admits killing a thousand 'people' 'in this

[6] *Fasti*, ii. 77. Perhaps the passage cannot be construed as strictly as Bagwell (*Ireland under the Stuarts and Interregnum*, ii. p. 192) seems to think.

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very place,' and, as I shall afterwards show, the letters of Peters and 'R. L.' corroborate him.

But we now have first-hand evidence corroborating its general tendency. In addition to the Verney letter there are also three other letters, which I now proceed to set out.

Sir George Wharton, writer of *Mercurius Elencticus*, published the first two, as follows :

SIR,—I must crave your pardon for what you received in my two last of the twentieth and two and twentieth, wherein I intimated the holding out of Tredagh. For though they be true in every particular as to the repulsing of Cromwell and the losse therein mentioned etc., yet this day came certain newes that the towne was taken by storme some few daies before and the Governour (Sir Arthur Aston) with the greatest part of the officers and soldiers put to the sword . . . we found it too true that at last they had possessed themselves of the towne and used all cruelties imaginable upon the besieged, as well inhabitants as others, sparing neither women nor children, and after that marched to Trym and Dundalke etc. . . . Dublin September 24th 1649. . . .

By another letter of the same hand, of October 2nd, it is further certified that Sir Arthur Aston, Sir Edmund Varney and the rest of the prime officers, who, after the enemy had gained the town, retreated and maintained the moat, had all of them quarter promised them for their lives, and, upon that condition, went all into the windmill at the top of the mount, whilst the enemy took possession thereof. Which, no sooner had they done, but they afterwards disarmed and most perfidiously murdered them, one by one, in the most cruel manner they could invent, cutting off . . .[7] pieces of their flesh, which they wore triumphantly in their hats two daies after. Their barbarousness was no less exercised upon the rest of the soldiers and inhabitants, especially religious men, amongst the rest the Lord Taaf's brother, an Augustine friar, and one Parsons of the same order, whom they kept two days alive, torturing them by all the cruel ways and means they could devise to make them confess what they knew of the Royalists' designs, and then murdered them. That above 1200 were murdered in St. Peter's Church. That about two hundred officers and soldiers maintained the tower at the West Gate, till the next day, in which time they killed about two hundred of the enemy, refusing to submit to mercy, but the enemy at length considering the strength of the place and how their several attempts at firing them out had failed and what loss they had already received, offered them conditions of quarter for their lives. Upon which they surrendered; yet, nevertheless, Cromwell afterwards commanded the officers to be all murdered and every tenth man of the soldiers, which they were accordingly, and the survivors sold and shipped away for the Barbados, there to be made slaves of all the days of their lives.[8]

In what manner did Sir Arthur Aston die? Anthony à Wood has written his life, and says,[9] 'Aston the Governor (a zealous R. Catholic) was hewen in pieces and his brains beat out with his wooden leg.'

[7] The preliminary mutilation at executions for High Treason.
[8] *Mercurius Elencticus* for the 8th to 15th of October 1649.
[9] *Fasti*, ii. 77.

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These letters in *Mercurius Elencticus* do not support Dr. Murray's gratuitous assumption that 'the priests probably fought —it was the most sensible thing to do—and were taken in arms or killed fighting.' Nor do the archives of the Irish College at Rome, which, naturally, may be expected to contain something about them. The following is an extract from the third letter, written by a Jesuit Father, preserved in Rome:

When the city was captured by the heretics, the blood of the Catholics was mercilessly shed in the streets, in the dwelling houses, and in the open fields; to none was mercy shown; not to women, nor to the aged, nor to the young. The property of the citizens became the prey of the Parliamentary troops. Everything in our residence was plundered; the library, the sacred chalices, of which there were many of great value, as well as all the furniture, sacred and profane, were destroyed. On the following day, when the soldiers were searching through the ruins of the city, they discovered one of our fathers, named John Bathe, with his brother, a secular priest. Suspecting that they were religious, they examined them, and, finding that they were priests, and one of them, moreover, a Jesuit, they led them off in triumph and, accompanied by a tumultuous crowd, conducted them to the market place, and there, as if they were at length extinguishing the Catholic religion and our society, they tied them both to stakes fixed in the ground, and pierced their bodies with shots until they expired. Father Robert Netterville, far advanced in years, was confined to bed by his infirmities; he was dragged thence by soldiers, and trailed along the ground, being violently knocked against each obstacle that presented itself on the way; then he was beaten with clubs; and when many of his bones were broken, he was cast out on the highway. Some good Catholics came during the night, bore him away and hid him somewhere. Four days after, having fought the good fight, he departed this life to receive, as we hope, the Martyr's Crown.[10]

There is one part of Dr. Murray's reply in which he makes use of copies of original documents, that is, the correspondence in the copies of the Carte MSS. (at Dublin). Five of his quotations are not set out in Gilbert's *Contemporary History of Ireland*, but none are to the point. After setting out Cromwell's summons to Aston (several times printed), Dr. Murray proceeds to remark: 'No answer came, and a perusal of the Carte correspondence reveals the reason.' Dr. Murray should be well aware that an answer did come, if only because the *Moderate Intelligencer*, quoted by me in my previous article, assigns as the cause of Aston's death 'the rage of Colonel Castle's soldiers, also for that Ashton gave not a civil answer when summoned.' And this is the answer: 'The letters this day from Ireland do advertise that the Lord Lieutenant summoned the town of Tredagh, to which Sir Arthur Aston returned answer "That he had received the charge of the town too lately into his trust to surrender it so

[10] Cited by the Rev. Denis Murphy, S.J., in *Cromwell in Ireland*, a book unknown to Gardiner.

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soon upon a bare summons only, and that he must give another account of it, which he should shortly understand." These were his words, and his deeds made haste to overtake his words, for immediately after he sallied forth with a considerable party,' &c., &c.[11]

A comment upon Cromwell's summons to Aston is furnished by his summons to the chief officer commanding Dundalk, dated 'Tredah 12 Sept. 1649':

Sir, I *offered mercy* [italics mine] to the garrison of Tredah, in sending the Governor a summons before I attempted the taking of it, which being refused brought their evil upon them.

Governor Aston was *not* 'confident that he could sustain a siege.' He wrote to Ormonde on Saturday, the 8th of September:

My ammunition spends very fast. I have spent above four barrels each day ever since Sunday, and now I must, against my will, be quiet. I beseech your excellency to send me some more ammunition, the which I conceive may come safe to me. Provisions grow short, and after this day I have not a penny of money. Nine gallant men have lost their horses and are now on foot. I beseech your excellency be mindful of them. If you could speedily assault the greater camp, and that I may have notice I will, God willing, beat up more upon Saint John's hill.[12]

Dr. Murray next sets out an extract from Ormonde's letter to Colonel Trevor, ordering him to supply Aston with ammunition and provisions, quoting after this Aston's last letter to Lord Ormonde, dated the 10th of September, but omitting from his extract the words which prove that Aston actually sent Lord Ormonde a copy of his reply to Cromwell. This letter is as follows:

This morning about eight of the clock I received the enclosed summons. My answer is by it, as also a letter from the Apostate Harding. Since this summons I heard no answer, but by the mouth of cannon, the which hath ever since without intermission played upon our walls and works. They have eight pieces of battery; the least thereof shoot about 12 pounds, one of 30 pounds bullet. They have made a very great breach near the church. I am confident their resolutions are to gain it immediately by an assault; the soldiers say, 'Well, pray God, (we'll) do well.' I will assure your Excellency that there shall be no want in me, but your Excellency's steady help is much desired.

The postscript adds: 'Just now comes a messenger who brought me (your) letter of the seventh of this month, but I hear

[11] *Kingdom's Weekly Intelligencer*, the 11th to 18th of September 1649. I am indebted to the Rev. Thomas Gogarty, C.C., a native of Drogheda, for the great kindness with which he has copied the letters in the Carte MSS. for me and enabled me to check Dr. Murray. Aston's reply to Cromwell's summons was first made known to the world by Father Gogarty in an article entitled 'London Newsbooks on the Storm of Drogheda,' printed in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* for July 1911.

[12] *Carte Papers* (at Dublin), vol. xxv. p. 302.

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nothing nor have not done of Colonel Trevor. My ammunition decays apace and I can not help it.' [13]

Dr. Murray persists in thrusting upon myself the responsibility for the assertion that the town fell on 'Wednesday the 12th.' It is not my assertion, but was made by Walter Frost, the Secretary to the 'Council of State.' A town only falls when complete possession of it is obtained, just as an egg is not eaten when the top is knocked off. Breaches were made in the wall, and the works were stormed and entered on the night of the eleventh, we do not know the hour, but probably in the dark. Does it therefore follow that the town fell? There were two parts of the town, separated by a drawbridge. If the defenders were fighting, why did they not retreat across this and pull it up? Once within the walls Cromwell and 'all his officers and soldiers' promised 'quarter so long as any place held out,' says Lord Ormonde. Sir Lewis Dyve adds that Wall's regiment 'listened before they had need unto the enemy offering quarter.' The Verney letter, stating that Sir Edmund Verney was murdered in Cromwell's presence 'three days after quarter was given him,' that is, on Friday, the 14th of September, proves that quarter was promised to those on the Mill Mount, since the *Moderate Intelligencer* expressly states that Verney was in command there. Thus we know what the *Perfect Diurnall* means when it says that those on the Mill Mount were 'persuaded' to surrender, afterwards 'disarmed' and then 'all slain.' Then, finally, we have the murder of Colonel Boyle the 'next day' after Verney's murder—that is, on Saturday, the 15th of September. Here we have four witnesses, of whom one was on the Puritan side. I now add another piece of evidence, useful as corroboration, in a letter addressed to Walker, the ironmonger:

> *On Wednesday, 12th September*, 1649, the Lord Lieutenant stormed the garrison of Drogheda, where he found much opposition, yet through the glorious power of God which was wonderfully seen there (!) they made entry into the town, near the Mount by the church, where they found resistance, *offered quarter*, but it would not be accepted of.

This letter was dated 'Liverpool, the 14th of September,' and is a sea captain's account of what he had been told.[14] No one can resist the conclusion that the general massacre took place on the 12th, though the breaches were stormed and the town entered on the 11th. The concealment of the fact of surrender 'on quarter' was the reason why everything was

[13] *Carte Papers* (Dublin). Printed in Sir J. T. Gilbert's *Contemporary History of Ireland*, ii. p. 259.

[14] 'Two letters. One from Dublin, in Ireland, and the other from Liverpoole,' &c. (the 22nd of September), E. 574 (18). Walker's note on the title-page, to the effect that this tract was unlicensed, should be noticed. The words 'offered quarter' would not have passed the licenser. See also S. Carrington's 'History' of Cromwell, published in April 1659.

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dated a day back and why we get no dates after the 11th. Moreover, Thomas à Wood confirms this view by saying that all were put to the sword 'on the 11th and 12th of September.' The truth is, that only the breaches were stormed on the 11th, and that the town itself never was carried by storm at all! It surrendered after breach and entry, and the surrendering and disarmament of which we have such clear proof in the *Perfect Diurnall* occupied the night of the 11th.

How otherwise can we explain the small, the incredibly small, loss Cromwell and his party asserted they sustained? He puts the total loss at a hundred, Hewson at one hundred and fifty, Hugh Peters at sixty-four; or, as 'R. L.' states, 'twenty or thirty men slain and some forty wounded.' Yet one (or two) assaults were repulsed. The total loss is so incredibly small that it is not unreasonable to assert that it could only have been incurred during the massacre of unarmed men, and does not include losses on the assaults. For we must remember the restricted space within the walls, and the impossibility of bringing Cromwell's whole army within.

'On the 12th of September Ormonde wrote to Owen Roe O'Neill *of what had happened "after the taking of Drogheda",*' asserts Dr. Murray from the Dublin *Carte Papers;* but, on verifying Dr. Murray's reference, I find that Ormonde wrote to O'Neill as follows:

> Being necessitated to make a journey for a few days to Kilkenny for the better supply of the Army and the opposition of the rebels in case that after the taking of Drogheda they should advance that way, we have thought fit to give you notice thereof, &c.[15]

Evidently, Ormonde had just heard of the fall of Drogheda and was taking measures accordingly.

Dr. Murray does not quote my article correctly when he asserts that 'According to Mr. Williams the bulk of the garrison were killed in the fort and the streets, not the church.' Hewson said 'in the fort and the streets,' not I; and I merely quoted his accidental admission as corroboration of the letter by the trooper 'R. L.' stating 'there'—at the bridge—'our men fell violently in upon them, and I believe there was above two thousand put to the sword.' If 'about' 2000 were killed at the bridge, 100 in St. Peter's steeple, as Cromwell asserts, about two hundred accounted for in the two towers on the wall (since all agree that there was only a question of two towers, called West Gate and St. Sunday's) as Hewson states (giving both towers instead of Cromwell's six or seven score men in one), and 200 (Hewson) or 250 (*Perfect Diurnall*) or 300 (*Scout*) killed at the Mill Mount; with, finally, 500 said by the *Moderate Intelligencer* to have leapt over the wall, we have more than

[15] *Carte Papers*, vol. xxv. 529 A.

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accounted for the whole garrison, since the precise number of men is known to have been 2552 foot and 319 horse.

When, then, Cromwell admits having killed 'many inhabitants' and says, further, in addition, that he killed 1000 'people' in the church—'in this very place'; not 'in and around it'—we know that he meant civilians, as the word 'people' chosen by him to describe them proves.

Also, Peters asserted that there were 3552 slain; adding 'none spared.' I have proved that 'none spared' was considered to refer to civilians. It is known that the exact number of the foot was 2552, and yet Peters said 3552.[16] Why? Because he knew a thousand civilians were slaughtered in the church. If he had not given the exact number of foot to a man we could not be sure of this. Contemporary description of the number of the horse was 'a few,' and that is why Peters left them out of account. 'Where their horse were we know not,' said the *Moderate Intelligencer*.

'R. L.'s' letter has hitherto been unknown.[17] It is a new document introduced by me, and the trooper who wrote it states two facts entirely destructive of Gardiner's reasoning that 1000 soldiers were killed 'in or around' the church. These are: (1) This point that 'about 2000' (over two-thirds of the garrison) were killed at the bridge. (2) The fact that those killed were ridden down by horse. This renders the question of distance negligible. The unarmed men ran on foot down a steep slope to the drawbridge, became a struggling mass fighting to get over the river, and were ridden down and trodden under foot by the horses or cut down right and left. This newly introduced letter of 'R. L.' is the only contemporary document mentioning the drawbridge, and it states 'they had not time to pull it up.'

Of what use is Wellington's statement about the right of putting to the sword the defenders of a fortress stormed? The defenders of Drogheda surrendered 'on quarter'—with a promise of their lives.

In this latter case, Dr. Murray's reproduction of Gardiner's quotation from Wellington is not more pertinent than any of the impromptu observations of that celebrated person 'Mr. F.'s Aunt,' in *Little Dorrit*. The same remark applies to Dr. Murray's quotation from Schiller. It is no parallel at all. I did not ask for an account of a massacre as bad or worse than that of Cromwell; the proverbial schoolboy can give a number of these. The parallel to Cromwell's massacre would be a case where

[16] There is no question of a mistake in the number of thousands, for Peters's letter was originally published as a pamphlet with the words 'three thousand,' &c., instead of figures. All the newsbooks copied it.

[17] Oddly enough, it appears in *Cromwelliana*. But neither Gardiner nor anyone else has referred to this untrustworthy and uncritical collection.

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a whole garrison surrenders on promises of quarter for their lives, given them by men professing to be Christians, where these men then quietly disarm the garrison; and then, when they have finished this, set to work and kill them all, and as many of the inhabitants—'men, women, and children'—who they think are of a contrary creed to their own.

The Rev. Dr. Murray is far too anxious to prove that some of the murdered men cursed their souls as they were being burnt alive.

'Colonel Hewson hears a cry, *Perfect Occurrences*, and Cromwell's despatch gives details of it,' says he, adding, 'they are all independent witnesses.' 'All!' *Perfect Occurrences* merely printed Hewson's letter, and details of the cry are nowhere else to be found but in Hewson's letter in *Perfect Occurrences* and Cromwell's despatch. Dr. Murray's 'all' thus becomes two—Hewson and Cromwell. But Cromwell does not say 'I heard'; he states 'one of them' (the men burnt alive) 'was heard to say.' Who heard him? Why, Hewson, of course. We are thus reduced to one 'ear-witness' (to use a contemporary expression), and that 'ear-witness' is the hideous[18] ruffian, Hewson the cobbler, who spat in King Charles the First's face at the Mock Trial.[19]

But Dr. Murray has an 'authoritative' account to bring forward, a new one. He cannot say who wrote it, but introduces it as follows:

> Mr. Williams tries many means of showing that the capture did not take place on the 11th, but the eye-witnesses are unanimous that it did. The date of the 11th is corroborated by the authoritative account given in 'A History; or, A Brief Chronicle of the Chief Matters of the Irish Wars.' With a Perfect Table; or, List of All the Victories Obtained by the Lord General Cromwell, Governor General of Ireland, and the Parliament's Forces under his command there. From *Wednesday the 1st of August* 1649 *to the 26th of this present July* 1650. *London*, 1650. . . *Hen. Scobel Cleric. Parliamenti.*[20]

Dr. Murray does not, I think, know that the publisher of this tract was Robert Ibbitson, and that Scobell's name occurs

[18] 'In January (1660), it being a very snowy time, the young men in Fleet Street, likewise St. Paul's Churchyard, made in snow the effigies of Colonel Hewson, with one eye in the head and with an odd face, a halter or rope about his neck, many old shoes lying by him, a horn on his head, a writing on his back, "This is old Hewson the cobbler"; for he was by trade a cobbler, and had but one eye and an odd face' (*Rugge's Diurnall, Add. MSS.* 10,116).

[19] 'Colonel Hewson himself, for the honour of the gentle craft, cry'd "Justice!" "Justice!" on the traytor, and, withall, spit in his face, whereat the king only smiled, took out his handkerchief and patiently wiped the venom off his face, saying, "Well, Sir! God hath justice in store both for you and for me."' *Mercurius Elencticus*, the 31st of January to the 7th of February 1648-9. See also 'The Last Counsel of a Martyred King to his Son' E. 1025 (7).

[20] This is 'Thomason Tract' E 608 (15). Dr. Murray is quoting from a reprint in Gilbert's *Contemp. Hist. of Ireland*, iii. 157. See the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, vol. VII. p. 500.

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at the end of the tract as licenser, and is not on the title-page as author. Up to January 1650 Henry Scobell was the author of the newsbook *Severall Proceedings* (later on often called *Perfect Proceedings*), Henry Walker being 'sub-author' and Ibbitson the publisher. Commencing with January 1650, Walker was sole author, Scobell merely licensing the newsbook and the 'relations' (or supplements) to it. Scobell's name appears on all these documents. Dr. Murray's tract is one of these 'relations,' and the 'authoritative' character that he attributes to it thus vanishes. Moreover, it is a catchpenny affair, dangerous to rely upon, its materials being taken from Walker's newsbooks, with a rich addition of genuine mistakes. Original work by Henry Walker, the ironmonger, can never be trusted.

It is always well to have a non-partisan description of the 'man behind the gun,' and in this case we possess one of the writer by George Fox, the Quaker. Fox says Walker was Oliver's 'priest,' and his 'newsmonger, an envious priest and a light, scornful, chaffie man. I bid him repent, and he put it in his newsbook next week that I had been at Whitehall and had bid a godly minister repent. . . . When I went thither again I manifested the priest to be a liar in several things.' Fox then calls him 'this forger of lies which he spread over all the nation in the news.' [21]

Fox was absolutely truthful, sometimes inconveniently so.

Dr. Murray is not entitled to make the following remarks

[21] Fox's *Journal*. The date was the 26th of February 1655. See Walker's account of the interview in *Perfect Proceedings* for the 22nd of February to the 1st of March 1654-5 and compare. The following extracts will prove the justice of Fox's accusation :

Perfect Proceedings, the 5th to the 12th of April 1655 : 'There is much wickedness committed by some of them (the Quakers) about London, cursing, swearing, and filthy uncleannesse.'

Ibid. the 28th of June to the 5th of July 1655 : 'A letter from a godly minister advertises . . . . that a woman at a Quakers' meeting was strongly taken, possess't (and) carried home distracted, and she is since dead. That she cried out of Devils "Oh good devils do not beat out mine eyes." And was (*sic*) visibly seen by others to slap her in the face, and as if something ran up and down her body under her skin that bellowed in her like a calf.'

Ibid. the 19th to the 26th of July 1655 : 'There is a speech of seven witnesses that have given it upon oath that an eminent Quaker, coming to an inn, had a conference with the Devil about bringing in of souls to him.'

It must be borne in mind that Walker was intimately connected with Cromwell, and preached the valedictory sermon before him and his officers previous to the Scotch campaign of 1650. The sermon was printed. The Quakers published a pamphlet and a broadside against Walker. The first was (the 14th of May 1655) : 'A declaration from the children of Light, who are by the world scornfully called Quakers, against several false reports, scandals, and lyes, in several newsbooks and pamphlets, put forth by Hen. Walker, Robert Wood, etc.' The second was entitled (the 6th of June 1655) : 'Slanders and lyes, being cast upon the children of light, given forth to print from one Henry Walker, which R. Ibitson hath printed. That they deny the Resurrection and Heaven and Hell, etc.'

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about the Verney letter: 'According to Mr. Williams this letter has never been transcribed by any historian; yet it appears in Lady Verney's "Memoirs."' Did I not give Lady Verney as my authority for it, when I set it out? Is it ordinarily possible to transcribe it in full from any other source? And is any cultured lady who edits family records to be called an 'historian' in the sense that I used the word? I do not drag the names of living Irish historians into the controversy, but has any one of these living writers ever cited it? The blame rests on Gardiner's untrue description of the letter. Even Dr. Murray is forced to omit the latter part of it because of the clear proof it contains that murders were of daily occurrence up to the 15th of September.

Of Cromwell's slaughter of 300 women at the market cross of Wexford, Dr. Murray asserts that the story 'first appears in 1763—that is, 114 years after the event.'

But, just as Dr. Murray diminishes 'three days' in the case of Verney, and three days plus 'the next day' in the case of Boyle, to 'twenty-four hours' for both; so, also, he has here added half a century at least. This story was printed, not for the first time, in 1715, in *The Rise and Growth of Fanaticism*, a book of which there were no fewer than six editions.[22] Since this work was a compilation, earlier accounts will assuredly be discovered.

Dr. Murray, in the passage to which I took exception at the commencement of this rejoinder, accuses me of employing 'abuse' instead of argument, and throughout his reply adopts the plural as his mode of diction. For instance, 'We are strongly of opinion that he' (Mr. Williams) 'has no idea of the nature of evidence,' is one of the 'obiter dicta' Dr. Murray was ill-advised to record.

Dr. Murray has every right to employ any mode of diction he pleases, but since he, not once, but repeatedly, commits the literary solecism of introducing into the discussion the names of living writers of authority, he should have made it clearer that he was not authorised to voice their opinions.

Finally, Dr. Murray unpardonably misrepresents Lord Clarendon's real opinion about Cromwell by tearing the phrase 'he was not a man of blood' from its context. Clarendon had in his mind even worse crimes than the murder of the women and children of Drogheda, and referred to proposals like those made by the cowardly poltroon Nathaniel Fiennes, on the 20th of January 1658, in his speech to Cromwell and that

[22] Second edition. London 1715. P. 33. British Museum press-mark T. 1782 (i.). Sixth (undated) edition, press-mark T. 1029 (i.). These are the only copies in the Museum.

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preposterous assembly calling itself 'Lords' (Hewson was a 'lord') and 'Commons.'

After saying 'I do not know that it would be an uncharitable wish to wish them even cut off that trouble you,'[23] Fiennes went on to allude to the Royalists, with whom the vast majority of the three nations were in sympathy, and said:

> No demonstrations of God's hand (*sic*) against them will prevail with them; but, surpassing in obstinacy even the very Jews themselves, they will not leave off their work, but are as hard at it, even at this day, as ever. What shall we do with these men who will never be quiet? 'Æger intemperans crudelem facit medicum et immedicabile vulnus *ense* recidendum.'[24]

Clarendon sums up the man to whom this exhortation was addressed by

> He was not a man of blood, and totally declined Machiavel's method, which prescribes upon any alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off the heads of all those and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old (one). And it was confidently reported, that in the council of officers, it was more than once proposed that there might be a general massacre of all the Royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government; but Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too much contempt for his enemies. In a word, as he had all the wickedness against which damnation is denounced and for which hell fire is prepared, so he had some virtues which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave bad man.[25]

These are the words of the most authoritative of all English historians of the seventeenth century, and I need only add to them the same great writer's description—one that will endure for all time—of Cromwell's blood bath at Drogheda.

Lord Clarendon was no friend to the Irish, but he knew Ormonde intimately, and wrote that Aston's soldiers

> threw down their arms upon a general offer of quarter, so that the enemy entered the work without resistance and put every man, governor, officer, and soldier, to the sword; and the whole army being entered the town, they executed all manner of cruelty, and put every man that related to the garrison and all the citizens who were Irish, man, woman and child, to the sword; and there being three or four officers of name and of good families (*e.g.* Verney and Boyle) who had found some way, by the humanity of some soldiers of the enemy, to conceal themselves for four or five days, being afterwards discovered, they were butchered in cold blood.[26]

This is nothing less than a plain statement of the evidence I gave, in greater detail, in my first article.

J. B. WILLIAMS.

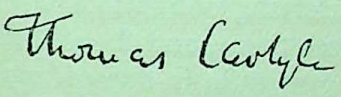
[23] The speech of the Right Honourable Lord (*sic*) Fiennes, E 934 (6), p. 6.
[24] *Ibid.* p. 12. Probably a free rendering of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, book i. 190.
[25] *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars*, xv. 156.
[26] *Ibid.* xii. 116.

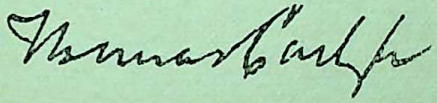
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THE TWO THOMAS CARLYLES

I DOUBT whether many people of the present generation know that there were two Thomas Carlyles. They were both Dumfries-shire men, and yet there was no tie of blood or clan between them. They were both educated, for a time at least, at the Academy in the little rural town of Annan, both were great students of German literature and philosophy, and, moreover, their signatures so closely resembled each other that the one might easily be mistaken for the other.

 Historian.

 Advocate.

There is no doubt that this curious fact frequently led to mistakes in identity, and was the cause of bitter and acrimonious feelings on the part of the great Carlyle; his namesake had reason to consider that he had also been wronged on one occasion at least.

Looking back at Carlyle's reminiscences I find the following extract. It was written after visiting Albury, the principal meeting-place of those who had the gift of 'tongues':

> My double-goer, T. Carlyle, Advocate, who had for years been 'angel' there, was lately dead, and the numerous mistakes, wilful and involuntary, which from my fiftieth year onwards he had occasioned me—selling his pamphlets as mine, getting my letters as his, and *vice-versa*; nay, once or more with some ambassador at Berlin dining in my stead—foolish, vain fellow, who called me Antichrist withal in his serious moments—were likewise at an end.

And Jane Welsh Carlyle also mentions in one of her letters to her husband this curious circumstance, which, no doubt, she firmly believed to be true:

> By the way, that other 'angel' is becoming a bore. Charles Barton, with whom I dined at Sterling's, told me that he (the angel) had been making quite a sensation at Berlin, and been invited to a great many places on the strength of the *French Revolution*. He, Charles Barton, was asked to meet him—that is, Thomas Carlyle, author of the *French*

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Revolution—at the Earl of Westmoreland's. 'Is he here?' said Charles. 'I shall be delighted to see him. I know him quite well'; and accordingly on the appointed day he almost ran into the arms of the announced Thomas Carlyle, and then retreated with consternation. . . . Is it not a shame in the creature to encourage the delusion and let himself be fêted as a man of genius, when he is only a crack-brained enthusiast?[1]

As this article is concerned with a mistake that I made myself in the signatures of the two men, I must proceed with my story, and come back later to refute these totally unfounded charges.

Thomas Carlyle, the historian, was as a young man a constant visitor to the manse of my great-grandfather, the Rev. Henry Duncan of Ruthwell. It was to Mitchell, the tutor at Ruthwell Manse, that so many of his early letters were addressed, and it was to the kindly parish minister that he owed his first introduction to Mr. (afterwards Sir) David Brewster. This was of great service to the young, and then unknown, student, and he was quick to acknowledge the service it had rendered him, for in one of his letters to Mitchell he says: 'To Mr. Duncan, who possesses the rare talent of conferring obligations without wounding the vanity of him who receives them, and the still rarer disposition to exercise that talent, all gratitude is due on my part.' Many years later, some twenty-five years after Mr. Duncan's death, a youthful descendant of his wrote to Carlyle on the subject of prayer. He excuses himself for addressing him by saying that he possesses a translation of Meister's *Apprenticeship*, which was presented to his grandfather by Carlyle himself, bearing on the fly-leaf: 'To the Revd. Dr. Duncan, from his grateful and affectionate friend Thomas Carlyle.' The young man's letter is full of youthful enthusiasm, and he addresses Carlyle as his 'minister,' his 'honoured and trusted teacher.' The answer, which is full of genuine kindness, shows Carlyle to have been a convinced advocate of prayer, and he seeks in noble language to set at rest the young man's doubts and fears. To my great-grandfather's memory he pays a generous tribute:

> Your grandfather [he wrote] was the amiablest and kindliest of men; to me pretty much a *unique* in those young years, the one cultivated man whom I could feel myself permitted to call *friend* as well. Never can I forget that Ruthwell Manse and the beautiful souls (your grandmother, your grand-aunts, and others) who then made it bright to me. All vanished now, all vanished.[2]

I knew this letter by heart.

When I was exploring among my great-grandfather's papers, while writing his *Life*, I came across a letter signed 'Thomas Carlyle.' I was excited beyond measure at the thought of hand-

[1] *Memorials*, Note, vol. i., the 18th of July 1843.
[2] Froude's *Life of Carlyle*, vol. ii. p. 22. Date of letter, 1870.

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ling an original letter by the author of the *French Revolution*. The terms of affectionate remembrance and gratitude in which the letter was expressed were similar to the one quoted above. It was dated 'Albury, Guildford, 18th March, 1846,' and was a letter of condolence on the death of Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell to his son:

My Dear George John,—I trust that my mother's answer to Jack McMurdo's communication of your beloved and honoured father's sudden but peaceful removal will be held by those on the spot as mine also. But although very much occupied at present, I cannot but snatch a spare minute to express to yourself how truly and deeply I feel his loss. Long as I had been separated from him by place, I had ever cherished towards him an almost filial feeling, which was, however, no adequate requital of the truly parental kindness he showed me for many years at that period of life when I most needed such an adviser and encouraging friend. Pray communicate to Wallace and Barbara, if they remember me now at all, this expression of my regard for your father's memory, whom I hope yet to see in the glory of our common Lord when God shall be all in all.

Ever affectionately yours,

Thomas Carlyle.

I did not then know of the existence of the other Thomas Carlyle; indeed, even had I done so, I should have found it difficult to believe that two men of the same name could have been on such terms of intimacy with my great-grandfather. I ought also to add that this communication was pronounced to be an original letter from the great historian by several people, experienced in these matters, to whom it was shown. A facsimile of it was accordingly prepared, and I published it with great pride in my book.

Shortly after the publication of Dr. Duncan's *Life* I received a communication from a gentleman in Edinburgh, who courteously pointed out to me that the letter in question was not from the historian at all, but from another Thomas Carlyle, who was also a visitor to Ruthwell Manse. I could not believe it possible. I turned to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and there I at once found that my informant was correct, for not only was there another Thomas Carlyle, but he was a very well-known man in his day. I therefore withdrew the letter from circulation, and became keenly interested in investigating the life of the writer. Thomas Carlyle, Advocate and Apostle of the Catholic Apostolic Church, was born in 1803, eight years after his great namesake. He belonged to an old Dumfriesshire family, and was heir to the Barony of Torthorwald. He was called to the Scottish Bar in 1824, and distinguished himself in the once famous Row heresy case, in which he was counsel for John Macleod Campbell. He subsequently gave up the legal profession and, becoming an ardent follower of his friend Irving,

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embraced with fervour the doctrines of the new religion he had founded. When the heads of the Church decided that it was necessary to make their creed more widely known among men, he was selected to represent the Church in North Germany and Prussia—a mission for which his intimate knowledge of the language, literature, and people specially qualified him. He spent a great deal of his life in Berlin, and was there much sought after and fêted by men of all ranks. He was presented to Frederick William the Fourth, who was, no doubt, attracted by the mystical character of the Irvingite faith. He was a visitor at Madame Bunsen's, and she thus describes him in her diary:

> We saw one day a remarkable man, Thomas Carlyle—not the author of the *French Revolution*, but a member of a new sect, and called *The Apostle of Germany*. You would expect an impostor or a madman, but we found him neither—a man and a gentleman, amiable, intelligent, and, I believe, truly pious and well intentioned. This Mr. Carlyle has been in Germany, known many people in Berlin, and has written a book[3] on Germany, containing more truth both in praise and censure than has been told, I should think, by anybody who has yet treated the subject.

In calling the attention of people to this curious story of the two Thomas Carlyles and their early connexion with my family, I have met with nothing but good-humoured incredulity. One old gentleman simply said to me: 'You have mixed them up—mixed them up—yes—up.' I produced dates, I produced facts, I turned up the letter quoted in Froude's *Life* of the Historian, which was written fifteen years after the death of the Advocate; but this left people quite unconvinced, and it was looked upon as a sort of amiable weakness on my part to assume that the two men were friends of my great-grandfather.

I was myself at first inclined to think that there was some ground for Carlyle's suspicions until I read in the *Athenaeum* of the 14th of May 1881 the article dealing with the subject by the Rev. H. G. Graham, the brilliant author of *Social Life in Scotland*, written soon after the publication of Carlyle's *Memorials*. He warmly espoused the cause of Carlyle the Advocate against such unjust aspersions, and went at length into the folly of such a supposition about a man who was incapable of imagining, much less doing, a shabby action. The Advocate was a prolific author, one at least of his works going into several editions. He was an accomplished linguist and an honourable and much-beloved gentleman, of whom his friend Irving spoke 'as a man of the rarest genius and highest accomplishments.' There seems to be some excuse for Mrs. Carlyle's letter. Mr.

[3] *The Moral Phenomena of Germany.*

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Charles Barton [4] was no doubt genuinely deceived: he probably did not know of the existence of 'the Apostle of Germany,' and jumped to the conclusion, on meeting him at Berlin and seeing him the centre of so much attention, that he must be impersonating the great Carlyle. That there could be two men of the same name, and both of them well known in Germany, was a supposition he never waited to contemplate. It is more than probable that mistakes did occur; how could it be otherwise? The author of the *French Revolution*, irascible and impatient as he was, may have been put to some inconvenience occasionally through a tiresome confusion of their names.

It is only justice to the dead to point out that the less known of the two was always careful to sign his books and pamphlets 'Thomas Carlyle, Advocate.' This practice, combined with his high character and the estimation in which he was so justly held by his distinguished contemporaries, should convince any impartial person that he never deliberately impersonated his illustrious namesake. I visited his grave last summer. An austere, unpretentious stone marks the spot where he lies in the peaceful churchyard of Albury in Surrey. This beautiful picturesque village was at one time the principal scene of the conferences of the apostles of the Irvingite Church, and one can scarcely imagine a more secluded romantic place for meditation.

O! Albury, most honoured of the King
And Potentate of Heaven, whose presence here
We daily look for! In thy silent halls
His servants sought, and found such harmony
Of blessed expectation, as did fill
Their hearts with lively joy. . . .

SOPHY HALL.

[4] The brother-in-law of Sterling.

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FEDERAL HOME RULE AND THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND BILL

THE debate on the Government of Ireland Bill in the House of Lords has directed much attention to the proposal of Home Rule All Round, or (to use a phrase the correctness of which has been somewhat pedantically questioned) of a 'Federal' system of Government for the United Kingdom. The purpose of this article is not to set forth the arguments for that proposal, convincing as they are to me, but, assuming the idea of Federalism to be sound, to consider what form it would have to take, and whether the proposals of the Government of Ireland Bill are consistent with it.

It is, I suppose, evident that in any federal scheme the several constituent parts of the federation must stand in the same relation to the federation as a whole; this means that in the case of each province (to use the Canadian term) the distribution of functions as between the federal and the provincial authorities should be substantially the same. It does not, of course, follow that the composition and mode of election of the provincial legislature need be the same. Nor, I think, is it necessary that its financial relations to the federal authority should be the same.

I propose to deal with the distribution of functions which would be requisite in a federal scheme for the United Kingdom, so far as that can be dealt with without entering into the problem of finance, which no doubt, in this as in the other cases which are at all comparable, presents great difficulties of detail.

It will be convenient, for a reason which will soon be clear, to begin by treating this question on the assumption that the provinces to be considered are three only—namely, England including Wales, Scotland as a whole, and Ireland as a whole. It is only when the matter has been considered in this light that the problem of separate treatment for Ulster (or any other part of any of the three kingdoms) can be appreciated.

The question of what functions should be allotted to the provincial authorities (executive and legislative) is in this case simplified by the uncontested principle that the existing Imperial

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Parliament must retain unabated legal supremacy over all matters whatsoever. Whatever efficacy this may have as a 'safeguard' against abuse of power by a provincial authority, it renders it possible to assign wide powers to the provincial Parliament without the risk that hereafter the Federal Parliament will be hampered in some wholly unforeseen way by legal impediments designed for another purpose, and be legally incompetent to do what by common consent it ought to do.

The question whether the powers of the provincial legislature should be bestowed in the form of specifically enumerated powers, or in the form of a general power of legislation with specifically enumerated exceptions, can be safely left till there is agreement as to what in substance the distribution of functions is to be. It is really a question of words.

It may be well also to point out here the distinction between the two questions, over what range of subjects should the power of a provincial legislature extend, and what restrictions (if any) should be placed upon it as to the character of the legislation which it may pass within the range of those subjects. A few illustrations will make this clear. A legislature might have power to legislate as to all matters of education but be restricted from legislating in such a manner as would give an advantage in the schools to one form of religious teaching; it might have power over the whole field of criminal law and judicial procedure but be restricted from authorising torture; it might have power to legislate as to all matters of internal trade and industry and the development of its country's resources but be restricted from granting bounties on production.

Very little light is thrown on the details of the question before us by the examples of other federations under different geographical and historical conditions, or by considerations of general theory. For example, theoretic considerations might suggest that legislation touching fundamental institutions of society, such as marriage, was an eminently fit matter to be kept in federal hands, and the forty-five or more marriage laws of the United States might be adduced as an example of the evils which might otherwise ensue. But, in fact, England, Scotland, and Ireland have under the Union different marriage laws, and the idea of assimilating the three is outside 'practical politics.'

In the present case we must of necessity be guided by the fact that the three kingdoms are, to a large extent and in respect to many matters, governed by distinct administrative powers to-day, and that there is a considerable divergence in the legislation passed, though by a single Parliament, for them. It is the exception, not the rule, so far as matters not plainly Imperial are concerned, for a single department of the Government

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to exercise authority in all the three kingdoms, or for a single statute to apply to all three.

I propose to examine, in the light of this fact, the distribution of functions between the provincial and federal authority that would be effected, *when the 'reserved matters' had been transferred*, by the last Government of Ireland Bill, which in this respect differs little from the two preceding Bills. I shall then consider how far this distribution of functions fits the cases of England and Scotland. I shall lastly discuss some aspects of the problem in regard to Ulster.

The Government of Ireland Bill keeps to the Imperial Parliament sole authority over certain matters, the Crown, the Navy and Army, &c., foreign affairs, and the like, as to the reservation of which there can be no controversy. It treats in the same way certain matters (lighthouses and trade marks are examples) which might conceivably be assigned to a provincial legislature, but which it is obviously convenient not so to assign. To this I shall have to refer later. It further keeps to the Imperial Parliament, for temporary purposes, and during a period of transition, a number of matters called 'the reserved matters,' which in what follows I may treat as assigned to the Irish Parliament.

Subject to the above exceptions and the general exception of matters not solely relating to Ireland, the Irish Parliament has general legislative power. Where any matter is placed within the authority of the Irish Parliament, the Bill contemplates and makes provision for the exercise of executive control in regard to that matter by an 'Executive Council' of Ministers responsible to the Irish Parliament, though provision is made for Imperial and Irish departments to make such mutual arrangements as they please for the discharge of functions of the one through officers of the other, when that is convenient.

The legislative functions thus assigned to the Irish Parliament would be hard to classify or enumerate with any precision. The easiest and probably most instructive way of making any survey of them is to go through the chief of the corresponding executive functions.

As I have already suggested, the extent to which departmental functions of Government are now performed separately for England and for Ireland is a good clue in considering what legislative functions an Irish Parliament, if there is to be one, must almost of necessity exercise. The following are the departmental functions of the Government in England which are at the present time discharged in Ireland by entirely distinct authorities not responsible to any department of the central Government except (and that only in part) to the Irish Office:

The various executive functions concerned with the adminis-

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tration of justice, including the appointment of judges, magistrates, &c., the conduct of prosecutions and other suits on behalf of the Crown, and the exercise of the prerogative of mercy; the functions of the Home Office (and of local authorities in England) in regard to the control of the police, and of prisons, industrial schools, &c.; the control of lunatics; the whole of the functions of the Board of Education, of the Local Government Board (including, of course, poor-law and sanitation), of the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries, of the Board of Works and some other ancillary departments, such as the Stationery Office, and of the National Health Insurance Commissioners; and the functions of the Board of Trade in regard to bankruptcy and the winding-up of companies only.

To these must be added the functions of certain Irish departments which have no counterpart in England, and of which the chief are: The Land Purchase Commissioners; the Congested Districts Board.

The Government of Ireland Bill contemplates that the whole of these should at once or eventually become subject to the Irish Executive Council and the Irish Parliament.

It will, I think, hardly be suggested that any of the Irish departments above referred to could conveniently be merged in English departments, or that, *if there be any Home Rule at all*, any department, while remaining purely Irish, should remain permanently outside the control of the Irish Executive Council. But if it be admitted that these matters should be subject to purely Irish control, I should like to point out the extreme magnitude of the admission, for it may safely be said that the case which was at first most commonly made against Home Rule applies more forcibly to this than to any other contemplated change.[1]

If, however, a particular branch of the administration is to be Irish, it would follow almost of necessity that the legislation which is of such a kind that the experience of that department must be the principal guide in framing it, should be within the competence of the Irish Legislature to which that

[1] I may also give an illustration, though a trivial one, of the sort of reason which sometimes makes it necessary, now as under any future system, that some functions should be exercised locally which would at first sight appear proper to be reserved to a central authority. The illustration is the exercise of the prerogative of mercy. It appears that a very large number of the cases in which the prerogative is exercised in Ireland arise in the following way: Great damage is done to Irish salmon fisheries by poaching, committed lightheartedly by otherwise respectable young men; it is evidently undesirable in many cases that they should go to prison; moreover, the conservators of the fisheries obtain revenue from the fines; but there is by statute a minimum fine, and that fine is in very many cases more than the offender can pay; consequently the repression of poaching can only be properly worked by the remission, by the Lord-Lieutenant, of a part of the fine in many cases. It is obvious that a department in London would be helpless in a matter like this.

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Executive is responsible; and under the provisions of the Government of Ireland Bill this would be so.

It may be well here to try to indicate roughly the extent to which this would introduce a divergence not now actually prevailing between legislation for Ireland and legislation for England. It is well known that in regard to poor-law, roads, and other similar matters of local government, education, agriculture, fisheries, land tenure, and some other matters, Irish and English legislation now proceed, and must proceed, on quite distinct lines—*e.g.* to take only an illustration which may not be already known, our Public Health Acts do not apply to Ireland. But, on the other hand, owing to the fact that the Common Law and Equity run in Ireland, and that Irish judicial institutions are of English origin, there is a large field of law, comprising, indeed, most of what is sometimes called 'lawyer's law,' in which English and Irish legislation go together at present far more closely than English and Scotch legislation.

One large portion of such legislation comes under the overlapping headings of Law of Property, Conveyancing Law, Law of Inheritance and Succession. As to this, it may be observed, by way of example, that the Settled Land Acts, the Conveyancing and Law of Property Acts, and the Trustee Acts apply to Ireland, though not to Scotland. *Prima facie* some loss to the cause of law reform might be expected if such matters are dealt with by a subordinate legislature of possibly inferior standing; but this is likely to be compensated by the increased time and attention that can be devoted to such matters, especially when it is considered that in matters of this kind, which are settled between a few legal authorities and not by general Parliamentary discussion, one Parliament can very readily adopt, as the New Zealand Parliament is incessantly doing, the latest improvements enacted by another. Anyway, this is not a matter of the first importance.

More importance attaches to criminal law and to the law of evidence and of procedure. But here also legislatures readily imitate one another (New Zealand following English examples and *vice versa*). Moreover, in these provinces of law differences of circumstances and national character and tradition count for a good deal. As it is, the important reform in our law of evidence, made in 1898, does not apply to Ireland; the same is the case with the Act of 1908 which instituted a Court of Criminal Appeal in England. (The former does, and the latter does not, apply to Scotland.)

The Government of Ireland Bill contemplates also the transfer to the Irish Executive, so far as Ireland is concerned, of certain functions which are now performed for England and Ireland by the same departments.

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The chief of these are: The functions of the Home Office in regard to factories and workshops and mines and quarries; the functions of the Board of Trade in regard to railways and canals, harbours, conciliation in labour disputes, labour exchanges, and the registration of companies; the functions of the Development Commissioners and of the Roads Board; the functions of the Post Office in regard to postal and telegraphic communication within Ireland, and to savings banks.

In all these cases the transfer of administration is of less importance than the transfer (in practice, and notwithstanding the power remaining in the Imperial Parliament) of legislative functions in regard to the matters concerned. It is obvious that in regard to, at any rate, the chief of these matters, the departments in London must, as it is, act through local Irish staffs, and the already existing local staff would, in most cases, be the most important part of the new Irish department, or division of a department, to be formed. There are obvious causes both of gain and of loss in efficiency to be apprehended from the proposed change, and it is idle to speculate as to which will eventually predominate. English and Irish expert officials would presumably confer with one another on technical matters, much as the surveyors and sanitary inspectors of local authorities do now. In some departments, such as the Labour Exchanges, constant correspondence between the English and Irish departments would necessarily go on, and the difference made by the severance of supreme control would be likely to amount to little or nothing.

But the severance of legislative functions in regard to these matters would, in some cases, be a serious matter. In some of them the considerations already advanced in regard to the law of property seem conclusive; if, for instance, some great improvement in company law should be devised in England, it would hardly be possible for an Irish Parliament to lag far behind. But in other cases, especially that of factory law, these considerations, though they do apply, are not decisive.

In this connexion it must be remembered that there are, of course, fields of possible future legislation which the foregoing enumeration of departments of State fails to suggest. It is important to observe that while some kinds of legislation for which there may be a demand, such as laws for the regulation of hours of labour, link themselves on to factory legislation which we are here discussing, others are likely which, aiming at the advancement of private morals, the better care of children, the restoration of broken-down persons, or the like, would necessarily be associated with the departments of police, or education, or poor-law, or other departments which, for reasons already given, must clearly remain Irish departments. Again, legislation for

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the development of the resources of Ireland is legislation of a kind essentially provincial and Irish, in regard to which it is very important that Ireland should stand on her own feet.

The great possible disadvantage of assigning such matters as factory legislation to the Irish Parliament may be gathered from what is said to happen in the United States: a backward State in America seeks to maintain a harmful competition between its own manufactures and those of other States by tolerating conditions of labour which the legislature of more advanced States represses or would wish to repress. In partial mitigation of the danger hereby indicated, it must be said that the labour element in English and Scotch politics is probably strong enough to prevent Great Britain from being dragged back in this manner, and that the real damage done by this sort of competition falls mainly on the unfair competitor. Moreover, there is a consideration on the other side to which, in view of the probable tendency of future legislation, great weight belongs. It must be remembered that conditions of labour which may be suitable to Englishmen or Scotchmen, with their temperament, habits, and standard of living, may be wholly unsuitable to Irishmen, and that it might prove in future a great wrong to Ireland to be tied in these matters to Great Britain. Thus it has been urged, rightly or wrongly, that the rate of 5*s*. a week for Old Age Pensions is in Ireland excessive. Thus also a limitation of hours which might work well in this country might be quite unsuitable to the less concentrated Irishman.

It is useless to speculate as to whether, in this particular department of legislation, the disadvantage of a possibly lower standard of efficiency, or the advantage of a possibly true correspondence with local needs will, in the long run, tell most.

Nevertheless, *if any considerable part of the internal affairs of Ireland is to be placed in the hands of an Irish executive and legislature at all*, there would seem to be overwhelming reasons why such a matter as that of factories and workshops (and also the matters above mentioned which come under the control of the Board of Trade) should also be placed in their hands. The more important internal affairs of a State, though for administrative convenience they may be distributed between different departments of the same Executive Government, are not really so separable that this distinction could work well if the departments were no longer parts of a single executive authority, or that the legislative control of such affairs admits of similar division. For example, the question of the proper training of youth for the work of life is one which could not properly be dealt with by an executive or a legislature which had not control both of education and of factory matters, and it is impossible to read, say, the chapters on unemployment in the Report of the

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Poor-Law Commission without seeing how intimately this single problem concerns alike the several departments which deal respectively with poor-law, police, education, agriculture, labour exchanges and labour statistics, factories, &c. Any of the most important omissions that could be suggested from the proposed allotment of power to the Irish authorities might, in the future, prove a serious impediment to the Irish Executive and Parliament in dealing, as it ought to deal, with the domestic problems of Ireland, while the transfer of the powers which were still allotted to Irish authorities would be a corresponding impediment to the supreme Government and Parliament if they attempted to deal with such problems for Ireland. Moreover, from the political point of view, in the narrower sense of the word political, it is obvious that any serious exception from the proposed powers of the Irish authorities would from the first be a cause of friction between the Irish and the Imperial authorities, a cause of ill-will and continued agitation, and would detract greatly from the relief which the Imperial authorities should obtain from a devolution of burdens.

This survey of the functions which it is proposed to assign to Irish authorities need not be carried into further detail; it is unnecessary, for example, to consider here the question of the Post Office, the one matter in which this part of the recent Bill departs from the two preceding Bills. It seems clear that the amendments to *this part of* the Bill which can be seriously urged relate only to matters of minor importance.

This whole question may be further illustrated by considering briefly any of the functions which the Bill proposes to retain in Imperial hands. For example, there are obvious reasons why the lighthouses, &c., on the coast of Ireland and the adjacent coasts of Great Britain should be in the hands of a single authority, while no Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman can have the faintest interest in desiring that that single authority should be English, Scotch, or Irish. Among the matters which it is proposed to hand over to Irish authorities it is, with the possible exception of the Post Office, impossible to find one of any importance which stands in an approximately similar position. The real ground of hesitation to hand over any one of these latter matters to Irish authorities is distrust of Irish good will, capacity, or justice, and it is obvious that hesitation on this ground is most justified in the case of precisely those matters, police and the administration of justice, which must most certainly come into Irish hands if there is to be Home Rule at all.

It will be remembered, however, that to say that certain matters should fall within the competence of the Irish authorities is not necessarily to say that the Irish Parliament should be

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wholly free from restrictions as to the character of the laws which it may pass in regard to those matters.

The question how far the case of Scotland corresponds in these respects to that of Ireland can be very briefly answered. What has been said as to the departmental functions of government which are exercised in Ireland by authorities distinct from those which exercise them in England is true also of Scotland, with only one exception of importance—namely, that though there is a Board of Agriculture and a Board of Fisheries for Scotland, certain powers of the English Board of Agriculture and Fisheries—namely, those for the suppression of contagious diseases (and possibly also some other of its powers), extend to Scotland as well. Scotland also, like Ireland, has departments peculiar to itself, of which the chief is the Scottish Land Court. In the matter of legislation, though the circumstances of Scotland have not, like those of Ireland, called for a great amount of legislation of a special character, the ordinary course of legislation tends to be more distinct in the case of Scotland than in the case of Ireland, owing partly to greater original differences in the administrative and judicial systems, and still more to the fact that our systems of common law and equity have no validity across the Border.

The short answer to the question whether the same power could, with advantage, be given to a Scottish Executive and Parliament, as it is proposed to give to the Irish Executive and Parliament, is that if Scottish members of Parliament demand Home Rule, it is already known that they would demand that substantially these powers should be given, and that no one willing in principle to grant Scottish Home Rule would raise objections about any important detail.

It does not appear that there would be any great administrative inconvenience even in the transfer to a Scottish department of the powers of our Board of Agriculture and Fisheries under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Acts. The fact that at a few points English railways penetrate for a short distance into Scotland or Scotch railways into England raises no important difficulty.

It is a curious but unimportant fact that at least one important Scottish department (that of Education) has its local habitation in London and not in Edinburgh. It is none the less purely Scottish.

It follows, of course, that the powers of an English Executive and legislature would be on the same lines. Very slight changes would be required in our public departments. The most important of them arise from the fact that the Lord Chancellor (often, I believe, a much overworked officer) has duties of an Imperial and duties also of a purely English character. Though called

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Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, he has not, I believe, any important duty specially relating to Scotland. The Home Office also has a small sub-department concerned with an Imperial matter—namely, the bestowal of honours; and the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland is, I believe, in some formal respects, responsible to the Home Secretary. The Board of Trade has one or two departments (certainly the Marine department and that which deals with patents) which are Imperial in their character. (As it is, the President of the Board of Trade is a Minister with too many heterogeneous duties.) On the whole, the changes of machinery necessitated by Home Rule for England would not be of a formidable kind. Into the enormous political question raised by the mention of Home Rule for England I shall not here enter.

It has been shown that as between England, Scotland, and Ireland there is a very real and important cleavage already in matters both of administration and of legislation. No portion of any one of these three kingdoms is marked off from the rest of that kingdom by any cleavage which is in the least degree comparable with this. There is one Act of Parliament (perhaps more) applying to the Highlands of Scotland, just as there are Acts applying to London only. There are several Acts applying to Wales or Wales and Monmouth only, but they are hardly worth enumerating. This being so, the proposal to parcel out England or Scotland or Ireland apart from Ulster into provinces for the main purposes of domestic government is one of which the magnitude is only concealed by the fact that it has no exciting associations with national aspirations or national antipathies. It has often been spoken of, but only apparently by speakers who have for the moment forgotten the vast difference between the matters dealt with by any legislature and central executive and those dealt with by local government authorities. Apart from Ulster, it is impossible to point out advantages which would be gained by any one of the provinces which it might be proposed to create. It is not even true that separate provincial legislatures, say, for parts of England, would have a very much lighter burden of work than a legislature for the whole of England, and, since the existing organisation of the Civil Service would have been broken up and destroyed, to a degree vastly transcending any disturbance of it which Home Rule for the three kingdoms would cause, their difficulty in discharging their task would be greatly increased. Moreover, as a matter of fact, sentiment in regard to the Highlands and Nationalist feeling in Wales do not at present take a form which would demand or even accept any proposal of this nature.

We are left with the question of Ulster alone. There is, of course, nothing in the above considerations which would make

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it an insurmountable task to create a distinct legislature and executive for Ulster or some part of it on the lines above indicated as those which Home Rule for the three kingdoms would have to follow. But the present political situation must be faced, and it is this: If the present project of Home Rule for Ireland were to be dropped, and a Bill were brought in giving Home Rule, on the same lines, to Ulster, or a part of it, and to the rest of Ireland separately, that Bill would encounter the opposition of an absolutely united Ireland.

Now, is there any measure of devolution that can be suggested of a kind differing in principle from the scheme of Home Rule indicated above, that is to say of a kind which will not involve the creation of legislatures with executives responsible to them, discharging within their respective provinces the principal functions of internal government? The matter has been under discussion for twenty-seven years; and it is certain that during that time many capable men, including the Prime Minister and several members of the present Cabinet, and several members of former Unionist Cabinets, have considered this question. No suggestion has yet been made, and it seems probable that none can be made.

We seem, then, to be driven inexorably to this issue: Either the objection of Ulster to Home Rule for Ireland is so well-founded and so important that we must reluctantly but firmly abandon altogether the idea of devolution and of the creation of an Imperial Parliament, or it is so far ill-founded or unimportant that, notwithstanding it, the project of Federal Home Rule must be pressed forward, with such minor safeguards, if any, as people in Ulster may desire against particular dangers to themselves which they apprehend.

This question of safeguards is perhaps not of very high importance, for the people who believe most in the reality of the dangers will have least confidence in the efficacy of the safeguards. But it is possible that, since the attention of Ulstermen has so far been directed to the defeat of Home Rule altogether, this subject has not yet received adequate consideration. If the passage of the Bill is once assured, those Ulstermen who entertain real fears (as distinct from contempt for the political capacity of Southern and Western Irishmen) may be able to define the particular dangers which they apprehend, and to suggest means of protection against them. If confiscatory legislation is feared, it is possible that, without restricting the range of subjects which shall fall within the sphere of the Irish Parliament, legislation of that nature may be prohibited; or, if it cannot be altogether prohibited without risk of tying the hands of the legislature in some unintended way, it might be enacted that legislation coming within a certain definition should

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not receive the assent of the Crown till opportunity had been given for an address against it from either House of the Imperial Parliament. Probably, however, the danger which is most feared is favouritism and exclusiveness in the making of Government appointments. Against this there can be no safeguard of law, but there is this practical guarantee that the Irish Executive will stand in need of the most capable servants that it can get, and that any Irish administration will have much to gain and little to lose by placating Ulster.

Lastly, what difference would it make to the effect of Home Rule upon Ireland, and upon the relations between Ireland and the United Kingdom, that Home Rule should also be given to Scotland and to England? The difference is difficult to define, but it is probably felt by most people that it would be a real difference. On the sentimental side, which here counts for a good deal, it would be one thing to an Irish Loyalist to see Ireland put in the position of a larger Isle of Man, and another to see her taking just the same place within the Union as is demanded by Scotland, a country which, in spite of its small population, stands by no means in a position of subordination or inferiority to England. Certainly, too, the sense of partnership on terms of relative equality with England and Scotland, in a Parliament concerned with Imperial affairs and with little else, must have an effect on the minds of Nationalist Irishmen which would not be the same if the Imperial Parliament were primarily the domestic legislature of Great Britain. But, in a more direct and definable way, the federal system would give a security for the just and successful working of Home Rule in Ireland that could by no other means be obtained. It is, of course, desirable that the Federal Parliament should be very cautious of interfering in matters which have once been set apart as subjects for a legally subordinate provincial Parliament, and that the Federal Government should exercise its veto very sparingly, if at all; the feeling, if really entertained, that in conceivable events these authorities would interfere would, nevertheless, be a powerful restraint and a source of confidence. That feeling would be really entertained in the case of a federal authority existing solely for the control of the common interests of the United Kingdom, and free from other cares and distracting influences; it would not so certainly be entertained if the Imperial Parliament and Government were still mainly occupied with, and chosen in view of, domestic concerns of Great Britain, and, in their still overburdened condition, cherishing with relief the sense that at least they need no longer be troubled with Ireland.

CHARNWOOD.

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THE PRESENT POSITION OF CHRISTIANITY

THE recent appearance of a book[1] in which seven men who occupy prominent positions as educators of the new generation come forward to defend a certain view of the world is an event of some interest. What, I think, makes it specially interesting is that the view defended purports to maintain unimpaired the essential truth embodied in the Christian tradition, and is yet so strikingly different in many respects from what was taken to be Christianity half a century ago. The book is a sign of great changes that have taken place in the world of thought, the shaking of much that was once held to be eternal. Is it also a sign that the shaking has left the foundations of the Christian faith still strong?

Whether the faith of the Christian Church be based upon reality or be a mere delusion, there can be no question as to the existence of Christianity as a fact in the world. Of the individuals composing the human race at this moment of time conventionally described as 1913 A.D., many millions still profess to hold Christian beliefs. Of these millions a certain proportion really do hold Christian beliefs. A large number of persons, on the other hand, openly repudiate them. Neither the people therefore whose aim is to make all the world Christian nor the people whose aim is to eradicate Christianity from the earth can claim that their efforts have so far reached consummation. The verdict of history has not yet been pronounced; Christianity has neither won the whole of mankind nor gone as yet the way of the ancient religions of Egypt and Babylon. The present state of things is felt both by Christians and by the opponents of Christianity to be transitional. Transitional to what? That is the question.

We answer that question largely in accordance with our convictions as to what is abstractly true. It is hard for a man to believe that the strength of his convictions is not an objective

1 *Foundations: a Statement of Christian Belief in Terms of Modern Thought*, by Seven Oxford Men. Macmillan. 1912.

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force before which contrary beliefs in other people must go down like ninepins. A predicter naturally assumes the old maxim that Truth is great and will prevail—an assumption which a Christian must logically expect to be justified in the long run, though it entails a somewhat questionable act of faith on the part of an Agnostic or Rationalist. Is mankind, the by-product of a haphazard world, necessarily determined in the direction of truth rather than pleasant or profitable error? There are, indeed, among those who repudiate Christianity men of an aristocratic cast of mind, who would scorn to desire any confirmation for their case from popular success. Anything like counting heads seems to them an irrelevant, and even vicious, procedure in questions which ought to be settled by pure reason. Such men would readily admit that Christianity may be on the eve of fresh triumphs, without thinking any the better of it for that. And one must surely allow that for every honest person the question 'Is Christianity true or false?' is a more important question than 'Is Christianity a winning or a losing cause?' Yet to whichever camp one belongs, this latter question has a quasi-historical interest; and even if it is unworthy of a reasonable being to make his own beliefs depend upon the suffrage of the crowd, we should be inhuman if we did not care how a cause which we held true prospered among our fellow-men.

This huge, complicated world, the sum of countless interacting tendencies, a web of millions of individual purposes, driven by forces that are often dark till they issue in apparently abrupt explosions—incalculable, changeful, exhaustless—which of us can see more than a little way into its working? What each man sees, when he attempts to read the signs of his own time, will no doubt depend largely upon what things he has chanced to encounter, and the peculiar angle from which he observes. If, however, he gives a candid report of what he sees, that may have its value as one personal contribution to be added to the volume of testimony.

One patent fact confronting every observer is that the division between Christians and non-Christians is not peculiar to any class or social grade or level of culture, but exists everywhere and at all levels. If we viewed modern civilisation under the image of a mountain like Dante's Purgatory, with the different levels representing degrees of education and knowledge, we should see the division between Christians and non-Christians, not as a horizontal one, dividing off a higher part of the mountain from the part below, but as a vertical one running through the mountain from top to base. On the very highest level, among those who lead the advance, as original workers and thinkers, in the various departments of knowledge and thought,

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Christians and opponents of Christianity are found side by side; at the bottom, among the most ignorant and uncultured, there are those who seem to themselves to have come into touch with the great Reality in Christianity, and those for whom all that order of things is without meaning. This state of things might seem at first sight to be equally favourable and equally unfavourable to the claims of Christianity and to those of Rationalism. It is really more unfavourable to the Rationalist, and for a plain reason. Christians do not assert that their belief is arrived at as a scientific inference from universally recognised data, in such wise that a man has only to be learned enough in order to be shut up to the Christian conclusion. If among the data which determine the belief are certain special experiences of the inner life, certain special perceptions of value, which come independently of the particular individual's amount of knowledge or culture, then there is no difficulty in understanding that the division between Christians and non-Christians should appear at all levels. The Rationalist, on the other hand, does claim that his objection to Christianity is based upon scientific knowledge; he does claim that a man has only to be learned enough in order to be logically bound to deny the truth of Christianity; for him, therefore, it is a really awkward fact that Christianity should find adherents among people at the top level. According to his theory it is intellectual enlightenment which causes the decay of Christianity; if so, we should see its withering away begin from the top of the mountain. There it is to-day, flourishing at the very highest level. What hope, then, is there of its speedy extinction lower down?

There are various ways in which the Rationalist can deal with this phenomenon. One way is to pretend that it does not exist, to talk as if no educated person were a Christian, or could be a Christian. This is the way of bluff; but it is felt by all the more candid and serious among the opponents of Christianity to be unworthy, and is only successful in any marked degree with the credulous and the young. Loyally recognising the facts, the Rationalist may try to explain them in a way which leaves his position undamaged. He may, for instance, urge the extent to which unreason and obstinacy vitiate human judgment; even when a man is learned enough to have all the proper data before him, sentiments and desires, especially those bred in him by the associations of his childhood and the prevalent tradition, may enter in to corrupt the process of inference; *amour propre* may lead him to cling to an opinion to which he is once committed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, for instance, could not announce that he had been brought over to the views of Mr. J. M. Robertson, without some sacrifice of dignity. All

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this is abundantly true; and if the anti-Christian has first persuaded us of the truth of his beliefs, we shall naturally have to explain by such psychological causes the fact that so many persons of great knowledge and discretion do not accept them. So long, however, as the Rationalist contention does not seem to us cogent, we shall reflect that it is not Christians only whose judgments are apt to be vitiated by personal prejudice. To many people Mr. J. M. Robertson's writings seem monuments of unreason and obstinacy, and one cannot imagine that it would be exactly easy for him to announce that he had been brought over to the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Considering the large play which irrational feelings have in all of us, modesty and self-examination comes amiss to no one, whatever opinion he may stand for; and it may perhaps temper our confidence, when we are ready by some facile psychological explanation to dispose of the opinion held by people equally well informed with ourselves, to remember that they in all probability have taken our explanation into account, when they analysed the grounds of their own belief, and tried to make allowance for those disturbing factors. Do we really suppose that any intelligent Christian has not been aware of something so obvious as the power of childish association or the influence of environment and not asked himself continually how far such things have entered illegitimately into the formation of his personal beliefs? I should feel it unfair to deny that an intelligent Rationalist might occasionally feel a doubt shoot through his mind: 'Supposing, after all, Christians should have got nearer to the Truth than I have!'

There is another line which a Rationalist may take. He may point out that when he affirms an incompatibility between Christianity and Science he does not mean that a conflict takes place in every single department of knowledge. It is only on the field of certain particular sciences that conflict arises. If, however, the well-established results of inquiry in any field are irreconcilable with Christian belief, that is enough to disprove it logically: it would be no use for the Christian to plead that in other fields of knowledge there is no collision. If a single hole be knocked in a ship, it is poor comfort to point out that the rest of its frame is unaffected. And if an irreconcilable conflict occurs in any field, the ordinary 'educated' man, who possesses, it is supposed, a general acquaintance with the results of the particular sciences, takes note that Christianity has been doomed. On the other hand, a man may attain great distinction along limited lines of inquiry, may attain vast special knowledge, without having sufficient general information to be aware of the conflict. The people we have spoken of as being at the top

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of the mountain may consist largely of men eminent indeed for their learning or scientific knowledge, but not learned just in those fields which matter. The Christian is therefore wide of the mark when he points to this or that distinguished name and asks whether So-and-so is not both a *savant* and a believer. The Rationalist will want to know in what direction his learning lies. He would have no difficulty in admitting that a man might be the European authority on beetles or Byzantine Greek and at the same time a devout Christian.

Perhaps this fact is not enough recognised either on the Christian or the anti-Christian side. The objections brought against Christian belief are drawn from some few of the many fields of knowledge; in the great majority of fields there is no conflict, because there is no contact. And what exactly, we may ask for ourselves, are the fields in which conflict occurs to-day? There is a common notion that it is principally in fields which belong to the category of Natural Science. This, I believe, is altogether a mistake. Such conflicts were, no doubt, prominent in the past generation. Scientific Geology was irreconcilable with the old Hebrew cosmogonies; Biology left no place for the Garden of Eden. Now, however, that the great mass of educated Christian opinion has come to recognise the mythological character of the Book of Genesis and has adjusted itself to theories of Evolution, there is no longer any collision on these fields. I believe that there is no conflict anywhere in what is ordinarily known as Natural Science; those who speak of such a conflict are repeating old phrases without regard to the changes which have made them no longer true.

The fields in which Christianity has to contend to-day are those of Anthropology, Philosophy, and Experimental Psychology.

The modern science of Anthropology has involved the comparative study of religions, and this, as conducted by certain of its prominent exponents, has tended to assimilate Christianity to the other forms of religion which have prevailed in the world and to represent all religion as the mere survival of childish superstition. It is no longer possible to regard the Christian religion as something absolutely different from the rest, and the line between religion and superstition has certainly become much harder to draw. A special inquiry of crucial importance in this field has been that into the origins of Christianity. Close links have been shown between primitive Christianity and the other cults and mysteries which were being propagated at that epoch in the Mediterranean world, and theories are current according to which a great part of Christianity was simply pagan mystery-religion taken over bodily. An extreme view along these lines is one which denies even the historical existence of Jesus Christ—

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a view which, one must admit, has not managed to establish itself among the educated, outside a little circle of amateurs and cranks, or to rise above the dignity of the Baconian theory of Shakespeare. All such theories, we note at this point, belong to the province of the anthropologist.

It is in the field of Philosophy that the intellectual issues between Christianity and its opponents are to-day really centred. The anthropological attack can at the most do no more than create a presumption against Christianity's unique claims; if it can draw Christianity into the general process of religious change and trace the history of its beliefs and practices, the further question, what real values underlie the historical process, it is no longer for Anthropology to answer. That belongs to Philosophy. The difficulties, again, which are supposed to beset Christianity from the standpoint of Natural Science belong not to Natural Science, but to Philosophy. In one form or another these difficulties are all varieties of a single objection—the objection of the Rationalist to recognise as a force in the Universe anything of the nature of rational Will, anything whose operations might interfere with the rigidly fixed sequence by which one material state of the Universe succeeds another, according to laws out of relation to any Purpose or End. In its extreme form of Materialism, the objection denies that anything exists in the Universe, except matter governed by these purposeless invariable laws. Materialism is not a doctrine of Natural Science. Physics may show the operation of certain laws governing matter, when left to itself, but Physics cannot assert that there is no Reality besides. That is a philosophical hypothesis. It may be true or false, but Science can no more prove it experimentally than Dr. Johnson could disprove Berkeley's Idealism by kicking a large stone. Materialism in its crude form is discredited to-day with the educated class in England, but views are still prevalent which amount to very much the same thing. The difficulty, of course, confronting all such theories at the outset is the plain existence of human and animal volition; something which seems, at any rate, to interfere with mechanical processes in a sufficiently incalculable way. Extreme Materialism affirmed that Mind was really only a form of Matter: this has been generally perceived to be nonsense. But the spirit of Materialism is preserved in the theories which go under the names of Epiphenomenalism or Parallelism, theories which recognise the existence of Mind as something different from Matter, but deny it any power of deflecting or influencing in the slightest degree the processes of matter. The action of every living creature would, according to this theory, be calculable if we only knew enough, as the result of purely material, purposeless laws, the chance

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impact of molecule on molecule in the brain producing movement in the nerves and muscles, quite independently of the Consciousness which accompanies the process as an idle shadow. If it is only as such a shadow or accompaniment of material processes that Consciousness can exist, or if, existing independently, it has no power of initiating anything or modifying the process of the material world, it is obvious, I think, that the Christian beliefs as to God and the Soul are delusions. Here we have only to note that all these theories are not the results of experimental Science, but metaphysical hypotheses whose worth it belongs to Philosophy to determine.

All that has been said finds special illustration in reference to what is often supposed to be the great quarrel of Science with Christianity—the question of Miracles. It is supposed that 'Science' shows miracles to be impossible. The *naïveté* of the supposition will be apparent. It is alleged, for instance, that one rose from the dead. What can Biology say to disprove it? Nothing, except that in the field of its experience it has discovered no agency capable of making life return to a dead body. But there is no reason why it should, on the hypothesis of those who believe in the miracle; their whole contention is that the event was determined by a volition of an altogether exceptional kind. Biology can only speak for the field which it knows; it cannot pretend to give an exhaustive statement of all the agencies existing in the Universe. And so with all the other Natural Sciences. Each can exhibit the laws which under normal circumstances govern its subject-matter, but before the allegation of any exceptional and irruptive cause they are dumb. The objections to the story that one rose from the dead are not drawn from Natural Science, but from Philosophy and from Anthropology. From Philosophy, because the proposition 'No agency exists *in the Universe* capable of making life return to a dead body' is a philosophical proposition. Or, again, the objection is sometimes put in the way that miracles violate the 'Uniformity of Nature.' If by the Uniformity of Nature is meant the doctrine that similar effects invariably follow from similar causes, miracles, so far from violating it, presuppose it, since, *ex hypothesi*, an exceptional volition enters as a cause into the conditions of the particular case; miracles can be declared to violate the Uniformity of Nature only on the supposition that we have already discovered enough about Nature to say definitely that certain things are impossible under any circumstances. This supposition is a question for Philosophy. Probably, however, the philosophical and *a priori* objections to miracles are not those which weigh most at the present time. It is rather Anthropology than Philosophy which makes men

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incredulous when confronted with the story of a resurrection. The real difficulty lies in the great number of miraculous stories which are admittedly untrue. The anthropologist is dealing with them perpetually in his ordinary day's work. He expects them as a natural product at certain levels of culture or under certain intellectual conditions. He accustoms himself to estimate the testimony by which they are supported in a way which allows for the immense scope of imagination, invention, and credulity. It is difficult for him, when he comes to the miracles of the Christian story, suddenly to apply new canons, to regard them as something wholly different from those with which he is familiar elsewhere. Even if it could be shown by abstract metaphysical reasoning that there was nothing inherently impossible in a miracle, that would produce little effect upon the hardened anthropologist. His business is simply to estimate the evidential value of the documents produced in each particular case, regard being had to what his studies have taught him of the working of the human mind. The question of miracles is perhaps not central to Christianity. If one is convinced, for instance, that the evidence for the reanimation of the body of Christ is insufficient, it seems still possible to believe in Christ as a living Person. But so far as the question of miracles exercises men's minds to-day, it is important, I think, to realise that the difficulty is not made by Natural Science, nor even mainly by Philosophy, but by Anthropology.

The field of Philosophy has itself many subdivisions. We have so far considered only the metaphysical department, on which, as we have seen, Christianity is confronted with theories running counter to its central beliefs concerning God and the Soul, and by theories running counter to its more peripheral belief in miracles. But it is not only in the metaphysical department that conflict arises. In that of Epistemology, Christianity meets theories which deny the validity of the mental processes involved in Christian faith. Christianity certainly involves beliefs about existences transcending the phenomenal world. Are such beliefs ever legitimate for the human mind? Agnosticism says No, and Agnosticism is an epistemological theory. We have, again, believers in an Inner Light, a super-intellectual irradiation, and people who deny that the experience pointed to is any road to real knowledge. Do the convictions involved in religious faith purport even to be knowledge? or is there a religious knowledge of a different order from scientific knowledge? All such controversies, in which Christianity is necessarily engaged, belong to the field of epistemological thought.

Another department of Philosophy is the Ethical; and in this, too, Christianity has a conflict to sustain. The values which it affirms are challenged. It posits certain relations between

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God and Man, which are declared in some quarters to be immoral, by those, for instance, who maintain that the idea of forgiveness implies an illegitimate interference with the chain of moral consequence; or they are declared to be unworthy, as, for instance, by Mr. Lowes Dickinson, who finds the idea of love existing between God and a human soul ridiculous and repulsive. Christianity, again, posits certain relations between men and men, and it is against these, described by such names as Slave-morality, that writers like Nietzsche have directed the brunt of their attack. Or, thirdly, the Christian view of a man's relations to himself is challenged. Self-control is derided in the name of the principle of Self-realisation. In all these controversies we are not concerned with facts which can be scientifically determined, but with spiritual or moral values, where assertion butts against assertion, and individual perception alone for each man can decide. So far as there is any room for argument, there is room for systematic thought, and systematic thought in this field is called Moral Philosophy.

We come to the last field of inquiry in which to-day Christianity is concerned to defend itself—the field on the confines, as it were, between Philosophy and Natural Science, that of Experimental or Descriptive Psychology. A great deal has been written, especially in America, upon the 'Psychology of Religion.' We cannot say that there is here any direct collision between Christianity and Science. If Psychology describes Christian experience, that leaves still open the question as to its value, and this question is no longer one for Psychology, but for Philosophy in the sense just explained. The study, however, of the Psychology of Religion no doubt may create a certain disposition of mind unfavourable to the Christian claims. Just as the study of Comparative Religion tends to depreciate Christianity by assimilating it to other forms of religion, so the Psychology of Religion may tend to depreciate all religious experience by assimilating it to other, non-religious, forms of experience, and showing its intimate connexion with physiological conditions. Only by a confusion of thought, indeed, can you suppose that you have disposed of Conversion by statistics purporting to show that it normally takes place at the age of puberty, but it is quite true that anyone whose mind is immersed in such statistics may find the attitude of the religious man hard to maintain. We may therefore, I think, rightly regard the field of Psychology as one in which Christianity meets opposition to-day.

We have, I think, now taken a general survey of the fields where Knowledge and Christianity come into contact, and we admitted that the attainment of exceptional knowledge on other

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fields could not be adduced by the Christian apologist to prove that knowledge as a whole was compatible with Christianity. If we found that a man had only to be learned enough as an anthropologist, or eminent enough as a philosopher or psychologist, in order to reject Christianity, we could not get over that fact by adducing eminent chemists or philologists who were Christians. Of course, there is a large educated public which does not consist of specialists in any line—people who read the weekly reviews and discuss in club armchairs, and are interested in the serious Drama—and when one is considering the position of Christianity it might seem more appropriate to take account of the general notions, more or less vague and dilettante, which float among this class, than of the doctrines of specialists, who are, after all, a much less numerous class of men. The notions of that larger class find expression in the work of the poets and novelists and essay-writers of the day, work which from some points of view may be of a higher order than the books of an academic anthropologist or philosopher. It may be fuller of original thoughts and observations. But there is a difference between all such work, however brilliant, and the work of the specialist in Philosophy. The difference simply is that the Philosopher has tried to think systematically about certain problems, while the novelist or essay-writer throws out his thoughts, as they come, without feeling bound to co-ordinate them in a logical system. But when we want to know the truth or validity of ideas, it is just by ascertaining how they fit into some large system of truth, how they square with other ideas and perceptions, that we can find out. The philosopher is thus working under a control, to which writers like Mr. Bernard Shaw or Mr. Galsworthy, who can fling about their ideas in an easy, free-handed way, are not subject. And when we examine the ideas current among the educated on such a subject as Christianity we find, I think, that they are either fragments caught up from the teaching of professional anthropologists and philosophers, or that, if they are original perceptions, society will not ultimately recognise them as true, unless they have been incorporated in some system by methodical researchers and thinkers. All the criticism of Christianity which we encounter in ordinary conversation will be found to be based upon certain conceptions of anthropology or philosophy or psychology, often casual and fluctuating enough; we are therefore brought round in the end to the question which has hovered before us so long: 'How is Christianity regarded by the men who stand at the top as authorities in Anthropology, Philosophy, and Psychology?'

And when we look, we see that these fields offer no exception to the general fact which we noticed at the outset: Christians

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and non-Christians stand side by side. It is plain that knowledge and ability in these fields do not necessarily lead men to Christianity; for then we should not see the non-Christians. It is equally plain that knowledge and ability in these fields do not make Christian belief impossible; for then we should not see the Christians. On the hill of knowledge no level has been reached, where a man can say 'Here I am safe: Christianity cannot touch me here.' This state of things is much more awkward for the Rationalist than for the Christian.

But there is one substantial part of the Rationalist's case which we have not yet heard. 'It is all very well,' he will say, 'to point to a certain number of people who are Christians at this present moment; but you have overlooked the main point. You are judging of a *movement*, and you cannot take one moment in the process by itself. To know which way things are tending you must look back a little, and see the present moment in its temporal context. A vast change in thought has taken place during the last fifty years, and it is by comparing the Christianity of 1913 with the Christianity of 1863 that we Rationalists can register our success. Not so much that the number of people who openly repudiate Christianity has increased, and that the old social stigma attaching to the "infidel" is gone from polite society, but that so great a change has taken place in the inner character of what passes for Christianity to-day. What a different thing is covered by the old label! You yourself admit that many of the beliefs which we attacked are no longer found at the top level. Which of those anthropologists and philosophers whom you claim as Christians believes in the truth of everything in the Bible or the doctrine of everlasting torment? The old orthodoxy, at any rate, is not found at the top level. *Essays and Reviews* would nowadays not ruffle the surface of the ecclesiastical waters. When we see how Christianity has contracted within its outside shell, we can afford to wait a little longer till it shrivels up altogether, and the shell collapses. You have been driven from point to point. Of course, at each retreat you proclaimed that you were not abandoning anything essential. We are afraid that you may have to make the same discovery about many things to which you still cling to-day.'

The change indicated by the Rationalist is, all intelligent Christians must admit, a very real fact, and a fact which besets them with searching questions. To attempt to minimise its significance is as unwise on the part of the Christian as it is unwise on the part of the Rationalist to minimise the significance of the fact that so many people capable of appreciating the change are Christians still. There is, however, one important

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consideration which the Rationalist's argument left out. It is not only over the beliefs of the Christian Church that a change has passed during the last two generations. Of the combatants who faced each other fifty years ago none stands the same. If educated Christians have abandoned some of the beliefs of their grandfathers, time has dealt rudely with the fabric of the old Victorian Rationalism. True, the first chapter of Genesis is now esteemed out of date as Science, though it continues to have its value as a literary monument. The *Synthetic Philosophy* is also out of date as Science; whether it continues to have value as a literary monument may be questioned.

It is not as if a hesitating and hard-driven Christianity were enclosed by a body of opinion, vast, compact, and victorious. There is, no doubt, some confusion of belief within the Church, but outside of it what we see to-day is chaos. Hundreds, no doubt, start up to bear witness against Christianity; the difficulty, as it was of old in the case of the Founder, is to discover two whose witness agrees together. If we sometimes find it a hard problem What to believe, it is no less hard a problem What to disbelieve. Supposing that Christianity is not true, does that mean that every single assertion, which it implies, is untrue? If not, which are we to reject? In answer to such a question we can get to-day, from the non-Christian world, nothing but a babel of voices. I once heard a cynical person describe modern liberal theologians by a figure which has also, I observe, been employed by one of the writers in *Foundations*. They were, he said, like men sitting in a slowly heated room, who divested themselves of garment after garment, discussing the while what minimum decency compelled them to keep on. The illustration was witty enough; it seems to me mainly useful by its contrast to the real situation. The whole difficulty of the religious thinker to-day is to know (keeping up the figure of the parable) when he has reached nudity. To typify the actual state of things properly we should have to imagine a kind of people who could not easily distinguish their clothes from their skins. While some, therefore, were keeping on the clothes which they wanted to get rid of, others would be tearing off portions of their skin under the impression they were clothes. That is the religious difficulty to-day.

If there are many, still formally members of a Christian Church, who have rejected a mass of beliefs characteristic of Christians in former generations, there are not a few people who stand outside all religious communities and abjure the name of Christian, and who yet have adopted as their personal beliefs large elements of the Christian tradition. It is a question of endless shades and degrees and combinations. There is nothing

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commoner to-day than to hear people denounce 'dogma.' What they mean by 'dogma' is any belief which they themselves may happen to have discarded. There is a type of Christian who cries aloud that we need to turn from the 'dogma of the Churches' to the Living Christ. But the belief in the Living Christ appears a dogma to the Unitarian who feels he has got to something real in the Fatherhood of God. The conception of God as a Person is still dogma from the standpoint represented by an eminent French Protestant, the late A. Sabatier. To Höffding, however, the Danish philosopher, who wrote a well-known book on the Philosophy of Religion, Sabatier does not seem radical enough. Sabatier still habitually uses phrases of God, *as if* he were personal. We must give that up, Höffding says, and we touch ground at last in the bare belief that the Universe is somehow of such a nature that 'values will be conserved.' But do we? This optimistic supposition will seem a dogma to the man who holds that we know absolutely nothing about the Reality behind phenomena, although there is even here a possibility of dogma creeping in, if we are not careful. If we assert definitely that the ground of the Universe is Unknowable, we may be taxed with dogma by the man who does not know enough about it, even to say whether it is in its essence unknowable or not, who will go no further than to say that he personally does not know. It will be seen that it is no simple matter to get rid of Christian belief.

The Christian Church has suffered great changes in the last half-century, but it has seen around it system after system arise, have its day of pride and power, and with strange rapidity sink into obsolescence. Spencer and Haeckel, except for the less-cultured classes, are gone; Comtism is a thing of the past; Pragmatism is already *vieux jeu*; Nietzsche from a prophet is becoming an interesting literary phenomenon; Bergson himself is beginning to experience the inevitable reaction to the vehemence of his popular *réclame*. Whatever weaknesses the non-Christian world may discover in Christianity, it has so far not been able in Europe to put forward any rival to it of equal permanence and power. And one has to notice how much of the vague and informal religiosity which runs through the modern world, far outside the confines of the Christian Body, depends for its existence upon the tradition of the Christian Church. It exhibits—to use the figure of a shrewd observer, Ernst Troeltsch—variations played by each virtuoso according to his individual fancy upon the Christian theme.

But if Christianity and non-Christian types of belief shade off into each other by all these gradations, it raises the question: What does one mean by Christianity? If we claim permanence

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for the Christian Church, in spite of the changes we have admitted, we must indicate some essential thing which remains the same. The faith embodied in the Catholic creeds involves the belief that a Man who appeared among the Jews during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius and was executed by the Roman Government, as a nationalist pretender, stood to the Power governing the Universe in a relation so close that it can be described as personal identity. And it might seem that the formula 'Jesus is God' gives a clear issue which would make a division between those who believe it and those who do not. We find, however, that when we try to apply it as a criterion it is full of ambiguities. Even the orthodox theology does not assert that God and Jesus are co-extensive. It allows that propositions are true of Jesus which would not be true of God—that he 'grew,' for instance, 'in wisdom and stature'; and that propositions are true of God which would not be true of Jesus—that He 'so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son.' The personal identity therefore asserted by the formula 'Jesus is God' is not, according to the orthodox theology, the simple case of one individual denoted by two descriptions. It is a case altogether unique and mysterious. The term 'God,' again, has been used in a bewildering number of senses; according to some of these the formula 'Jesus is God' might mean nothing that was not true of all good men, or of all men without distinction, or of every single thing in the Universe. The great dividing-line, it appears to me, is that which marks off all those who hold that the relation of Jesus to God—however they describe or formulate it—is of such a kind that it could not be repeated in any other individual, that to speak in fact of its being repeated in any *other* individual is a contradiction in terms, since any individual standing in that relation to God would *be* Jesus, and that Jesus, in virtue of that relation, has the same absolute claim upon all men's worship and loyalty as belongs to God. A persuasion of this sort of *uniqueness* attaching to Jesus seems to me the essential characteristic of what has actually in the field of human history been Christianity.

This is the persuasion, with all that it implies, which still animates the Christian Body and nerves it to its tasks in the world. It cannot be denied that its leaders have abandoned some of the beliefs attacked by Rationalists two generations ago. If, however, any enemy thinks that Christianity has thereby been brought nearer to destruction, nearer to abandoning its central and essential faith, the facts hardly seem to bear out his confidence. It is important to realise that the beliefs which it has abandoned belonged largely to a different category from the beliefs which it retains. The beliefs which it has abandoned

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related to scientific and historical facts, and brought it therefore upon a territory claimed by Science and History. Hence the old conflict between 'Moses and Geology,' between tradition and Colenso. The beliefs which it retains are in a region where neither Natural Science nor History, but only Philosophy, can exercise control. Whether the Ultimate Ground of the Universe is a Personal Will is not a question which we can settle by an appeal to visible or tangible facts; any hypothesis as to the Ultimate Ground, the Christian's or the Agnostic's, makes no difference to Physics or Chemistry or Geology or Mathematics. The Christian belief, again, as to the significance of Jesus Christ rests upon certain value-judgments, which objective History can no more prove or disprove than it can prove or disprove the artistic value of a picture or a sonata.

The effect of this change is that Christianity and its adversaries to-day are much less within each other's reach than in the 'Moses-and-Geology' days. Those were good old days for the Rationalist; he could deal his blows with a light heart and feel them get home. It was an easy business, which did not require much thought; a brute fact or two lay always ready at hand to fling. We can understand that he does not readily adjust himself to the new conditions. He can now only close with Christianity by rising to a region of systematic thought, where the unphilosophic Rationalist is not at home. And in the end you never can get a clear-cut, indubitable, matter-of-fact result, such as the old-fashioned Rationalist loved! In the old days there seemed to be a certain number of facts, clearly established by Science, which stood in the way of Christian belief. There are none to-day—no facts, that is, except the great obvious fact of Evil, which is a difficulty not for Christianity only, but for any form of religious or optimistic belief, a moral rather than a scientific difficulty. One might say that the obstructions which hindered the advance of the engine have been removed; the track is clear; if the engine does not move now, it is that the inner propelling power is wanting. It is not that the Christian hypothesis seems impossible, but that it seems unnecessary. All the difficulties which arise, as we saw, from Anthropology, from Philosophy, and from Psychology, act rather by weakening the motive power than by offering obstacles of fact. It is conceivable that this sort of difficulty is just as serious, but it is certainly of quite a different kind.

But if Christian belief cannot be got at by any short knock-down argument, that means that it cannot be established either by argument of that kind. Argument, generally speaking, in religion, can do no more than clear the track; it cannot make the engine move. One may, I think, divine that the Christian

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Church will advance its cause in the days lying before us only by exhibiting a type of life realised in practice. An essential part of its case rested, as we saw, upon judgments of value, where only individual perception, and not argument or scientific demonstration, could decide. The utmost that we can do to prove the value of a work of art to any other man is to call his attention to its beauty. And if the Christian Church wishes to convince the world of the supreme value of its ideal of love, it can only do so by steadily confronting it with the actual thing, by loving more. The real attraction to a society consists in what we call its special atmosphere. Supposing, in the Christian society, the love which shines in certain individual lives became general, a quickening of emotion and will which could be called love not in any pale metaphorical sense, but in literal truth, a force shaping all conduct and social organisation, and heightening all life with an exhaustless interest and energy, there would perhaps be less need for books of Christian evidences. It is on the field of Philosophy, we saw, that the difficulties are found. And we may perhaps glance back at those we indicated and see how closely such an actual realisation of the Spirit of Christ would bear upon them. There was the metaphysical theory which dissolved the unity of the individual soul into a mental accompaniment of successive bodily states: it is in love that the consciousness of the unity of the person becomes most intense. Who loves a succession of mental states? There was the epistemological difficulty of faith and knowledge: to the lover it is not paradox, but a truism, to say 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' There was the moral difficulty of God's forgiveness: in the life of love forgiveness is a matter of course. There was the appearance of something unworthy in the relation of love between God and the human soul: it is only the full exhibition of what love is which can show its divine dignity. There was the difficulty that the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount seemed servile: the lover rejoicing in his service and sacrifice could only laugh. And lastly, the Christian ideal seemed to imply an asceticism which diminished the personality and took the richness and colour out of life. If the Christian ideal were realised, we should see so plainly the man who lost himself for Christ's sake find himself many times over, that to represent self-restraint by its negative side only would be an obvious foolishness.

EDWYN BEVAN.

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GENERAL WOLFE AND GRAY'S 'ELEGY'

'A SORT of romance still clings to his name.'

So wrote Horace Walpole in his declining years, as he summed up the character of the youthful captain who, a generation before, had astonished the world by his brilliant victory at Quebec. That same romance has not in our century fallen away from the name of Wolfe. Rather does it increase with time and with our wider knowledge of the man and appreciation of his achievement. No more striking illustration of this could be afforded than by the universal interest in a recent discovery of a Wolfe relic which links up, as it were, two traditions of the young hero as lover and as an enthusiastic admirer of a noble poem.

In the year 1809 there died at her house in Grosvenor Square the aged Duchess of Bolton. This lady, half a century before, had been Miss Katherine Lowther, who was engaged to the young General. Of the curious circumstances of this engagement I will speak presently. Two of the lady's letters, dated 1759—one of them addressed to the mother of the hero—are extant, breathing condolence in his untimely death and her own sorrow. But time assuages love's pangs, and a few years later Miss Lowther became the second wife of Harry, sixth and last Duke of Bolton. Had she wholly erased Wolfe's memory from her heart? Long before her death she gave his miniature away to a relation, from whom it passed to a stranger. Another gift of his went to her Grace's daughter, who did not even know its history. His letters and other tokens she destroyed, and a copy of a book which had once been his was given or fell into the hands of her confidential servant and companion, a Mrs. Ewing. This person kept the relic until her death, when it passed to her daughter, Mrs. Day, and afterwards was inherited by the latter's daughter, the widow of an officer, who died in Havre in 1888.

At this lady's decease it became the property, together with many other books and effects, of M. Gonfreville, a bookseller of Havre, who in turn disposed of it to Mr. W. R. Colling. This gentleman, in whose possession or in that of his family it remained in obscurity for many years, seems to have

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attached value to it only because of the inscription on the fly-leaf of the famous *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* by Thomas Gray:

Given to my Mother, Mrs. J. Ewing, by her mistress, the late Duchess of Bolton, as having belong'd to the celebrated Genl. Wolf. L.D. [Day]

There are indications that in the course of its later history the small quarto brochure has undergone several changes. Originally letters or MSS. were bound up with it, and the covers may possibly have held other printed matter, perhaps other copies of Gray's poems. On the inside cover is the book-plate of Powlett, Duke of Bolton. But scattered through the few leaves of text of the *Elegy* are fragments of handwriting, and this handwriting is unquestionably Wolfe's own.

In the volume thus so unexpectedly recovered the title-page bears the inscription 'From K. L. *Neptune* at Sea.' The annotations in the young warrior's own hand are few, but pregnant. In order to appraise them aright, all the actual circumstances should be taken into consideration. The *Neptune* left Spithead on Saturday the 17th of February 1759, and they only came to anchor at Halifax on the 30th of April—ten weeks at sea. We know what an indifferent sailor Wolfe was, so that he had plenty of time for solitude and self-communion. On a previous expedition a year or two before he had written that for one who did not suffer from *mal de mer* 'this life for a little while is tolerable.'

It is then an easy commodious conveyance to a distant place, and upon the quarter-deck of a ninety-gun ship a man may stretch and exercise his limbs. I have not myself been one hour well since we embarked, and have the mortification to find that I am the worst mariner in the whole ship.

Elsewhere in the same missive to his mother he says:

A man should always have a letter writ at sea, because the opportunities of despatching them are seldom and sudden, and a sick, qualmish stomach is to consult the weather. He must write when he can; he may not be able to do it when he would.

But if Wolfe wrote any letters on this long voyage none have yet emerged into light. His first letter to Pitt is dated the 1st of May. The first entry we have of his *Journal* is the 11th of May. Nothing is more probable than that he wrote to Miss Lowther, and the presumption is (to be strengthened, as we shall see later) that such letter or letters were destroyed by that lady. These few marginal notes in the copy of Gray's *Elegy* constitute, then, the only written memorial in Wolfe's handwriting of that ten weeks' voyage.

The last line of the ninth stanza,

The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave,

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is underscored. It is itself a paraphrase of much that appears in the young General's own correspondence. But it was to have a definite and literal significance as yet hidden from him. A few stanzas later, when the poet writes,

> Chill Penury repress'd their noble Rage
> And froze the genial Current of the Soul,

Wolfe breaks into this comment:

> How ineffectual are oft our own unaided Exertions especially in early Life! How many shining Lights owe to Patronage and Affluence what their Talents would never procure them!

The idea is pursued later, for at the bottom of the next page, after the poet has recited the reasons why their straitened circumstances were circumscribed, he notes:

> The Poet might have said with equal Truth that Penury oft forbids even the Performance of common Duty.

This, too, is a charitable sentiment which those familiar with Wolfe's correspondence will recall. By 'duty,' however, is not to be understood the imposed routine or actions of life—for in these things the General was very punctilious—but a generous conduct towards friends and relations.

> Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
> Their sober wishes never learnt to stray;
> Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life
> They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

This is a beautiful picture of quiet, secluded human happiness. Wolfe's comment is:

> Many, indeed, are not fitted for any active Part in Life.

But one hint there is, and one alone, that the fair donor of the poem was in the reader's thoughts:

> On some fond Breast the parting Soul relies.

This is underlined.

> Here [wrote Gray] rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
> A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.

Against this there is a marginal note: 'Yet were he on this Score less Happy?'

It must not be supposed—none could suppose—that these brief comments—inscribed probably *currente calamo*—afford more than the merest indication of the degree in which this fine poem impressed Wolfe. They were only straws on the strong channel of his thoughts. He was not the man to pour forth that flood upon paper. Nevertheless, as he says in a letter now before me, 'The little time taken for meditation is the best employed in all our lives'; and there were, even on land, frequent occasions with him, in 'the dead of night' (to quote from the same

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epistle), 'when all is quiet and at rest . . . one of those intervals wherein men think of what they really are and what they really should be; how much is expected and how little performed.'

But the time came, under the very walls of the fortress deathlessly linked with his name, when, so the world has been told, the young warrior expressed his admiration of these verses in no uncertain tones.

There are few anecdotes in British history better known or oftener repeated than that of Wolfe's recitation of Gray's *Elegy* while drifting down the St. Lawrence on the eve of the scaling of the Heights of Abraham and of his saying, 'Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.'

At the same time one doubts if there is any story in the whole range of that history which has been such a pitfall for the careless historian or which has undergone in passing from pen to pen such fantastic permutations as this. Who told it first? From whence is it derived? From the beginning to the present it offers in itself a singular object-lesson in the art of writing history, or rather, in how history should not be written. The anecdote was from the first accepted as too good to permit of any 'aspersions on its authenticity.' Seemingly no chronicler of the siege of Quebec dared even to investigate its origin, for fear of finding it dissolve into the thin air of fable.

Who has not heard [wrote the late Mr. Justin McCarthy], who has not been touched and thrilled by the story of Wolfe, while being rowed across the spreading waters of the St. Lawrence to the cove where the attempt was to be made, repeating in low tones to his officers near him Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*? Who does not remember Wolfe's famous saying that he would rather have written the *Elegy* than take Quebec? It is a fine saying, akin to that of Caesar when he swore that he would rather be the first man in an obscure Italian village than the second man in Rome. We may perhaps take the liberty of questioning the absolute accuracy of either saying. In Caesar's case he was no doubt sufficiently conscious that he was going to be the first man in Rome. In Wolfe's case we may well believe that his exquisite tribute to literature and to the most charming work of one of the most charming men of letters then alive was not meant very seriously. He was a soldier, Quebec was his duty, Quebec was to be his fame. But it is one of those sayings that live for ever, and the mere thought of it at once calls up two widely different pictures, pictures of places in two widely different parts of the world. One shows the shining, swelling St. Lawrence River and the dead hour of night and those slowly-moving boats of hushed heroes creeping across the waters to where the mighty Quebec Hills gloomed hugely out. The other is of that quiet churchyard in England, at Stoke Poges, near Slough, where pilgrims from many parts of the world still wander through the pleasant Buckinghamshire fields to stand where Gray conceived his *Elegy*.[1]

[1] *History of the Four Georges*, vol. ii.

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A note by Sir Denis Le Marchant to the 1845 edition of Walpole's *Memoirs*, in which he discusses the relationship between Wolfe and Townshend, says of Wolfe:

> The feeling that at all times appeared uppermost in his mind was an insatiable appetite for glory and desire after posthumous fame. He idolised genius either in arts or arms. Even on the day of the attack, while sailing down the St. Lawrence, he read aloud Gray's *Elegy*, and observed several times to the officers with him that he did not know whether he would not rather be the author of that poem than the conqueror of Quebec. In truth his was a noble nature. His feelings were as genuine as they were ardent.

It is really entertaining to take down volume after volume from our shelves and see how the legend varies.

Stanhope gives a certain Professor Robison of Edinburgh as the authority for the story:

> Not a word was spoken, not a sound was heard beyond the rippling of the stream. Wolfe alone—this tradition has told us—repeated in a low voice to the other officers in his boat those beautiful stanzas with which a country churchyard inspired the muse of Gray. One noble line,
>
> 'The paths of glory lead but to the grave,'
>
> must have seemed at such a moment fraught with mournful meaning. At the close of the recitation Wolfe added, 'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.'

In a footnote Stanhope cites Grahame's *History of the United States* (vol. iv. p. 51). To the name of the poem the historian adds, 'of which a copy had been brought to him by the last packet from England.'

Carlyle, in his *Frederick the Great* (Book xix. chap. vi.) tells the story of the capture of Quebec and gives what may be described as an 'improved' version of Wolfe's words on the poem:

> *Above Quebec, Night of September* 12-13*th*.—In profound silence, on the stream of the St. Lawrence far away, a notable adventure is going on. Wolfe from two points well above Quebec ('As a last shift we will try that way'), with about 5000 men, is silently descending in boats; with purpose to climb the heights somewhere on this side the city, and be in upon it, if fate will. An enterprise of almost sublime nature; very great if it can succeed. The cliffs all beset to his left hand; Montcalm in person guarding Quebec with his main strength.
>
> Wolfe silently descends; mind made up; thoughts hushed quiet into one great thought; in the ripple of the perpetual waters under the grim cliffs and the eternal stars. Conversing with his people, he was heard to recite some passages of Gray's *Elegy*, lately come out to those parts, of which, says an ear-witness, he expressed his admiration to an enthusiastic degree: 'Ah, these are tones of the Eternal Melodies, are not they? A man might thank Heaven had he such a gift, almost as we might for succeeding here, Gentlemen!'

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Carlyle adds the following footnote:

Professor Robison, then a Naval junior, in the boat along with Wolfe, afterwards a well-known Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often heard, by persons whom I have heard again, to repeat this anecdote.

He also gives a reference to Playfair's *Life* of Robison.

Grahame's *History of the United States* (published 1845) referred to by Stanhope repeats the same story, but with more emphatic statements as to the general order for silence:

Silence was commanded under pain of death, which was, indeed, doubly menaced, and a death-like stillness was preserved in every boat, except the one which conveyed the commander-in-chief, where, in accents barely audible to the profound attention of his listening officers, Wolfe repeated that noble effusion of solemn thought and poetic genius, Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, which had been recently published at London,[2] and of which a copy was conveyed to him by the last packet from England. When he had finished his recitation, he added, in a tone still guardedly low, but earnest and emphatic, 'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec'—perhaps the noblest tribute ever paid by arms to letters since that heroic era when hostile fury and havoc were remedied or intercepted by respect for the genius of Aristotle and for the poetry of Pindar and Euripides.

Bancroft, in the *History of the United States of America* (vol. iii. chap. xiv.), gives a somewhat different account:

The day and night of the twelfth were employed in preparations. The autumn evening was bright, and the General, under the clear starlight, visited his stations to make his final inspection and utter his last words of encouragement. As he passed from ship to ship, he spoke to those in the boat with him of the poet Gray and the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. 'I,' said he, 'would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French to-morrow'; and while the oars struck the river as it rippled in the silence of the night air under the flowing tide, he repeated:

> The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike the inevitable hour:
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Bancroft's account continues:

Every officer knew his appointed duty when, at one o'clock in the morning of the 13th of September, Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray, and about half the forces, set off in boats, and using neither sail nor oars, glided down with the tide.

It will be noted that the occasion of the recitation of the poem was not, according to this account, during the actual journey down the river on the early morning of the 13th, but during the final preparations late on the previous day.

[2] The poem first appeared in 1751, eight years before, and nine editions had already been issued.

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Major Warburton, in his *Conquest of Canada*, written in 1857, tells the story in the following manner:

Silently and swiftly, unchallenged by the French sentries, Wolfe's flotilla dropped down the stream in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the water with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken save by the young General; he, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated in a low voice to the officers by his side Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and as he concluded the beautiful verses, said, 'Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!' But while Wolfe thus, in the poet's words, gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he hurried past. He recognised at length the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Wright's *Life of Wolfe* also gives the more usual but less credible version:

At midnight, a light being shown by the *Sutherland*, the first division entered flat-bottomed boats, which, as they were filled, repaired to the rendezvous. They were then ranged in a line, the Light Infantry in the van, the other corps by seniority, and at two o'clock, the signal for proceeding being given, the General's barge took the lead, and the rest followed in order. The oarsmen, assisted by the ebbing tide, rowed as gently as possible close to the north bank, and while the soldiers sat silent and motionless the flotilla dropped swiftly down the river. The night was calm, but dark. As in death-like stillness they were borne along, Wolfe, in whispers only audible to the officers who accompanied him, repeated Gray's *Elegy*. With thoughts of his betrothed and of his mother, and impressed by the foreboding of which he told Jervis, his feelings may be imagined as he recited the lines.

When, in the poet's words, he had spoken of his merits and his frailties alike in trembling hope, reposing in the bosom of his Father and his God, 'Now, gentlemen,' he added in a low but earnestly emphatic tone, 'I would rather be the author of that piece than take Quebec.'

Thus, too, Parkman, in his *Montcalm and Wolfe*:

For full two hours the procession of boats, borne on the current, steered silently down the St. Lawrence. The stars were visible, but the night was moonless and sufficiently dark. The General was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young midshipman, John Robinson [*sic*]. . . He used to tell in his later life how Wolfe, with a low voice, repeated Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* to the officers about him. Probably it was to relieve the intense strain of his thoughts. Among the rest was the verse which his own fate was soon to illustrate:

'The paths of glory lead but to the grave.'

'Gentlemen,' he said, as his recital ended, 'I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec.' None were there to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet.

Green in his *Short History of the English People* says:

Not a voice broke the silence of the night save the voice of Wolfe himself as he quietly repeated the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy in a Country*

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Churchyard, remarking as he closed, 'I had rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec.'

This is repeated in Mr. Leadam's *Political History of England*.

Dr. Doughty (the Canadian Archivist) in *The Siege of Quebec* adds the information that Captain Delaune, who was to command the twenty-four volunteers who were to be the first to land, and who was of course a personal friend of the General, was in the first boat with him. He gives the story in its traditional form:

> While the boats were falling down with the tide and the fate of Quebec was already trembling in the balance the gentle voice of Wolfe was heard above the murmur of the waters, repeating the since well-known lines of Gray, the last line of which was so soon to be exemplified in his own brilliant passage through glory to the grave.

Dr. Doughty adds a footnote: 'Wolfe, it is said, received a copy of Gray's poems from Miss Lowther,' but he gives no indication of his authority for this statement, although it may (as we shall see) have been the Marquess of Winchester.

In another footnote he quotes Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe* as to the story having been first told by Professor Robison. Then he adds:

> The fact that Wolfe repeated these lines while on the water does not appear to rest solely on the testimony of Professor Robison. A few years after the Siege of Quebec a sketch of Wolfe's life was written, wherein it is mentioned that on the eve of the battle Wolfe repeated the lines of Gray to the soldiers in the boats.

It would have been more satisfactory had Dr. Doughty given some indication as to the author of this sketch and where it appeared.

Colonel William Wood, in his book *The Fight for Canada*, after having pointed out the length of time during which Robison's story lay dormant after the battle, and also pointing out that Robison was only 'rated as a midshipman'—'a very different thing from being one,' fell into a curious error. 'Horace Walpole,' he says, 'was a contemporary, and tells the same story in his *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 21, but side by side with the gossip about Wolfe's bravado before Pitt and Temple.' None of these anecdotes are given in Walpole's *Memoirs*, but are really contained in a lengthy note added to the edition published in 1845 by the editor, Sir Denis Le Marchant. In a subsequent edition Colonel Wood has, I believe, omitted this passage.

Nor, finally, can the present writer exculpate himself from the charge of carelessness. In my *Life and Letters of James Wolfe* (1909), while standing forth for the truth of Robison's

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story, I, too, omitted the important words 'to-morrow,' thus making the incident take place on the early morning of the battle.

No wonder that these and many other variations and contradictions should have driven Professor E. E. Morris to suspect that 'something was wrong' and led him to analyse the original authority.[3] Profiting by a current suspicion of the legend, Mr. Edward Salmon, in his excellent monograph, *General Wolfe*, alone of the narrators of the siege seems to have avoided the cardinal error of his predecessors. The afore-mentioned original authority is, of course, Professor Robison.

John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh University, became in 1758 tutor to the son of Admiral Knowles. He agreed in 1759 to accompany his pupil, who was a midshipman on Admiral Saunders' ship the *Neptune*, on the expedition to Quebec. During the voyage young Knowles was promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the *Royal William*, and Robison, who was himself barely twenty years of age, went with Knowles to his new ship and was there rated as a midshipman. It was in this capacity that he was present in Wolfe's boat the night *before* the battle of Quebec.

Here is his own account of that evening as given in Playfair's *Biographical Account of Professor Robison*, published in the Royal Society of Edinburgh Transactions for 1815:

> He happened to be on duty in the boat in which General Wolfe went to visit some of his posts the night before the battle, which was expected to be decisive of the fate of the campaign. The evening was fine, and the scene, considering the work they were engaged in and the morning to which they were looking forward, sufficiently impressive. As they rowed along the General, with much feeling, repeated nearly the whole of Gray's *Elegy* (which had appeared not long before, and was yet but little known) to an officer who sat with him in the stern of the boat; adding, as he concluded, that he would prefer being the author of that poem to the glory of beating the French *to-morrow*.

The italics of the last word are mine. It will be seen that they are important. It was two o'clock on the morning of the 13th of September when the boats started down the St. Lawrence.

A few years ago Mr. Augustine Birrell came across in the collection of Mr. J. M. Moorsom, K.C., of Field House, Keswick, Cumberland, a letter addressed by Sir Walter Scott to his friend Southey, who had then undertaken to edit the letters of General Wolfe. Although announced for early publication by Murray this work was eventually abandoned.

Scott's letter runs as follows:

> Drumlanrig Castle, September 22, 1830.
>
> My dear Southey,—I understand from Lockhart, who is now with me, that the letters of Wolfe are now in your hands with a view to

[3] *English Historical Review*, vol. xv. p. 125.

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publication. This gives me the greatest pleasure, as the Conqueror of Quebec is sure to receive justice from your hand, and I have so much regard for his memory as to be heartily glad of it, though I am told he found nothing good in Scotland but the marmalade. I write, nevertheless, to mention to you an anecdote which I heard respecting Wolfe from the very first hand, which I make you welcome to if you think the anecdote interesting.

On the night when Wolfe crossed the river with his small army they passed in the men-of-war's long boats and launches to the General himself in the Admiral's barge. The young midshipman who steered the boat was John Robison, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, a man of high scientific attainments. I have repeatedly heard the Professor say that during part of the passage Wolfe pulled out of his pocket and read to officers around (or perhaps repeated) Gray's celebrated *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. I do not know if the recitation was not so well received as he expected, but he said with a good deal of animation, 'I can only say, gentlemen, that, if the choice were mine, I would rather be the author of those verses than win the battle which we are to fight *to-morrow morning*.' It must not be supposed that this was a matter of serious election, but it was a strong way of expressing his love of literature. I have [heard] Mr. Robison tell the story repeatedly, for his daughter became the wife of my intimate friend Lord Erskine, afterwards one of the Scottish judges by the title of Lord Kinedder, now unhappily no more. I often met his father-in-law at his house, which gave me the opportunity of hearing the story more than once. Lord Kinedder had a sketch in black-lead-pencil from Mr. Robison's pencil of the whole flotilla as it crossed the river Lawrence. I have no doubt it is in the hands of my late friend's family, and that I could get a copy of it for you if you consider it desirable. If you wish it let me know, and I will [get] you a copy accurately made.

. . . . . .

If you wish further proceedings about the drawing address to me, Abbotsford, Melrose, for I am here on a visit to my young chief, which will end with the week.

I am always most affectionately and sincerely yours,

WALTER SCOTT.

Well might Mr. Birrell comment on this letter, 'This seems to prove the truth of the story as conclusively as human testimony can prove anything.'

In a further communication to me Mr. Birrell says:

That Professor Robison was with Wolfe is, of course, certain, and the fact that he repeatedly told the story about the General's quoting Gray's *Elegy* is so well established that Scott's reference to it, though interesting, is superfluous. Where the doubt comes in is *when* was the occasion of the lengthy quotation and famous observation? Some time before the taking of Quebec, but when? That really is now the only point left undetermined. It seems unlikely that the time selected for so long a recitation should be one of those critical moments in life when silence is most requested.

To sum up: The first ascertained occasion in which Professor Robison's anecdote appears in print was in 1815. It appears,

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however, in a letter dated the 10th of February 1804, written by Dr. James Currie, who heard it direct from Robison. This letter was long afterwards printed in Wallace's *Memoir* of Currie. It seems strange that the story should not have been caught up by one of the journals or magazines of the day. Perhaps other testimony will yet be forthcoming. The late (the fourteenth) Marquess of Winchester, in a communication addressed to Mr. Wright, observes: 'I believe there is a tradition in our family of a copy of Gray's *Elegy* having been given by Miss Lowther to General Wolfe and afterwards returned to her. But I do not know what has become of it.'

It only remains now to present one or two interesting unpublished letters which seem to have a bearing on the return of the copy of the *Elegy* to Wolfe's *innamorata*, and incidentally also upon Wolfe's and Miss Lowther's relations to his mother. The General *presumably* met Miss Lowther, who was the daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., of Barbados, and sister of Sir James Lowther (afterwards first Earl of Lonsdale), at Bath in November 1758. But the engagement may have been of longer standing than is commonly supposed.

Be this as it may, the match, whatever its seeming advantages, did not commend itself to Wolfe's parents. Mrs. Wolfe had already frustrated a former love affair of her son (that with Miss Lawson), and this she seemed equally determined to oppose. But we gather nothing of the later entanglement from the correspondence between Wolfe and his mother, and no letter from Wolfe to his father later than the 9th of December 1758 has been preserved. In this, written from Bath, he merely observes that 'a man must be hard to please if he does not find someone that will suit him. Cheerfulness and good-humour recommend as strongly to some tempers as qualities of a stronger cast.' In the course of the ensuing two months Wolfe is only known to have been under the paternal roof at Blackheath for a single day. Did Wolfe and his mother part on the best of terms? Rather it would seem that there was a 'coldness,' the mystery concerning which now, I think, bids fair to be explained. The young General did not even say 'good-bye' in person to his parents.

Dear Madam [he wrote to his mother on the eve of parting for Quebec],—The formality of taking leave should be as much as possible avoided; therefore I prefer this method of offering my good wishes and duty to my father and you.

With Miss Lowther it was different. The parting may or may not have been to the full as impassioned as Charles Johnstone (who may have known Wolfe personally) declares it was

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in the pages of *Chrysal*. There we are told he left the lady 'half dead with grief; nor was he in a much happier state.' All that is certain is that the lady gave her lover her portrait and a lock of her hair, and now that amongst her other keepsakes was this copy of Gray's *Elegy* (From K. L.) Further we know nothing until Wolfe makes his will, which document is now at Somerset House. It also is headed '*Neptune* at Sea,' the date is the 8th of June 1759, and the very first clause in it is: 'I desire that Miss Lowther's Picture may be set in Jewels to the amount of Five Hundred Guineas and return'd to her.'

On the night before the Battle of the Heights, Wolfe invited his friend John Jervis (afterwards Earl St. Vincent) to spend an hour or two with him in his private cabin on board the *Sutherland*.

> Wolfe [we read] in the course of their conversation said that he knew by presentiment he should not survive the morrow, and when they were about to separate he took from his bosom the picture of Miss Lowther and delivered it into the hands of his friend, whom he requested, should the foreboding be fulfilled, to restore the pledge to the lady on his arrival in England.[4]

Lord St. Vincent's biographer adds: 'Commander Jervis had the most painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.' This latter statement is certainly erroneous, for before me is a note from Captain Thomas Bell, Wolfe's aide-de-camp (whose *Quebec Journal* was first described in this Review for March 1910):

> Capt. Bell hopes the Will, Codicil, little Notes, and the Picture got safe into Mrs. Wolfe's hands.

Elsewhere he says:

> He encloses the General's letter to him for Mrs. Wolfe's perusal. The leather case which is now deliver'd to Mrs. Wolfe contains the General's private papers. Capt. Bell has sorted them and affixed to each Parcell its contents. The Private Letters were not read. . . Col. Carleton, to whom the Books and Papers were left, would have payed his Respects to Mrs. Wolfe but that he thought it would be improper.
>
> There are a number of Letters in a box which were sent to America and are come back. Capt. Bell will get them in a day or two and send them on. . . . The enclosed keys belong to the Trunks and Leather Case.

In another letter Bell says:

> The Box of Letters he mentioned will be sent to-morrow morning. He encloses the General's watch, which he only got last night, it being in one of his Trunks that then came from Portsmouth.

This was on the 26th of November 1759. On the day following:

> Capt. Bell begs to repeat his assurances to Mrs. Wolfe contained in his former Note that the Private Papers, altho open'd, were not read.

[4] Tucker's *Memoirs of John Jervis, Earl St. Vincent.*

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The One which he presumes came from the Person mention'd was received after the General's decease. All in the same Hand, together with some enclosures, were tied together carefully by Capt. Bell alone.

Who was 'the Person mentioned' by Mrs. Wolfe? The following letter, formerly in the Burnaby MSS., seems to answer this question :

MADAM,—Only this Morning ye Tidings of ye Dreadful Calamity reached me and I yield to the first Impulse to mingle my Grief with that of the Hero's Mother at the Loss of One who whatever his Worth to his Country was to us both doubly precious.

I am aware, Madam, of the Chasm between us which has not been heal'd. Your displeasure at your Noble Son's Partiality to one who is only too conscious of her own Unworthiness has cost her many a Pang. But you cannot without Cruelty still attribute to me any Coldness in His Parting, for, Madam, I always felt and express'd for You both Reverence and Affection and desir'd you ever first to be consider'd. . . . Yet our Hearts are now too deeply wrung for reproaches.

I have only humbly to express ye Wish that any Messages which He may have left for me and which may have been entrusted to ye Bearer of his private Effects may thro' your Indulgence, Madam, be forwarded here to me. There was a Picture of me which I know it was His wish should, in case of Fatality, come again into my Hands.

May God comfort you, Madam, in your great affliction is the constant Prayer of

Your Sincere Humble Servant,
K. LOWTHER.

Raby Castle.
25th of October 1759.

To this Mrs. Wolfe, then at Blackheath, returned through a friend, Mrs. Aylmer, a frigid reply. After waiting a month further the young lady wrote again, asking anxiously about the picture and her letters. This time she was answered by a Mrs. Scott, who enclosed the letters and in all likelihood, amongst other keepsakes, this copy of the *Elegy*.

I knew not [she says] my Picture was to be sett, but I beg, Madam, you will tell Mrs. Wolfe I entreat her to take her own Time about giving ye necessary Directions. I can't as a Mark of his Affection, refuse it; otherwise would willingly spare myself the pain of seeing a Picture given under far different Hopes and Expectations.

Not only was the picture (a charming miniature, perhaps by Spencer) set, but the jeweller's detailed description having happily been preserved at Squerryes Court, the miniature has lately been identified with one now in the possession of Lord Barnard at Raby Castle, whose ancestor, the first Duke of Cleveland, married Katherine Duchess of Bolton's daughter.

Much, then, has the world heard (but not too much) of Wolfe's opinion of Gray's poem. One would like now to turn to Gray's opinion of Wolfe's eulogy of his *Elegy*. Alas, this is denied us. Surely such a story well deserved to be carried to Gray's ears! There are only two references to Wolfe in Gray's

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correspondence. One is a brief comment in a letter to Wharton (the 28th of November 1759) upon a speech of Pitt in proposing a monument to Wolfe; the other, on the 23rd of January following, is to the same correspondent:

> You ask after Quebec. General Townshend says it is much like Richmond Hill and the river as fine, but bigger, and the vale as *riant*, as rich and as well-cultivated. . . . It is certain that he was not at all well with Wolfe, who for some time had not cared to consult with him or communicate any of his designs to him.

That is all—all, at least, that survives. In these days of publicity, when every anecdote concerning the great is industriously canvassed and copied from one newspaper to another, it seems singular indeed that young Robison, or his pupil Knowles, or some of those to whom he told the tale, should have remained thus silent in print. But most of them were long absent from England. Many were slain, or the other great events which soon began to happen in Europe and overseas dimmed for a time the fame of Wolfe. That, I am convinced, is the true solution of the mystery.

'The glory even of the conqueror of Quebec has sunk into a kind of oblivion,' wrote Christopher North in *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and he quotes Wordsworth's lines:

> So fades, so languishes, grows dim and dies,
> All that the world is proud of.

Curious it is that it was not until after Waterloo had been fought that anyone should have thought of writing Wolfe's biography, or that one of the finest traits ever narrated of any hero should have passed from private conversation to the printed page!

Even then it attracted no attention, for fifteen years later we find Scott narrating the story to Southey as something which had not yet been published. Southey duly copied it out; but not it or Wolfe's letters or the arresting story of Wolfe's career proved enough to induce the poet to finish the task he had begun, and Southey's *Life of Wolfe*, to which so many had looked forward with interest, was never given to the world.

BECKLES WILLSON.

NOTE.—Since writing the foregoing my attention has been drawn to some rather mediocre stanzas entitled 'Lines written at Portsmouth by General Wolfe and presented to his lady the evening before his embarkation for the Siege of Quebec,' which were in 1851 contributed to *Notes and Queries*. The correspondent stated that they had been given to him by an aged lady into whose possession they had come through a relation of Miss Lowther's. I have been unable to trace the present owner of the stanzas, and it may be doubted (as Wright says) if Wolfe, 'fond though he was of the works of our best poets, ever wrote a couplet.'

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THE SURPLICE NOT A MASS VESTMENT

(I)

THE article by Dr. J. Wickham Legg, entitled 'The Surplice as Mass Vestment,' which appeared in this Review for February, began with my name, and was in great part a violent and unprovoked attack upon me.

'Sir Edward Clarke,' so the first sentence ran, 'who has held a great place amongst the Law Officers of the Crown, can still surprise and astonish us when he has a Favourite Judgement to defend.' And the writer went on to try to convict me of gross ignorance and rashness in expressing my belief in the soundness of the Ridsdale Judgment. But I was not the only subject of this vituperation.

It may be as well to give a list of those who come under the lash of Dr. J. Wickham Legg in the course of his tempestuous article:

(1) The members of the Judicial Committee who gave judgment in the Ridsdale case. 'They have fallen into a very gross error,' so gross 'that it is impossible, so far as can be now seen, for the most ingenious advocate to clear their reputation.

(2) Sir Edward Clarke. A passage from a letter of his to *The Times* is quoted, with the observation that 'Comment on rash statements is clearly superfluous.'

(3) The *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, for 'a more subtle form of error' than Sir Edward Clarke's.

(4) Sir Charles Chadwyck-Healey. Asked to give evidence before the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline 'because with these matters he was very conversant,' he 'gives no hint of being acquainted with the fact that the surplice is, or should be, worn under the albe and chasuble by the priests who minister to the largest body of Christians in the world.'

(5) Durandus. 'His symbolism is stark naught.'

(6) Sir John Burchard. 'The vile Burchard.' 'A Roman ritualist of the time, and also of the morals of Alexander the Sixth.'

(7) The five Bishops who formed the sub-committee of the Canterbury Upper House. Because in their report 'they do not

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support the idea of the identity in origin of the cope and the chasuble.'

(8) The *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (1911), for 'an insufficient definition of the chasuble.'

(9) Roman Catholic writers on ceremonial.

(10) Dr. Rock.

(11) Mr. John Purchas.

(12) Dr. Frederick George Lee.

'It is useless to quote Roman Catholic writers on ceremonial to men who have made anything like a careful study of the history of the Christian Vestments. It is a strange frame of mind that can nowadays appeal to Dr. Rock as an authority. Still less necessary is it to attend to anything to be found in the books of Mr. John Purchas or Dr. Frederick George Lee.'

(13) The English Clergy since 1559. 'Pater Braun asks what the discontinuance of the vestments for so long a time may mean? I would answer: merely the licence of the English Clergy.'

(14) The Roman Clergy on the Continent. 'For not having an altar frontal of the colour of the day or office, a cushion to set under the missal, and a candle at the epistle side which is to be lit at the elevation of the Sacrament.'

The reputation of Lord Cairns and Lord Selborne, who were chiefly responsible for the Ridsdale Judgment, wants no clearing; it is quite beyond the reach of controversialists like Dr. J. Wickham Legg, but in making answer for myself I shall show that their Judgment was perfectly sound, and that it is only their assailant's reputation that is in peril. And although my friend Sir Charles Chadwyck-Healey is very well able to take care of himself, I will show that the accusation of ignorance rightly falls upon his accuser, and not upon him.

In order to realise the absurdity of Dr. J. Wickham Legg's contention, and the arrogance of his language, it is worth while to examine the argument with which the Judicial Committee dealt in the Judgment, and to note by whom that argument was conducted. The whole question had been long and carefully considered by both parties to the litigation, for six years had passed since in April 1871 the Judicial Committee, consisting of Lord Hatherley, the Archbishop of York (Thomson), the Bishop of London (Jackson), and Lord Chelmsford had decided, in the case of *Hebbert* v. *Purchas*, that the wearing of the chasuble, alb, and tunicle was illegal: and in the course of the judgment they said:

'If the minister is ordered to wear a surplice at all times of his ministrations, he cannot wear an alb and tunicle when assisting at the Holy Communion: if he is to celebrate the Holy Communion in a chasuble, he cannot celebrate in a surplice.'

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The correctness of that Judgment was disputed, and in the year 1876 the case of *Ridsdale* v. *Clifton*, which raised the same questions, was carried up by the ritualists to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and it was urged that, as Mr. Purchas had not appeared or been represented before the Committee, and the decision had therefore been given after argument on one side only, the whole question ought to be fully reargued before a very strongly constituted tribunal. This was agreed to, and in January 1877 the hearing took place. The Court was the strongest ever constituted for the hearing of a Privy Council case, as the names of the Judges will show: Cairns, Selborne, Kelly, Colville, Smith, Collier, Brett, Phillimore, and Amphlett. With these were associated, as clerical assessors, Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Chichester (Durnford), St. Asaph (Hughes), Ely (Woodford), and St. David's (Jones).

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen and Mr. Arthur Charles argued for Mr. Ridsdale, having with them two most valuable juniors in Mr. Francis Jeune and Mr. (now Sir) Walter Phillimore.

It is of this Court, so assisted, that Dr. J. Wickham Legg now speaks in terms of supercilious contempt. His wonderful new point which is to destroy altogether the authority of the Judgment and the reputation of the Judges had never been heard of by the very learned counsel just named, or had been set aside by them as worthless. For when the question arose of the wearing together of different garments this is what took place:

Sir James Stephen: I am told the common practice is, that if a cope is worn, a surplice is worn under it; if a chasuble is worn, an alb, which is a surplice with close sleeves, is worn. If a cope is worn it is put on over the surplice, and if a chasuble is worn it is put on over an alb.[1]

. . . . . .

Lord Selborne: Do I understand you to say that a surplice and alb are not worn together?

Sir James Stephen: You can wear them together, but it would be superfluous. Each is a white linen dress, the one having large sleeves and the other close sleeves. But, in illustration of this matter, and to conclude it, I was going to point out to your Lordships the passage in the Prayer Book of 1549, which I venture to say is conclusive of the possibility of wearing these garments together. It is at the latter end of the Prayer Book and is a part of 'certain notes for the more plain explication and decent ministration of things contained in this book.'

It is the second paragraph of these notes:

'And whensoever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the Church, or execute any other public ministration, he shall have upon him, beside his rochette, a surplice or albe, and a cope or vestment, and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne or holden by his chaplin.'

There, it is obvious, that the Bishop is required to wear two at least of these garments at the same time, besides his rochette, which makes three, and he is to have his pastoral staff. He is to wear a surplice or alb, and a cope or vestment, so that it is not only possible, but in the case

[1] *Folkestone Ritual Case*, p. 140.

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of the very highest ecclesiastical dignitaries it is required and obligatory to wear two of these vestments.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR: Not a surplice and an alb?

SIR JAMES STEPHEN: Not a surplice and an alb. I was showing merely that the one does not exclude the other, that they are, so to speak, parts of the same uniform.[2]

During the argument for the respondent this subject was again mentioned, and Sir James Stephen said:

Simply in order that your Lordships may know the respective positions of the parties in this matter, I may be allowed to say that what I am instructed to state about these vestments is, that it is physically possible to wear the two at the same time, the alb and the surplice, just as it would be physically possible to wear a shirt and a surplice at the same time, and I believe that is commonly done. On the other hand, although physically possible to do it, it would not be a likely thing to be done, because the surplice being the larger garment of the two would cover over the other.[3]

Upon this the Court said in its Judgment with unquestionable truth: 'It was not seriously contended that albs or chasubles could *in any reasonable or practical sense, or according to any known usage*, be worn, or could be meant to be worn concurrently with the surplice.'

Dr. J. Wickham Legg disregards the words I have put in italics, and then goes on to say that the Judges assumed that the wearing of the two linen garments one over the other, or the wearing of a chasuble over either, was 'physically impossible.' Of course, they never said or assumed anything so ridiculous.

The surplice to which the Judgment referred was not the shortened and attenuated garment now used by Roman priests, and by their imitators in the Church of England, but the full, flowing garment with large sleeves referred to as 'a comely surplice with sleeves' in the Advertisements with which the Committee was dealing.

The title of Dr. Legg's article contains his first mistake: 'The Surplice as Mass Vestment.' It never was a Mass Vestment.[4] There is general agreement among writers of all schools as to its origin and history. Ancient and mediaeval churches were very cold, and the priests were wont to wear fur cassocks or pelisses; and about the tenth century, or perhaps earlier, it became their custom to wear a long white garment with sleeves and without a girdle. Gradually it came to be recognised as a regular liturgical vestment, and as the ordinary dress of the minister at all times of his ministrations except at Mass.

Dr. Legg's mistake in calling the surplice a Mass vestment is the more curious, as each of the quotations he gives to support it shows quite clearly, when carefully examined, that he is wrong.

[2] *Folkestone Ritual Case*, p. 141. [3] *Ibid.* p. 391.
[4] See Dearmer, *The Ornaments of the Minister* (1909), p. 128.

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Take the first, which is an extract from some statutes or regulations made by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral for the conduct of certain priests who were allowed to celebrate Mass in the Cathedral. The regulation is that the said priests when preparing to celebrate were to put on a rochet or surplice over their ordinary clothes, 'prius quam sacerdotalia superinduant vestimenta.'

Durandus is quoted as speaking of a 'praiseworthy custom in some places' of putting on a surplice or other white linen dress before putting on the first of the sacerdotal vestments. Then 'the vile Burchard' is called as a witness, and a citation is given from his *Ordo Missae* of 1502.

This is like the direction in the St. Paul's statutes; the vestments are to be put on over the rochet or surplice, 'si commode possit haberi.'

But Dr. J. Wickham Legg, to quote the words which he applies to the Judicial Committee, 'seems to have taken the greatest pains to put himself thoroughly in the wrong,' for he ends his quotations with an abstract from the Reformed Roman Missal which directs the secular priest to put on his vestments, 'supra superpellicium, si commode haberi possit; alioquin, sine eo supra vestes communes.'

These passages, taken together, are quite sufficient to make an end of the idea that the surplice was itself one of the Mass Vestments. The reason for these directions is obvious. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the priest's ordinary outer garment, whether cassock, or pelisse, or habit, worn in all places and weathers, and lasting for years, would not always be clean, and it was a praiseworthy custom, as Durandus says, to cover it with a long linen garment to prevent the soiling of the delicate and costly Eucharistic vestments.

But Dr. Legg's next point is that because it is physically possible that a chasuble may be worn over a surplice the Committee was wrong in holding that the direction in the Advertisements that the surplice should be worn at the administration of the Holy Communion excluded and rendered illegal the wearing of the chasuble at that service.

To drive home that point he refers to the rubric of the Second Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, which says that the curate shall have and wear a surplice *only*.

Dr. J. Wickham Legg forgets that this rubric was, by virtue of the Elizabethan Act of Uniformity, still in force, except so far as by the 25th section of that Act it was suspended or modified until the taking of further order, which was, in fact, taken promptly either by the injunctions and interpretations, or by the Advertisements.

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But there is another and conclusive reason for holding that Dr. Legg is wrong, and the Judgment of the Privy Council right.

The sentences in the Advertisements which were being considered were these :

> In the ministration of the Holy Communion in cathedral and collegiate churches the principal minister shall wear a cope, with gospeller and epistoler agreeably ; and at all other prayers to be said at that Communion table to use no copes but surplices.
>
> Item, that every minister saying any public prayers, or ministering the Sacraments or other rites of the Church, shall wear a comely surplice with sleeves, to be provided at the charges of the parish, and that the parish provide a decent table, standing on a frame, for the Communion table.

Dr. Legg suggests that the omission of the word 'only' after the word 'sleeves' shows that the authors of the Advertisements intended to allow the use of the chasuble, or that, at all events, that was the effect of the direction given. But in 1566 there were no chasubles in parish churches.

The five Bishops say in their Report dealing with the period from 1559 to 1566 :

> There is no evidence whatever of the wearing of the chasuble.
>
> Chasubles appear to have been generally destroyed as 'monuments of superstition,' though occasional instances of their retention may occur.
>
> Sometimes they were sold by consent of the parishioners. . . . The chasuble was given to the poor, made into a covering for the pulpit or into cushions, or players' coats, or doublets. Sometimes it was burnt or defaced. In one place it became the cover of the Communion table. In another it was sold to set forward soldiers on their way.[5]

There was no need to add a word to the sentence in the Advertisements to prevent the use of garments which were not in existence, or would have been promptly sold or destroyed if they had been discovered.

There is another matter which I would here mention, not in direct reply to Dr. Legg, but as to some extent removing the difficulty with respect to the so-called Ornaments Rubric. The Roman Church had and has two services—one the Holy Mass and the other the Holy Communion. In the former the priest alone receives the Sacrament in both kinds, and offers a propitiatory sacrifice for the living and the dead. In the Service of the Administration of Holy Communion he distributes to the congregation the wafers which have been consecrated at the Mass.

At the Mass the celebrant wears the chasuble which has been placed upon him at his consecration as priest in token that he was authorised to offer the Holy Sacrifice and to absolve the

[5] *Five Bishops' Report*, p. 69.

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penitent. At the Administration of Holy Communion he wears the surplice and stole, as he is ordered to do when administering any of the Sacraments of the Church.

In the First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth the Canon of the Mass was displaced by what was substantially a new service, but in it the 'altar' was frequently mentioned, and a rubric spoke of 'the whole body of our Saviour Christ' as being received in each fragment of the broken bread. The service was called 'The Administration of the Lord's Supper and Holy Communion, commonly called the Mass,' and it was not strange that for such a service the old Mass vestment should be prescribed.

But in 1552 all was changed. The idea of a sacrifice offered by the priest for the sins of the living and the dead wholly disappeared; the altar was heard of no more; the service could no longer be associated with the name of the 'Mass'; it was 'The Administration of the Lord's Supper or Holy Communion,' at which the minister is not allowed to communicate alone, but must have to communicate with him 'a convenient number,' but never less than three.

To such a service the use of a chasuble would be absolutely inappropriate. The natural vesture would be the surplice to which the people were already accustomed, for it was the vesture in which the priest was wont to be robed when they received the Holy Sacrament.

It will be useful to consider the reason for which the memorandum, now known as the Ornaments Rubric, was inserted in the Prayer Book of 1559. It does not appear to me that there was any fraud or even any mistake in the memorandum itself. The mistake was that the rubric of Edward's Second Prayer Book expressly forbidding the use of alb, chasuble, or cope was not reprinted, as it should have been, immediately before it. For, subject to the proviso to which the memorandum refers, that rubric was unquestionably the law of the land.

The statute of 1552 which brought the Second Prayer Book of Edward into force was repealed by Mary. Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity repealed the statute of Mary as from the 24th of June 1559, and proceeded to re-enact the book with certain slight specified alterations, neither of which affected the rubric which provided that the surplice only should be in use.

The proviso said that until further order the Ornaments of the Church and the ministers under the First Prayer Book of 1549 should be retained and be in use, and these words were repeated in the memorandum.

It is clear that they must be read with some limitation. All the ornaments could be retained, and it was no doubt desirable that none of them should be made away with, but they could

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not all be used. The Chrysom could not, for the practice of anointing with oil at Baptism had been abolished.

The Pyx could not, for that was used to carry about the reserved Sacrament, and the limited permission to do this for a sick person which was given in the Prayer Book of 1549 was removed from that of 1552, and the bread and wine were to be consecrated in the sick person's presence.

The Chrysom and the Pyx, the latter often of very great value, were to be retained, but they could not be in use; and the true meaning of the sentence would be fully expressed by the words 'shall be retained, and so far as they are necessary or appropriate to the prescribed services shall be in use.'[a]

That this was the general understanding of the proviso and the memorandum is clear. Directly Mary died the chasubles were disused.

If contemporary interpretation is of any value as evidence, the fact that bishops, priests, and people immediately and universally accepted this as the meaning of the memorandum, and acted upon it for three hundred years, appears to me to be conclusive.

Dr. Legg says that he pointed out that the surplice was and is still worn at Mass in a letter to the *Guardian* in June 1877, and complacently adds: 'I do not know of any attempt to confute the position there taken up.'

That is true. Neither the editor of the *Guardian*, nor any of its contributors, took any notice of the great discovery. And when the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline was sitting, from 1904 to 1906, although Lord Halifax, Mr. Frere, Mr. Pullan, Mr. Percy Dearmer, Canon MacColl, and Mr. Denny were among the witnesses called, we heard nothing about this fatal objection to the Ridsdale Judgment. A modest controversialist might have concluded that his new point was, after all, not so important as he had supposed. But that is not Dr. Legg's way. He fell upon witnesses and Commissioners alike.

Dr. Griffith Thomas spoke with respect of the Report of the Commission, and thereupon Dr. Legg wrote to the *Guardian* to say that 'if the Principal of Wickliffe Hall chooses to grovel before the utterance of an unlearned Commission no one can hinder him,' and some demur being made to this he wrote again and said:

> In several cases it has seemed to me that witnesses and Commissioners were both wanting in information on the subject about which they were

[a] See this question fully dealt with in the Bishop of Manchester's recent 'Open Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.'

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talking. If Dr. MacColl, Mr. Frere, and Lord Halifax made but a poor figure before the Commissioners, does it follow that Dr. Gibson, Sir Lewis Dibdin, and Sir Edward Clarke are masters of history and theology?'

In the latter part of his article Dr. Legg tries to establish a yet more extravagant proposition—that the cope and the chasuble are the same vestment. He says: 'Suppose the cope and the chasuble should turn out to be the same vestments, or to have a similar origin, where shall we be then?' Now the question whether they have a common origin does not matter at all to anyone.

It seems probable that they had, and that the lacerna, which is said to be the early form of the cope, was itself only a convenient modification for ordinary use of the circular pænula, which had an opening in the centre for the head and hung down below the knees. But authorities are all agreed that the pænula has, by various alterations in shape, become the modern chasuble. The full circular cloak was inconvenient for manual acts at the altar, and one expedient for meeting the difficulty was the placing of a button on each shoulder, and by means of a cord inside the garment looping it up so that the arms were comparatively free. I am told that a garment of this character is preserved at the Cathedral at Sens, and is believed to have been worn by Thomas à Becket. But the definite change was made by cutting away the sides so as to leave the arms quite free. This brought the chasuble to something approaching its present form. For centuries before the Reformation it had been called the Sacerdotal garment.

On the other hand the cope, whether directly or indirectly derived from the pænula or not so derived at all, was during those centuries a separate and distinct garment.

> Thus it came to be a general vestment of splendour, used when the chasuble was not worn (as in processions and non-Eucharistic rites), and by those who did not wear the chasuble, such as the chanters in choir. It has never been a distinctly clerical vestment.[8]

To suggest, as Dr. Legg does, that in the sixteenth century 'cope' and 'chasuble' were interchangeable terms is to disregard every scrap of historical evidence.

I know nothing of Dr. J. Wickham Legg except his name, and the fact, which he mentions in his article, that he is not a clergyman of the Church of England. But whatever his professional or other qualifications may be for dealing with the subject of ritual, he has shown in this case that he is by no means infallible. He is an Ishmael of debate, whose hand is against

[7] *Guardian*, the 7th of November 1906.
[8] Dearmer, *The Ornaments of the Minister* (1909), p. 89.

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every man; he speaks with anger and contempt of every one with whom he has the misfortune not to agree; he cannot expect that they will always accept his blows without making suitable acknowledgment. In truth his wonderful discovery is a mere blunder; and the terrible explosive which was to destroy the whole fabric of the Ridsdale Judgment splutters out like a Roman-candle, and does no harm at all.

EDWARD CLARKE.

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THE SURPLICE NOT A MASS VESTMENT

(II)

In the February number of this Review Dr. Wickham Legg lays down, with a certain air of finality, the rule of conduct which, in his opinion, should be followed by the Anglican clergy in the vexed question of their liturgical dress. 'Were I a clergyman of the Church of England,' he writes, 'the only reason that I could give for wearing a chasuble or cope would be that one of these is ordered to be worn by the Book of Common Prayer. I should wear a vestment only as an act of obedience to the local Church of England.' The mere layman may wonder why, if the Book of Common Prayer lay down rules in the matter, these have not always and everywhere been obeyed. If he be sufficiently interested, he will doubtless search the Prayer Book, and in that case he will find—not a word about either cope or chasuble, nor, indeed, about any other vestment. He will, however, discover the 'Ornaments Rubric,' which, for the clear guidance of the clergy, directs that

> such Ornaments of the Church, and of the Ministers thereof, at all Times of their Ministration, shall be retained, and be in use, as were in this Church of England, by the Authority of Parliament, in the Second Year of the Reign of King Edward the Sixth.

The only rule, that is to say, that the Prayer Book lays down is of the nature of legislation by reference, admittedly the least satisfactory method of law-making and that most calculated to lead to ambiguity and litigation. This particular reference has proved, moreover, even for experts—and the average clergyman is not an expert—peculiarly full of ambiguity. What is meant by 'the second year of King Edward the Sixth'? What were the ornaments 'by authority of Parliament' in the Church of England in this second year? What is the significance of 'retained' in the present rubric as compared with its significance, whatever that may have been, in Elizabeth's Act of Uniformity, from which, in 1662, it was borrowed? What, finally, is meant by the phrase 'at all times of their ministration'?

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Does it mean that the ornaments 'retained' are to be worn by the ministers 'at all times of their ministration' indifferently—*i.e.* without differentiating between Mattins or Evensong and the Holy Communion? Or does it mean that the ministers are to wear at all times of their ministration the ornaments, whatever these may have been, prescribed 'in the second year of King Edward the Sixth' as proper to each 'time of ministration'?

It would be difficult to find in four consecutive lines of any British statute more ambiguities, more questions which have given rise to longer or bitterer controversies or to more numerous suits at law. On only one of them, even now, is there any general consensus of opinion: it is agreed that the phrase 'Second year of King Edward the Sixth' refers to the First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth, though this did not actually come into use until the third year of the boy-King's reign.[1] All the other questions, though they have been settled so far as a decision of the highest court in the realm can settle them, are still subjects of more or less heated debate. For the 'High Church' clergy the decision of the Privy Council in the Ridsdale case, whether or no it be well founded in argument, is not authoritative because it is not that of a 'spiritual' court; while the Bishops who, from time to time, have attempted to enforce this decision have been consistently defied on the ground that the clergy are only bound by oath to obey their 'godly' admonitions, and that these particular admonitions have not been godly. There is not, then, and is not likely to be, so long as the Establishment lasts, any generally recognised authority by which these questions can be settled; and, in effect, large numbers of the clergy, interpreting the 'Ornaments Rubric' according to their taste, have long since—as Dr. Wickham Legg regretfully admits—passed beyond the pretence of appeal to any sane interpretation of the Church's law, and have become a law unto themselves.

Dr. Wickham Legg does not, it would seem, approve of this licence. But is it to be wondered at that, under the circumstances, 'so many curates think, as soon as they are allowed to wear a chasuble, that they are then at full liberty to practise all the ceremonies . . . now set out at length in the rubrics of the modern Roman Missal'? The attitude of the 'Ritualists' towards the rubrics of the Prayer Book is based on the principle that omission is not prohibition. Object to the setting up in your parish church of an image of the 'Sacred Heart,' as

[1] In some churches this has been made the excuse for reviving the pre-Reformation uses superseded by the First Prayer Book.

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contrary to the Prayer Book, they will reply that the Prayer Book says nothing about it, and that your objection would therefore equally apply to the pulpit or the lectern. The transition is easy from ornaments to ceremonies, and from ceremonies to doctrine. The Prayer Book, for instance, does not forbid the elevation of the Host, except implicitly in the XXVIII. Article; so in many churches the consecrated bread and chalice are elevated. It is a mere motion of the arms; but it symbolises that idea of the priest offering Christ 'for the quick and the dead, to have remission of pain or guilt,' which it was the principal object of the English Reformers to abolish, and they did abolish with every circumstance of insult and contumely.[2]

Of this doctrine, so far-reaching in its consequences, that what is not explicitly forbidden is allowed, Dr. Wickham Legg appears as a champion, all the more welcome to the clergy as a layman and an antiquary of repute, condescending to join in the clerical outcry against the presumption of the eminent lawyers (not to mention prelates) of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in daring to interpret a legal document the mysteries of which only consecrated curates can understand. The *Ridsdale* Judgment, he contends, which established the immemorial usage of the reformed Church of England in the matter of vestments as the only legal one, is destroyed at its very foundation by a gross piece of ignorance on the part of 'my lords.' The judgment, upholding the legal force of the 'Advertisements' of 1564—which ordered the use at Holy Communion of the surplice in parish churches and of the cope in cathedral and collegiate churches—declares the so-called 'eucharistic vestments' to be illegal. The fact that the surplice is ordered to be worn excluded, in their lordships' opinion, the use of alb or chasuble, since

> it is not seriously contended that albs or chasubles could, in any reasonable or practical sense, or according to any known usage, be worn, or could be meant to be worn, concurrently with the surplice.

Dr. Wickham Legg has, of course, no difficulty in showing that this statement, as it stands, is wrong. Where I wish to join issue with him is in the deductions he draws from this proof of error.

> Take away the statement that the surplice cannot be worn with the albe [he says], and all that is built upon it in the Ridsdale judgment disappears.

[2] For overwhelming proof of this assertion, put concisely and with characteristic vigour, I refer to Mr. J. H. Round's article, 'The Sacrifice of the Mass,' in the *Nineteenth Century* for May 1897 (No. 243).

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And again:

Even supposing that the Advertisements have the force of law, the chasuble and albe may yet be lawfully worn, *because the order to wear a surplice in no way hinders their use.*[3] The surplice *at the time of issuing the Advertisements* would have been considered the foundation ornament, without which none of the others could be worn: telling a man to wear a shirt in no way hinders him from wearing a coat.

My gloss on this last sentence is, that it depends on the circumstances and on the shirt. In the days of strict ecclesiastical discipline, the passing of which the clergy are forced to deplore each recurring Ash Wednesday, when a penitent was ordered to stand at the church door 'in his shirt,' this was certainly not regarded as a 'foundation ornament' for 'Sunday best.' In modern America the request to wear a 'boiled shirt' involves a dress suit and, conversely, a shirt not boiled a less formal upper attire. Where my lords of the Privy Council and Dr. Wickham Legg both fall into error is in not noticing the kind of shirt directed to be worn by the 'Advertisements,' which is 'a comely surplice *with sleeves*.' Now, the surplice (*superpellicium*) is, according to Pater Braun, so far as its origin can be determined, only an expansion of the alb, which was too narrow to wear over the fur gowns necessary in the cold churches of the North; whence a linen tunic, full and with wide sleeves, to wear over furs (*super pelliceas*).[4] This, then, is the characteristic of the surplice, as distinguished from the alb: it is a more voluminous garment, with wide instead of narrow sleeves. Especially was this the case precisely at the time when the 'Advertisements' were issued; for, as Pater Braun tells us, the sleeves of the surplice, of medium width in the thirteenth century, increased in width until, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, '. . . they fell from the arms in long, closely draped, picturesque folds.'[5] The 'comely surplice with sleeves' must not be imagined like the skimpy *chemisette*, imitated from the Roman cotta, affected by the modern 'Ritualist.' What it was is shown, *e.g.* in the brass of William Dye at Westerham in Kent.[6] This represents an Anglican priest who died in 1567, three years after the issue of the 'Advertisements.' He is vested in a cassock and a very full, pleated surplice with wide hanging sleeves. The suggestion that it could have been worn under the alb recalls the story of the naval officer who, having been elected mayor of his town, applied to the Admiralty for leave to wear his uniform with his official robes, and received permission to do so on condition that he wore the uniform *over* the robes.

[3] The italics are mine.
[4] *Liturgische Gewandung*, p. 141.
[5] *Ibid.* p. 145.
[6] See *Enc. Brit.*, s.v. 'Vestments,' fig. 8

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The judgment of the Privy Council would, I venture to suggest, have been less open to attack had their lordships, instead of 'surplice,' said 'comely surplice with sleeves.'

It may, of course, be objected that the width of the sleeves is not laid down in the 'Advertisements,' and that it was open to the clergy to have two sorts of surplice—one with narrow sleeves for 'Mass' purposes, the other with wide sleeves to wear 'in Choir.' But, in this case, why sleeves at all? Sleeveless surplices and rochets were in use in England before the Reformation, and in themselves would have been more suitable for wearing under the alb than would surplices with sleeves. That they were expressly excluded by the 'Advertisements' means one of two things. Either the surplice was to be the sole vestment, in which case sleeves might well be considered essential to its 'comeliness'; or it was to be worn under the Mass vestments, in which case the direction that it was to have sleeves argued—as we shall see—a meticulous care for the sanctity of those vestments. The latter supposition, under the circumstances of the time, is absurd. The 'rags of popery' were everywhere being routed out and 'defaced' by order of the Privy Council and the Bishops, while at the same time great difficulty was being met with in securing uniformity by enforcing the use of the surplice. Is it conceivable that, this being so, Archbishop Parker should have ordered the clergy to wear, as a 'foundation ornament,' an additional vestment, not prescribed in the First Prayer Book of Edward VI., of which the sole significance, so far as its use with the Mass vestments is concerned, was that it preserved these consecrated ornaments from defiling contact with the clothes of everyday life—a use so little important that it has fallen obsolete even in the Roman Catholic Church?

In any case, however, suppose this use of the surplice to be still continued, would it constitute the surplice a 'Mass vestment' in any proper sense of the words?[7] I think not, and

[7] Dr. Wickham Legg accuses me of 'subtle error' in my classification of the liturgical vestments in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th ed. xxii. 1057 c.). Such a classification is very difficult, impossible indeed, without saving clauses, unless we are content with Pater Braun's simple division into 'liturgical underclothing' and 'liturgical upperclothing.' Dr. Wickham Legg, in criticising my classification, ignores my saving clauses. When I placed cope and surplice in a separate category as 'never worn at Mass,' I was careful to modify this statement by the sentence 'according to the fully developed rules of the Catholic Church'—*i.e.* as at present observed. 'Fully developed practice' would perhaps have been better; but the survival in the Missal of a rubric which leaves the wearing of the surplice under the alb optional, and is generally ignored, is not enough to convict me of error; nor is the occasional use of the cope at Mass by an 'assistant priest,' such as Dr. Wickham Legg saw at Munich, which has nothing to do with the fully developed rules of the Catholic Church, but belongs, I should imagine, to one of the local uses wisely allowed to survive by the Con-

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will briefly state my reasons for so thinking. Most of the controversy about the vestments arises from the fact that their significance and use were for centuries very indeterminate, and that, even where these have been long defined, there are often survivals of earlier uses to confuse the issues, while further confusion arises from the loose employment of the same term for two similar but essentially different vestments. Now, in this particular use, as a 'shirt' to place under the sacred vestments at Mass, rochet and surplice are—as Dr. Wickham Legg makes clear—treated as practically equivalent garments. Yet they are in their general use fundamentally distinct. Unlike the surplice, the rochet is not a *vestis sacra*, and therefore, according to the rules of the Roman Catholic Church [8] and of the Church of England (if the rubrics of the First Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth be binding [9]), cannot be worn as a substitute for the surplice, *e.g.* in administering the sacraments. It is only because it is worn at Choir services, and is directed to be worn over the ordinary clothes at Mass, that it can be classed as a liturgical vestment at all.[10] Essentially the rochet is now part of the ordinary full-dress of prelates; it is thus quite properly worn by Anglican Bishops at Court or in Parliament. Now, the surplice has also occasionally been worn as part of the ordinary dress of clerics, *e.g.* of the Augustinian Canons. Briefly, then, my contention is that the surplice, like the rochet, when worn under the vestments at Mass, was not the 'foundation ornament,' but the outer skin of the ordinary dress and, equally with the rochet, the representative of the shirt (*camisia*) originally directed to be so worn in order to preserve the consecrated vestments from contact with the everyday clothes.[11] The rochet is the lineal descendant of the *camisia* originally

gregation of Rites. As for the surplice, Pater Braun, though in his *Liturgische Gewandung* (p. 125) he quotes the rubric to which Dr. Wickham Legg attaches such importance, does not speak of it as determining actual practice, and in his article 'Surplice' in the *Enc. Brit.* ignores it altogether.

[8] *Decret. Congreg. Rit.*, the 10th of January, 1852.

[9] 'Certain Notes, &c.,' at the end of the First Prayer Book. 'And whensoever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the church, or execute any other public administration, he shall have upon him, beside his rochet, a surplice or alb. . . .'

[10] Braun. *Enc. Brit.* xxiii. 432 a.

[11] This is what Durandus says about this 'shirt.' 'Sacerdotes ipsi quotiescunque celebraturi sunt, veste camisiali sub alba non careant, *ne albam, quae consecrata est vestis*, ipsorum tunicae valeant immediate contingere nec ipsae tunicae appareant.' Pontif. Guilielmi Durandi in *Mart. lib.* 1, c. 4, art. 12, ordo 23; I. 221. Quoted by Braun, *Lit. Gew.* p. 129. Durandus may have been a 'fool,' but his folly did not usually take the form of underestimating the significance of vestments. Note that the surplice, though considered a *vestis sacra*, is never consecrated, as is also, of course, the case with the rochet.

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worn by all ranks of the clergy; the surplice took its place as the *camisia* of priests when the rochet became the ensign of prelates. The surplice under the alb at Mass, then, is no more a Mass vestment than the cassock, which is now more obligatory.

A word must be added about Dr. Wickham Legg's attempt to confuse the use and significance of cope and chasuble. The 'Advertisements' order the cope to be worn at Holy Communion in cathedral churches; thereby, in the view of 'my lords' of the Privy Council, excluding the use of the chasuble. 'But suppose,' asks Dr. Wickham Legg triumphantly, 'that the cope and chasuble should turn out to be the same vestment, or to have a similar origin, where should we be then?' 'Exactly where we now are,' I answer. It is perfectly true that the cope is probably but a development of the original chasuble, which in its turn is derived from a secular garment, very like the Latin-American poncho, worn by clergy and laity alike under the Roman Empire. But the question is not of origins, or of original meaning or lack of meaning, but of what these vestments symbolised at the time of the Reformation and what they mean to-day. Dr. Wickham Legg more than suggests that there was and is no such difference between them as 'is set out in modern Roman Catholic books of ceremonial'; and the only tittle of evidence he brings in support of this is the loose use of language by Machyn and others in the sixteenth century! It 'looks very much,' he says, 'as if in the sixteenth century the words "cope" and "chasuble" were interchangeable.' Truly, this argument would have been more impressive had the words *pluviale* and *casula* or *planeta* been used interchangeably in the rubrics; unfortunately for Dr. Wickham Legg they were not so used. Centuries before the Reformation, as now in the Roman Catholic Church, while the cope (*pluviale*) could be worn by every singing man, the chasuble was *par excellence* the *vestis sacerdotalis*. It was, as it is still, placed by the Bishop upon the priest at his ordination; it was stripped from the priest's shoulders as a symbol of his degradation from the sacerdotal function. Of this latter process I will give one very highly significant instance. In 1354 Ralph de Tremur, Rector of Warleggan, was degraded from the priesthood for denying the doctrine of Transubstantiation.[12] This was the form used:

In remocione Planete seu Casule Sacerdotalis: auferimus tibi Vestem Sacerdotalem, et te honore Sacerdotali privamus.

[12] *Register of Bishop Grandison.* E. C. Hingeston-Randolph (London and Exeter, 1894), pp. 1147, 1179.

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Ralph de Tremur was a learned, if somewhat disreputable,[13] precursor of Wycliffe, and on the principles of Wycliffe, for better or worse, the Church of England was reformed. In casting off the chasuble the Edwardian and Elizabethan clergy symbolised the abdication of their priestly office, so far as this involved belief in the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass. The modern revival of the chasuble, Dr. Wickham Legg implies, has no doctrinal significance. After all—to give a slight exaggeration to his line of argument—the word 'chasuble' only means 'a little house' (*casula* from *casa*); why should poor curates not go about in little houses? I should not care to insult the intelligence of the clergy by assuming that they have raised up all this pother merely in order to gratify an instinct for finery or an antiquarian taste. If this be the case, however, and the utmost that the revived vestments are intended to symbolise be the 'continuous life of the Church,' the settlement of the controversy should be an easy matter. Let the Bishops allow the use of the chasuble on condition that the priest, when he first assumes it, shall publicly recite the declaration which for a hundred and fifty years had to be made by every English Bishop on taking his seat in the House of Lords—viz. the same declaration against Transubstantiation and the Sacrifice of the Mass as 'superstitious and idolatrous' which, until the present reign, was made, under the Act of Settlement, by every British sovereign. I doubt if a single priest who makes a point of wearing the 'vestments' would be willing to read this declaration.

That the life of the English Church has been continuous is an historical truism. Institutionally, legally, and in the fundamental articles of the Catholic Faith, the modern Church of England is the same as that founded in the sixth century by Augustine. A man may change his clothes and his opinions without losing his identity; and so may a Church, which is but an assemblage (*ecclesia*) of men. The English Church at the Reformation changed some of her opinions, and cast off the clothes which she had worn as the *insignia* of those opinions. The contention of the 'Catholic' party is that she did nothing of the sort; a wealth of ingenuity has been expended in the effort to prove this assertion, and as the result we have an

[13] He seems to have been a fiery Celt. He had dared to say: 'Ye fantastically adore the work of your own hands. What else does the priest do but gape at and breathe upon a morsel of bread?' He went to extremes when he removed the pyx from the church and threw the Host into the fire. Even Protestants will think he went too far when, after his deprivation, he collected a body of ruffians and attacked and burned down his former rectory-house.

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astounding superstructure of pseudo-history based, in the enthusiastic spirit of the medieval cathedral-builders, on the most insecure foundations. Of the builders of this theory the late Canon McColl was one of the most ingenious and the least ingenuous. Of the services of the Church under Elizabeth he wrote as follows: 'The mass of the clergy carried on Divine Service as they did during the reign of Mary, with the same vestments and ceremonies, but using the English Prayer Book.'[14] Dr. Wickham Legg does not, indeed, support this statement, for which there is not a particle of evidence, while there is plenty to the contrary.[15] He takes up a position, however, hardly less astounding. To the Roman Catholic objection that, if the 'vestments' with all that they symbolise were ordered to be worn, how was it that for full three hundred years they were disused? he replies by a *tu quoque*. True, the English clergy were disobedient, but they were not singular in their disobedience. You Roman clergy have terribly neglected your duty in not obeying the rubrics of the Missal directing the altar frontal to be of the colour of the day or office, a cushion to be set under the Missal, and an extra candle to be lighted at the elevation of the Host! 'Angels and ministers of grace!' In the reign of Elizabeth, under pressure of the authorities of Church and State, the churches were stripped of their 'idolatrous images,' altars were torn down, the consecrated slabs being put to every basest use; the sacred vestments, by order of the Privy Council or the Bishops, were burnt, defaced, or turned into bed-covers or gowns for the parsons' wives.[16] Unfortunately, most true. But English Catholics may at least pride themselves on the fact that, unlike their Roman brethren, they preserved inviolate the cushions on the Holy Table!

How came it, then, that amid so great a havoc of iconoclasm any vestment survived, together with so much of ceremony? The 'Elizabethan religion' was Calvinistic, and Calvinism, as distinct from Lutheranism with its 'high' sacramental doctrine, everywhere but in England involved the extreme simplification of public worship. Seventeen years ago I attempted an answer to this question in the pages of this Review.[17] The Elizabethan reformation, as far as it was directed from above, was dictated

[14] McColl, *The Reformation Settlement*, p. 418.

[15] See J. T. Tomlinson, *Were Mass Vestments ever Worn under the Reformation Settlement*, &c. Church Association Tract. No. 381. February 1907.

[16] See J. H. Round, 'The Elizabethan Religion,' *The Nineteenth Century*, February 1897.

[17] 'The Influence of Machiavelli on the Reformation in England.' *The Nineteenth Century*, December 1896.

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by political, not religious motives. Now Machiavelli, whose writings largely influenced the statecraft of the age, says:

> Whoever desires to introduce reforms into a State in such a manner as to have them accepted, and maintained to everybody's satisfaction, must retain at least the shadow of old institutions, so as to appear to have altered nothing, while in fact the new arrangements are entirely different from the old.[18]

This is the characteristic note of English politics, and, whether suggested by Machiavelli or not, it explains the ecclesiastical policy of Elizabeth. Whatever may have been the case with the 'blind Sir Johns' who survived, scattered in remote parishes, from the Marian period, the influential clergy were almost to a man Puritans and favourable to the Calvinistic model.[19] They would have died rather than risk the fires of hell by wearing vestments associated with the 'idolatry' of the Mass. It was not impossible to persuade the more moderate of them to wear surplice or cope. The reason is clear. The cope was an entirely non-committal vestment—a mere robe of dignity worn by all and sundry.[20] The surplice was no more than the ensign of the spiritual estate. Then, as now in the Roman Church, it was the vestment proper to the administration of the sacraments. Its exclusive use therefore exactly symbolised the change introduced in the English Ordinal, according to which the priest is no longer ordained 'to offer the Sacrifice of the Mass' but 'to be a faithful Dispenser of the Word of God and of His Holy Sacraments.'

Thus in the Church it was possible to preserve 'the shadow of old institutions,' and so soften the sharp antagonism between 'the old religion' and the new. A Protestant nowadays, seeing for the first time a high celebration of the Holy Communion at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the vestments ordered by the 'Advertisements' and the Canons of 1603 are worn, would probably be more struck by its likeness than by its unlikeness to High Mass as celebrated at Westminster Cathedral. In the same way, under Elizabeth's system, a celebration of the Holy Communion, at least in cathedral and collegiate churches where the celebrant was vested in a cope with 'the Epistler and Gospeler agreeably,' was sufficiently like Mass to satisfy the traditional prejudices of the more uncritical conservatives. But 'the Mass,' in spite of

[18] *Discorsi*, vol. i. p. 25.

[19] 'A petition for leaving off the sign of the Cross in baptism, the kneeling posture at Communion, "the use of copes and of surplices," and so forth, was signed by two of the local archdeacons, and had probably the sympathy of the third, and was actually all but carried in Convocation in 1562.' *Victoria County Hist. Essex*, vol. ii. p. 37.

[20] The German word for 'cope,' *Rauchmantel—i.e.* 'incense-mantel'—sufficiently indicates its liturgical status.

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the loose language of contemporary Puritan extremists, it was not; and the outward and visible sign of its not being so was the absolute disuse of the 'Mass vestments.' [21]

WALTER ALISON PHILLIPS.

[21] Dr. Wickham Legg's attitude towards the whole matter seems to be largely antiquarian. Thus, while making a perfectly sound criticism on the article on Tenebrae in the *Enc. Brit.*, he speaks slightingly (Note 19, p. 458) of the symbolic extinction of the lights as 'a mere ceremony, of *comparatively late introduction*. . . .' What has that to do with it? The Catholic Church, for better or worse, is a living organism, not a museum of antiquities. To me this particular ceremony is singularly impressive, and would not be less so were it absolutely modern. In the same note Dr. Wickham Legg points out a curious misunderstanding of the brass of Dr. Henry Sever figured in my article on Vestments in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. As I have said so much in criticism of his views, I am the more anxious to allow that in this instance he is right, and to thank him for the correction.

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'GITANJALI'

In talking with the Indian poets, said one of our earlier Orientalists, you will find they consider poetry a divine art, practised for untold ages in heaven before it was revealed on earth. Here, in the West, we have been rather forgetting the old inspirational idea of poetry, though it has been insisted on by writers like Spenser, Milton, and Shelley; and it is time we should hear its reminder, and after a fashion that is better than prose argument—in inspired verse itself. Such reminders when they do come are apt to fall naturally, without any noise or loud creaking of the press. At an Indian play given last autumn in London, my next neighbour, a native of Bengal, asked me if I had read any of the other writings of the playwright—Rabindra Nath Tagore. He went on to speak of them with the enthusiasm of a disciple, in a way indeed to make one's ears tingle. His account had the effect of the tuning up of the fiddles before the actual music; or it was like that passage in the Vedic Hymn, which speaks of the coming of the poet, the long-expected poet who has the gift of the supernal lyric tongue. A week or two later, one Sunday afternoon, my fellow-playgoer brought, according to promise, a volume of the new poetry in the original Bengali, along with some translations, and read them aloud.

In that way, those who heard were able to get an idea both of the Indian melody and the actual content of the verse; and there could be no doubt in our minds of its original imagination and its poetic reality—a voice that had in it mixed accents of East and West, yet was individual to a degree.

Thou art the sky and thou art the nest as well. Oh, thou beautiful, there in the nest it is thy love that encloses the soul with colours and sounds and odours.

There comes the morning with the golden basket in her right hand bearing the wreath of beauty, silently to crown the earth.

And there comes the evening over the lonely meadows deserted by herds, through trackless paths, carrying cool draughts of peace in her golden pitcher from the western ocean of rest.

But there, where spreads the infinite sky for the soul to take her flight in, reigns the stainless white radiance. There is no day nor night, nor form nor colour, and never never a word.

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This is the sixty-seventh of the *Gitánjali*, or song offerings, in the volume produced lately by the Indian Society, which again is an English draft from three books printed in Calcutta—*Naivédya*, *Kheyá*, and *Gitánjali*, besides a few songs that hitherto have appeared in magazines only. One thing it is well to realise in perusing the leaves is that the title does not mean songs in the conventional sense with which we use the term, but songs really to be sung. Their writer is himself a musician and a singer, and the tonic and the verbal strains combined and were both present when the verse sprang to life. The two musics were essential to its existence in fact, and it is truly, and in the old Greek sense, melic and lyrical, although the *tambura*, or other Indian stringed instrument, may not be accounted strictly a lyre. So when Rabindra Nath Tagore uses the terms of his craft, when he refers to singing in a poem, it is not a conventional allusion; it means that he sings:

I am here to sing thee songs. In this hall of thine I have a corner seat.

When the hour strikes for thy silent worship at the dark temple of midnight, command me, my master, to stand before thee to sing. . . .

The whole spirit of the book is musical, and if the emotion at times seems to be affected by the Indian tradition and a note of Quietism, and the rapture is held in suspense, the songs even in the English prose-rhythms are irresistibly impulsive. Their spirit is original, and yet they are full of reminiscent fragrance. Now they recall a strain like that of the Silurist, which runs:

All the long hours of night and rest
Through the still shrouds of sleep and clouds,
This dew fell on my breast.

But it is needless to look for comparisons. The book has its own dialect; the author a voice affectingly individual, which by its accent holds the ear:

In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

To-day the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

The woodlands have hushed their songs, the doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh, my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream.

In England the old lyric tradition has almost been lost. The poets do not write to music, or with any accompaniment in their ears, save that of the literary make-believe, or the verbal melody employed in the stanzaic compact entered upon between writer

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and reader. There is inevitably some loss of lyric reality in this dependence on the printed page, and only here and there a verseman of true singing brain is able to bring the perfect illusion of song into what may be called 'read verse.' From these difficulties the author of Gitánjali has by the fortune of heaven and the custom of his country been left free; and the gain to his poetry has impressed even Mr. W. B. Yeats, whom I can remember speaking two or three years ago with a fine contempt of those who tried to relate verse to music.

When there was but one mind in England [he says in his introduction] Chaucer wrote his *Troilus and Cressida*, and though he has written to be read, or to be read out—for our time was running on apace—he was sung by minstrels for a while. Rabindra Nath Tagore, like Chaucer's forerunners, writes music for his words, and one understands at every moment that he is so abundant, so spontaneous, so daring in his passion, so full of surprise, because he is doing something which has never seemed strange, unnatural, or in need of defence.

A friend of his, Mr. Maitra, who recently played and sang some of his songs to the original tunes for a select audience, told us that the music actually suggested the words; very much as it did at times to Burns, one of the last of our true song-writers. Burns in one of his casual revelations explained that his way was to take one of 'the old Scottish airs' and then 'sowth the tune' over and over until the words came, and that there was the readiest way to achieve again the 'glorious enthusiasm' of the older poetry. But this new Indian poet has the advantage over the Scots song-writer in that he makes his own tune, although possibly it may have some old recollective associations or cadences in it.

The rhythms, the intervals, the harmonies of the Indian *rag* or song are markedly different to those of our music; but in his translations Rabindra Nath Tagore has obtained a most natural and beautiful melodic equivalent. Sometimes the original phrase lingers in a use of parallelism, or an echoing note, or a refrain. Try the two child-poems: No. lx. which opens:

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. The infinite sky is motionless everhead and the restless water is boisterous. On the seashore of endless worlds the children meet with shouts and dances.

or No. lxii.:

When I bring to you coloured toys, my child, I understand why there is such a play of colours on clouds, on water, and why flowers are painted in tints—when I give coloured toys to you, my child.

When I sing to make you dance I truly know why there is music in leaves, and why waves send their chorus of voices to the heart of the listening earth—when I sing to make you dance.

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When I bring sweet things to your greedy hands I know why there is honey in the cup of the flower, and why fruits are secretly filled with sweet juice—when I bring sweet things to your greedy hands. . . .

These poems illustrate the musical element in *Gitánjali*, while they hardly suggest its most individual note, which is that of profound longing, an unappeasable quickening of the spirit of song by vivid desire. The utterance is often impassioned, often poignant; yet rarely lets go of its directness and simplicity of expression.

He came and sat by my side, but I woke not. What a cursed sleep it was, O miserable me.

He came when the night was still; he had his harp in his hands, and my dreams became resonant with its melodies.

Alas, why are my nights all thus lost? Ah, why do I ever miss his sight whose breath touches my sleep?

One cannot do better than return to Mr. Yeats's pages of Introduction for the account there given by a distinguished Bengali doctor of medicine of the poet's fame at home and among his own folk.

We call this [he said] the epoch of Rabindra Nath. No poet seems to me as famous in Europe as he is among us. He is as great in music as in poetry, and his songs are sung from the west of India into Burmah wherever Bengali is spoken. . . . I so much admire the completeness of his life; when he was very young he wrote much of natural objects. He would sit all day in his garden; from his twenty-fifth year or so to his thirty-fifth perhaps, when he had a great sorrow, he wrote the most beautiful love poetry in our language . . . words can never express what I owed at seventeen to his love poetry. After that his art grew deeper, it became religious and philosophical; all the aspirations of mankind are in his hymns. He is the first among our saints who has not refused to live, but has spoken out of Life itself, and that it why we give him our love. . . . A little while ago he was to read divine service in one of our churches—we of the Brahmo Samaj use your word 'church' in English—it was the largest in Calcutta, and not only was it crowded, people even standing in the windows, but the streets were all but impassable because of the people.

The portrait by Mr. William Rothenstein (to whom the volume is dedicated) serves to give personal colour to these glimpses of the author in his natural environment. It is a remarkable characterisation by a fine interpreter, a masterly portraitist; yet it leaves one still but half satisfied, as any portrait must do. Nor, I suppose, would anything quite suffice, but to be able to hear and understand Rabindra Nath speaking to his own people in his own musical tongue. If this is taken to imply any feeling of disappointment in the English versions

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of *Gitánjali*, it will be doing their writer and translator in one great injustice. Since the Hebrew Scriptures and the Greek Testament were translated into the English Bible, no finer transfusion of the genius of other or Eastern tongues into that of the Western world has been effected.

Take two more of these songs, one of them the eighty-sixth, which is a song of Death, and see if your English instinct for word and phrase direct the alteration of a syllable?

I

I was not aware of the moment when I first crossed the threshold of this life. What was the power that made me open out into this vast mystery like a bud in the forest at midnight?

When in the morning I looked upon the light I felt in a moment that I was no stranger in this world, that the inscrutable without name and form had taken me in its arms in the form of my own mother.

Even so, in death the same unknown will appear as ever known to me. And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well.

The child cries out when from the right breast the mother takes it away to find in the very next moment its consolation in the left one.

II

Death, thy servant is at my door. He has crossed the unknown sea and brought thy call to my home.

The night is dark and my heart is fearful—yet I will take up the lamp, open my gates, and bow to him my welcome. It is thy messenger who stands at my door.

I will worship him with folded hands, and with tears. I will worship him placing at his feet the treasure of my heart.

By way of completing an imperfect tribute, let this passage from a recent discourse of Rabindra Nath's (translated by Mr. Satis C. Roy) be added to the songs:

The Being who is in his essence the light and life of all, who is world-conscious, is Brahma. To feel all, to be conscious of everything—this is His spirit. Not only does he pervade everything, but everything is and has being in His consciousness. The Mother not only is in contact with her child, but she intensely feels it from head to foot. So does the consciousness of the Immortal Being fill all space, completely pervade the universe always and everywhere. We are immersed in His consciousness body and soul. . . . It is through His consciousness that the light-waves are being transmitted from planet to planet. There is no discontinuity of space, no interval of time in Him.

So far, finally, as one may venture on a contemporary estimate from this side of the world, it may be said that nothing has come to these shores of late years in the way of poetry from abroad that can compare with these Indian songs. Their imagination and melody, touched with human feeling and

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spiritually fired, are of a quality unlike anything we have had in this or the last generation. Indeed, one is tempted to go further and to say they are among the few really important things that have happened in poetry within the overlapping terms of the two centuries, the nineteenth and the twentieth; while the message they bear to the Western world amounts to a spiritual revelation.

ERNEST RHYS.

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THE INTERNAL CONDITION OF GREAT BRITAIN IN TIME OF WAR

It is thought by many that the ever-increasing burden of armaments and the tension amongst the Great Powers of Europe is now becoming too great to last, and that even if the present Balkan crisis should end peacefully, yet the next crisis may end in a general war. This view is, unfortunately, not without reason. At the present moment, when there is still a doubt as to whether the downfall of the Turkish Empire in Europe will lead to a general European war or not, it seems opportune, therefore, once more to bring forward for consideration the question of the internal situation in Great Britain should such a war come upon us. For sooner or later come it will.

We have to remember that since our last great European struggle a century ago a silent revolution has taken place in this country, which has utterly changed everything, including our method of life and our system of government, and, most ominous of all, we have changed from a nation practically self-supporting to a nation completely dependent upon ocean-borne commerce for our wages and our food. This is a condition unexampled in the world, a condition peculiar to ourselves, and demanding on our part peculiarly anxious consideration and peculiar measures of precaution.

This article has been written, and it is hoped will be read and considered, solely from the point of view of war, and not from the point of view of peace. All considerations, therefore, of purely peace conditions, such as the loss or gain of any private vested interest or interests, difficulties of administration, questions of expense, and so forth, are put aside as not relevant. For in a serious struggle these matters, which in peace-time loom so large, will be brushed aside as of no importance. It is necessary to stretch our minds now to the point of a great war emergency, so that the obstructive peace-time difficulties may sink to their war-time proportions of insignificance. Such a use of 'the scientific imagination' is easy to propose, but very difficult to make, because the mental picture of a general European war is so revolting that it is almost as difficult to think about it for

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any length of time as it is for a man to think for long about his own tombstone. Consequently there are but few who take the necessary trouble.

From considerations of the general balance of power, it appears that any European war in which Great Britain may be engaged must be thought of, for the next few years anyhow, as a war between the Great Powers of the Triple Alliance and the Triple *Entente*. Such at least is the present situation, and it is unnecessary to argue the point further while the present grouping of the Great Powers lasts. Such a war is a truly terrible idea to contemplate. The havoc which it will make in the financial and industrial life of Europe will be so catastrophic that no statesman will dare the awful responsibility of bringing it about, if it is possible to avoid doing so; but, unfortunately, some day popular passion in one nation may force all the other nations into war against their will. It is nowadays irresponsible popular passion that we have to dread. Truer than ever is the remark of that profound thinker, Clausewitz, that 'the passions which break out in war must be latent in the people.' And then no statesman can prevent it.

Analysis of the Internal Situation

For the sake of such clearness as is possible the constituents of the internal situation on the eve of a great war are roughly grouped under four headings, though really the inter-action of all is so far-reaching that it is difficult to separate them. They are:

(A) Financial confusion, breakdown of the international credit system.

(B) Normal poverty plus unpreventable war poverty (*i.e.* loss of the hostile markets).

(C) Preventable war poverty (*i.e.* loss of neutral markets).

(D) The anti-war tendencies of socialistic labour organisations.

It is proposed to offer a few considerations upon each of these headings.

A. Financial Confusion

The international credit system, on which the present industrial system depends, has only grown up during the last three-quarters or half century. It has never yet had to stand the ordeal of a war in which all the great monetary Powers of Europe, including Britain, the centre of the system, are involved at once, so that they can no longer draw upon each other for monetary aid in emergency. The financial and commercial confusion must be stupendous when such a war breaks out, and may well bring with it the fall of the great credit system itself, unless sufficient

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financial measures be devised beforehand to meet it. The inadequacy of our gold reserve in Great Britain to meet a really serious monetary crisis has of late years attracted much attention, and has been the subject of various papers and addresses by banking authorities, such as those by Sir Herbert Tritton, Sir Felix Schuster, Sir Robert Giffen, Sir E. Holden, and recently by Mr. J. W. Cross in the pages of this Review.[1] It is admitted. The writer does not propose to labour the point further. The general result is now well known—namely, that the deposits in our banks (deducting liabilities of banks to each other) are, in round figures, 1,000,000,000*l.* or more, and the reserves at the Bank of England, upon which all the other banks depend, are only about 45,000,000*l.*, including bullion retained against the note issues, or about 4 or 5 per cent. Such a reserve may be sufficient for times of peace, but it is idle to deceive ourselves by the hope that it could possibly be enough to meet a great financial panic, such as must characterise the opening of a general European war. Much has been said and written, but nothing remedial has been done, and so we must consider a financial panic and a general run upon the banks and savings banks as one of the first facts we shall have to face to day in the event of war. As Sir Robert Giffen said in his lecture at the Royal United Service Institution in 1908, 'The conclusion, then, is that the banking position in this country is one of real danger in the event of a great war'; and 'On the nature and effects of a great banking panic there is no need to enlarge. Apart from the miseries resulting to depositors and shareholders who are suddenly impoverished, there is no more potent cause of widespread bankruptcy and unemployment.' And 'It is difficult to realise the magnitude of the evil it may be necessary to deal with, and especially the extent of the civil tumults that may occur.' And 'All these tumults would further help to strain credit to the utmost and intensify the banking panic itself.'

Such is our present situation. If war breaks out to-morrow that is what we have got to face. Can nothing be done to prevent it? Will the depositors of the 1,000,000,000*l.* fold their hands and wait for possible ruin, or will they not insist that some adequate precautionary measure or measures be prepared? Will not our statesmen quit their paltry game of party politics for a moment and give a little attention to their duty of safeguarding the public interest in this matter? From the purely war point of view it could probably be done, if all peace considerations of vested interests and private inconveniences are set aside on a preparatory emergency plan. It is said that the German Govern-

[1] 'A Note on the Financial Situation,' *Nineteenth Century and After*, March 1913.

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ment, with their usual thoroughness, have already taken the bull by the horns and have a plan prepared under State guarantee. Something of the same sort should be done by our Government. In consultation with a chosen committee of bankers, the Government could surely draw up some such a scheme, guarded by all the absolutely necessary modifications, restrictions, and precautions which only expert banking knowledge can supply. The very knowledge of the existence of such a thoroughly prepared emergency plan would go far to prevent financial panic.

In this bald statement of the financial confusion which must accompany the outbreak for the first time of a war in which all the great monetary Powers of Europe are involved, I have endeavoured to be moderate. I have used no figures except those which have been publicly stated by well-known banking authorities, and by that most cautious of statisticians, Sir Robert Giffen. If any reader should doubt these figures he can verify them with the greatest ease by asking at his bank whether they are correct. One thing is plain. Something has got to be done, some war measure prepared, so as to minimise the danger to our credit system of a general European war; and it ought to be done at once. To leave things as they are is to run a fearful risk merely from apathy. Bankers and depositors are alike deeply concerned to see that something is done.

So much for the situation of the capitalistic classes. Let us now briefly consider how such a great war will affect the working classes.

The working classes will be affected by maritime war in a twofold manner: first, by the high war price of all foodstuffs, and, secondly, by the diminished employment caused by the dislocation of commerce due to the war. The combination of these two causes will certainly produce distress far greater than we have ever yet had to cope with. If, however, we are to fight the war, we must be able to cope with the resulting distress.

As regards the war price of food, it is, of course, not possible to gauge the rise exactly, due, as it will be, to so many different contributing causes. It may be a double rise: it may be a treble rise. But there can be little doubt that the price will be practically a famine price, as stated almost unanimously by the leading corn merchants and dealers in all foodstuffs before the Royal Commission on Food and Raw Material Supply.[2]

B. Normal Poverty plus Unpreventable War Poverty

As regards the numbers who will be affected, it is not possible exactly to gauge them either. We have 25,000,000 in our cities who are urban to such a degree that the figures worked out by

[2] *Vide* Vol. iii. p. 355.

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Mr. Charles Booth for London and by Mr. Rowntree for York are applicable to them; which gives 30 per cent., or 7,000,000, as normally below the poverty-line—*i.e.* dependent on wages, often spasmodic, of 23*s.* a week and under. They have no margin whatever for further economies, and could not possibly pay a double war price for their food. This is called normal poverty.

In addition, the mere loss of markets of the countries at war with us must throw great numbers either on to half-time or out of work. The unpreventable loss of employment due to loss of the belligerent markets, &c., is, for the sake of moderation, put as 800,000 men, which, multiplied by four for families, means at least 3,000,000 men, women, and children. This is called unpreventable war poverty.

This makes a total of 10,000,000 who will be unable to pay the war price of food, and who will therefore require relief or partial relief, at least for a time.[3]

These figures may err one way or the other, but whether the total turns out, on experience, to be ten or eight or twelve millions does not affect the argument. The situation will be equally grave either way. For how long such extra war relief will be required it is not possible to say, as it will depend on so many causes, such as how long it will take our Navy completely to clear the seas of commerce-destroyers, how long it will be before prices fall, before trade finds new channels, &c., &c. The duration of the critical time appears to me to depend entirely on the comparative strength of the opposing forces and their relative geographical positions; the more nearly equal the conditions the longer the critical period. I would suggest, as a practical basis to go on, that a highly critical naval period of some weeks be assumed, followed by some months of high prices caused by uncertainty, dislocation of trade, and disturbed markets, &c., &c. (Food Supply Commission). The state of affairs to be considered is, therefore, roughly, as follows: All foodstuffs at double prices or famine prices for six months, and 10,000,000 men, women and children, or 30 per cent. of our urban population, unable to pay such prices, and therefore requiring relief or partial relief. It is plain that the strain of the gigantic national war relief required for feeding and keeping quiet nearly 10,000,000 persons will in the first case fall upon the Poor Law. The Poor-law authorities are at present accustomed to deal in their routine work with about 2½ per cent. of the population, and in emergency could perhaps deal with 5 per cent., or even 7 per cent. But from dealing with 2½ per cent. to dealing with 30 per cent. is plainly a vast change, which will tax to the very utmost limit

[3] *Vide Royal Commission on Food Supply*, Vol. ii. p. 325, and Appendix, p. 296.

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even the most carefully thought out and prepared organisation of relief.

This is a vital point, which I wish to bring out for consideration in the strongest possible manner.

In evidence before the Royal Commission I produced the outline of such an organisation, which would cost nothing in peace (based on the successful working of the Burgoyne Commission during the latter half of the Irish famine), which was approved by the Parliamentary Committee and Executive Council of the Associated Guardians of England and Wales, and supported in evidence by their Chairman, Mr. Brown.[4]

But the utmost limit of relief which seemed possible was the 10,000,000 before referred to as normal poverty plus unpreventable war poverty. This, apparently, as far as I could most carefully gather, will represent the utmost possibility of relief.

If to this utmost limit is to be added a further weight of preventable (war rate) poverty, the task will become altogether beyond our power. The war conditions will then become altogether intolerable to the democracy, and they, having the ultimate power, may demand and enforce cessation of the war even at the price of submission to our enemy and a crushing war indemnity.

Therefore, from a war point of view, it becomes of extreme importance to minimise the preventable (war rate) poverty. It becomes not a desirability, but a necessity, a supreme war necessity, admitting of no obstacle.

I trust that this will be agreed with.

C. Preventable War Poverty

The preceding paragraphs represent very inadequately the result of several years' study, in consultation, either personal or by correspondence, with the best authorities on the questions involved.

They contain nothing which is not amply substantiated by the evidence before the Royal Commission on Food and Raw Material Supply in War Time. I think that it will be generally admitted that so far the approximate correctness of the figures therein, and the approximate correctness of the deductions therefrom, are unfortunately beyond doubt. We now come to the further question of commerce protection regarded as working-class protection.

The subject of national indemnity is here considered solely from the standpoint that the strain thrown on to the necessary war relief shall not be greater than it or the community can possibly bear. The subject, therefore, is only here considered

[4] *Vide* Vol. ii. pp. 325, 326, and Appendix.

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in so far as it bears on that one supreme point. During our last great struggle, one hundred years ago, our trade was able to stand great blows without falling, and to pay high war rates of insurance, because we had no foreign manufacturing competitors. The whole Continent either had to buy our manufactures, with the war rates added to the cost, or go without altogether. But nowadays all that is different, and our 'staying power' for war is thereby vitally affected. Nowadays foreign competition is in most trades so keen and profits are already cut so fine that, given any considerable increase in the cost of production, we could no longer compete during maritime war with our neutral rivals.[5] Take a ship worth 20,000*l.* bringing a cargo of raw cotton worth 60,000*l.* Take a minimum war rate at 5*l.* That would mean, roughly, 1000*l.* extra cost of transport to cover war insurance on steamer, and 3000*l.* extra war insurance on the cargo of cotton, or 4000*l.* extra, or 6.6 per cent., added to the cost of raw material; and further equal cost from the same cause will have to be paid when exporting the manufactured cotton goods. So that by the time the cotton reaches the neutral market it will have to be sold at greatly increased price. But if we have largely to increase our manufactures in price compared with our competitors, nobody will buy them to-day. They will simply buy the manufactures of rejoicing neutral competitors as far and as fast as they could meet the demand.

It will probably be admitted, speaking generally, that a 5*l.* war rate, and still more a possible 10*l.* or 20*l.*, will result, in the face of the present keen neutral competition, in most of the smaller firms with small reserves of capital being compelled to close or half close their works and dismiss their workmen. It is, of course, not possible to estimate, roughly even, the number of firms who will be so affected nor the number of workmen who will thus be thrown out of work. But there can be no doubt that it will be very great indeed. For cotton alone, with its allied trades, has about four and a half million souls dependent upon it (Evidence, Food Supply). And so with the other chief trades. And from reduction of buyers the home market will also be greatly affected.

All such problematical matters must be controversial, and all estimates and evidence more or less contradictory. But one thing stands out clear—namely, that a minimum war insurance rate of 5*l.* will play deadly, most deadly, havoc among the 28,000,000 (*i.e.* 7,000,000 male workers in industries multiplied by four for families) or so of our people dependent, directly or indirectly, on oversea trade for their employment and wages. It will throw out of employment a vast multitude, impossible to

[5] *Vide* evidence Cotton, Somerset Gurney, before Royal Commission on Raw Materials.

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estimate beforehand, of those who are at present above the poverty-line. The poverty of this vast and totally unmanageable multitude will be caused by a preventable minimum war insurance rate of 5*l.*, and is therefore classed as preventable war poverty.

But the possible limits of war relief will have been already reached by those previously considered under the heading of Normal Poverty plus Unpreventable War Poverty. If, therefore, an additional vast multitude be added under the present heading (Preventable War Poverty) the breaking-strain of any possible State war relief will be reached and passed. What, then, can we expect? Hunger and desperation amongst the wageless, unfed multitude, outrages, riots, civil strife, culminating in a gradually growing resolution among the deeply suffering and politically powerful working classes to terminate the intolerable hardships of the war at any cost. What else?

Regarded, therefore, from this war point of view, and from no other, for this is a war inquiry, it is submitted that even a minimum war rate of 5*l.* is for us nowadays an impossibility.

But how can it be prevented or minimised? Quite simply, by the preparation by Government of an emergency scheme of national indemnity against war risks of shipping. For the benefit of those who have not considered this question it may be desirable to explain roughly what is meant by national indemnity. Since the Royal Commission on Food and Raw Material Supply in War in 1903, and the consequent Treasury Committee on War Risks of Shipping, the naval situation, as is well known, has changed, and is changing, greatly to our disadvantage. So much so, indeed, that practically all the cruisers we possess will now be required with the fleets, and there will be practically none left over for commerce protection at the beginning of the war. During the first few months of war our commerce will have to look after itself. Our commerce, which is our life-blood, the source of our wages and our food, is now vastly greater, about twenty times greater, and vastly more vulnerable, than it was during the Napoleonic wars. It is now carried on, as a rough average, by about 5000 or 6000 vessels at sea, scattered over about 100,000 miles of unprotected trade routes. The great majority of these vessels are slow tramp-steamers, helpless to any fast commerce-destroyer or liner acting as such and carrying even the lightest guns. They are unable to fight and too slow to run away.

On any day of the year British value afloat in ships and cargoes is at least about 200,000,000*l.*, and a few fast commerce-destroyers or armed liners (of which it is said that Germany possesses a very large number) could do immense damage on any

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trade route before they could be hunted down. Especially so since, by the Hague Convention, it is not now unlawful to sink a captured vessel. A very few captures or sinkings and up would jump the rates of war insurance to prohibitive heights owing to fear of more captures. As before shown, this would be absolutely prohibitive to our export trade in face of the present-day keen neutral competition. What, then, is to happen? Are we to do nothing? Are our slow ocean steamers all to lie up in the nearest ports for safety, with all their eagerly awaited cargoes of raw material, as the sixteen American clippers lay up at Singapore in the United States Civil War for fear of the solitary *Alabama*? Not so. We cannot have that, for upon the punctual arrival of that raw material about 28,000,000 of our people will be depending for their wages and their food. What is to be done?

There is one thing to be done, and one only. Get rid of the fear, get rid of the prohibitive war insurance rates. And the only way this can be done is through a scheme of State indemnity worked through Lloyd's.

To put the matter roughly, let the State say to Lloyd's :

> In order to protect our mercantile marine and insure the uninterrupted course of trade in war as during peace, we, the State, are prepared to pay the losses by actual capture or sinking at sea in war through you as our agents. You will carry on your routine as usual, making your usual inquiries and taking the marine risks as usual, only you must not charge any extra war rate—that is, the ordinary peace marine rate of 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* per 100*l.* must cover the war risk also. You will make all inquiries through your usual machinery before accepting any vessel and before paying any loss for capture or sinking. We will repay to you at once, through the Bank of England, all losses duly certified by the Chairman of your Committee to have been paid by you for war captures or sinkings. All vessels thus accepted by you on a war insurance at peace rates guaranteed by the State must agree to obey all Admiralty orders which they may receive, on pain of forfeiting their insurance for any act of disobedience to such instructions received.

Warned by wireless telegraphy, the actual captures or sinkings will probably be comparatively few in number. It is only the fear of loss that we have to get rid of on the part of the owners and captain and insurers. Consequently, the actual amount of indemnity paid by the State, though it might sound fairly large from a peace standpoint, would be an unimportant item in a great war Budget, and would not be as ruinous as the partial stoppage of our trade would be. As a case in point, if the United States had adopted this principle during their War of Secession they would only have had to pay under 2,000,000*l.* for captures, and would not have lost their carrying trade. And it would not cost a penny in peace. In war time the nation

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will be quite ready and willing, and even wildly anxious, to pay whatever may be necessary to preserve our trade, wages, and food. It will be money laid out to the best advantage. It will get rid of panic and fear. It will enable our manufacturers to carry on their factories and give their usual employment to labour with regularity, selling their goods to neutrals no dearer than in peace, and interrupted only by the actual captures or sinking at sea, which losses, by actual act of war, the State will at once make good. There is no other way.

Some difficulties there are, of course, in the way of any such scheme. There are difficulties in the way of everything. But they are all peace-time difficulties, which in war-time will appear of no importance. For instance, one of the chief difficulties is that it is impossible to devise any scheme which would not leave openings for carelessness or for fraud, by which a few unscrupulous owners might make money. But this could be minimised by heavy legal penalties for such war frauds on the State. And in war-time who will care even if there are a few frauds, so long as our trade, wages and food are preserved? In war-time work and food the State must preserve at all costs, and in spite of all difficulties. Compared with this absolutely overruling necessity a few possible frauds will count as nothing directly war breaks out. Therefore regard them as nothing now, and let us no longer put off the preparation of a scheme of national indemnity because of such little peace-time difficulties.

It requires to be done now, the scheme got ready in peace by a joint committee from the Admiralty and Lloyd's, and communicated to all concerned before war breaks out, so that homeward-bound vessels may know it beforehand, and when hostilities commence may not lie up in the nearest port through fear, but proceed calmly on their way with their eagerly awaited cargoes of raw materials, on which our working classes depend for livelihood. Merchants, manufacturers, working men, should see to it that it is got ready. It will not cost a penny in peace, yet will guarantee in war our trade, raw materials, wages, and food. It has been 'under consideration' long enough—too long. We want it done.

D. The Anti-War Tendencies of Socialistic Labour Organisations

Under this heading are grouped, for want of a better common denomination, all those anti-war forces and ideas which are at present at work amongst the British labour classes, and also all the labour organisations, trade unions, trades councils, clubs and institutes, which would enable the working classes of to-day, if the hardships of maritime war become intolerable,

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to press their demands for peace with political power not easy to resist.

I do not wish to press too far this point of the potential explosive forces underlying modern democracy. In every State of Europe they are present. We have not, in this country, experienced an explosion, and are, therefore, less on our guard than are other States. But the war conditions referred to under Preventable War Poverty may produce one, more or less severe as the case may be. I do not wish to make too much of it. I only wish to direct attention to it in considering the question of preventable war poverty (war rates). If such an explosion should occur as the result of intolerable war conditions I believe that its causes will be preventable war poverty. It may appear in either of two forms :

(1) Political violence, bread riots, and looting organised by an extremist minority of Social Democrats, hooligans, alien Anarchists, &c., appealing to hungry mobs.

(2) As a political expression of intolerable war conditions by the majority of the working classes, shown by electing extremist anti-war men to their executive councils, and thus bringing the whole political machinery of the working-class organisations to bear in order to force Government to conclude a disastrous peace.

(3) Or as a combination of (1) and (2).

In order more easily to realise the urgency of the questions previously roughly considered, let us imagine that, contrary to all our hopes, the next great European crisis should lead, before it is finished, to a conflict between the Triple Alliance and the Triple *Entente*. It is not probable, but it is possible—a dread possibility. Let us endeavour for a moment to place our minds in the position of awful responsibility for warlike operations, financial stability, commercial continuance, work and wages, and internal order which the Ministry will then occupy. Let us further try to realise the awful responsibilities which will fall upon our admirals and naval officers who have simultaneously to defeat the enemy's fleets, guard our helpless island from raids or invasion, and protect our world-spread commerce and food supply, scattered in 5000 vessels over 100,000 miles of exposed trade routes.

To begin with, let us try and place ourselves in the position of the Cabinet on the eve of war.

Government Point of View on the Eve of War

'We are about to enter upon a struggle more severe and dangerous than any through which we have previously passed. We can expect but little practical help from the self-governing

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Dominions, as their resources are still only partially organised for war, and they possess, as yet, neither fleets nor dock-yards nor arsenals. We must depend entirely upon our own people. We have got to wage this struggle under the most unfavourable internal conditions (already outlined under A, B, C, and D), and with a constant eye to the almost unforeseeable swing of the political pendulum amongst the congested, half-educated, nervous, excitable, town-bred masses who form the majority of the voters to-day. We can only hope to succeed if all classes are united in the firm determination to win at whatever cost of money, of hardship, of blood. The upper and middle classes must bear the expense, the working-classes must bear the hardship of the war. The upper and middle classes we can depend upon to bear their share, the extra taxation; they have done it before and will do it again. We can count on their patriotism for certain, and need not, therefore, consider them further, except to fortify our banking system. It is upon the ability and willingness of the new working classes, the untried voting majority, the swingers of the pendulum, to bear the inevitable hardships that are in front of them for a sufficiently long time, that we are in doubt. We must, accordingly, concentrate our efforts, by mitigating these hardships at any cost, to make as certain of the endurance of the working classes as we are of the upper. Then we can depend upon the patriotism of a united nation.

'Being fully cognisant of the matters referred to as A, B, C, and D, the most energetic measures must be at once adopted to prevent the dangers of financial panic and internal disturbance or popular clamour adversely affecting the strategical conduct of the war. The measures to be taken at once, without a moment's delay, comprise the instant drawing up of an Emergency Banks Act or prohibition of specie payments, to combat the danger of A; proclamation of national indemnity to combat the danger of C; and a scheme of internal organisation to combat the danger of B. These are primary war necessities under our modern industrial conditions. We cannot allow any difficulties to stand in the way. These difficulties are:

'(1) *Expense.*—We must bear ever in mind that defeat will mean at least, and certainly, an enormous war indemnity, which will hopelessly cripple our finance and trade for a generation at least. Any war expense that will enable us to avoid this huge war indemnity will be in reality true economy. Any apparent war economy that may in the end lead to our having to pay a far greater sum as war indemnity will be in reality the wildest extravagance. In war-time the nation has never

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grudged the necessary expense. Neither will it now. Whatever expense is therefore required for national indemnity and internal organisation we will willingly pay. It is economy.

'(2) *Vested Interests, i.e.* war profits of corn merchants, underwriters, &c.—These cannot be considered. The true interests of the merchants stand or fall with those of the nation. If we are defeated the war indemnity, and the resulting huge taxation for many years, will eat up all their profits for a generation almost. They are sensible, patriotic men, and will be the first, now war, real war, is upon us, to agree and to help us in every way. They are still the same as of old. We can count upon them, upon their wisdom and patriotism.

'(3) *Administration.*—In our public service we have plenty of administrators quite capable, given a free hand, of soon getting into shape and working order any organisation. We must choose our best men, and give them a free hand, demanding only success. Any official who utters the word "impossible" must go. We have plenty of experienced men to whom, given a free hand, freedom from red-tape and routine, nothing is impossible.

'(4) The Admiralty will be fully occupied, and more, with their proper work of the strategical conduct of the war. Outside work must not be thrown upon them. The country must take its share of the extra war work, the extra war administration of national indemnity and internal organisation.

'(5) We have only a few days left us to make up for years of inaction. Not a day must be lost. The necessary orders to the departments and to all those concerned will be issued to-morrow.

'(6) The consent of Parliament to these necessary measures for mitigating the hardships of war to the people will be obtained the day after to-morrow. In the present patriotic temper of the House, now they see that war is inevitable, we may regard that consent as assured beforehand.'

This, it is submitted, is the line of action which any Government will unhesitatingly take in self-preservation when the realities of the situation are irresistibly borne in upon it by the swift approach of inevitable war, when it can no longer put unpleasant things off in the hope that the other party will have to deal with them, and when only a few days are left to make up for the dangerous procrastination of past years.

Let us now try and place ourselves in the position of the Admiralty.

The Naval Point of View on the Eve of War

Strategical Considerations.—War is a part of policy, and the leading outlines of any war are usually clearly determined, not

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by the strategist, but by the political necessities of the Government. The strategist usually has to make his strategy conform to political necessity, and is by the politician frequently compelled to break elementary strategical rules. Of these overruling political necessities, before which the strategist so often has to bow, public opinion is one of the most powerful and most detrimental, as is seen in every great war. Thus it was with the French in 1870, with the Americans in their war with Spain, &c. In the latter case the influence of public opinion, acting on the Government, compelled the naval strategists to do what they knew to be wrong—*i.e.* to divide the fleet into two squadrons, thereby giving the Spaniards the best chance they could hope for—the chance, namely, of beating the Americans in detail.[6] In peace we say that we would not yield in strategical matters, but practically we know that we shall really have to do as we are told by the Government of the day. And the overruling political necessity of the Government will probably be public opinion, as in France and the States. If national indemnity for those under C, and some scheme of internal organisation for those under B, are not at once adopted, then popular opinion will probably demand, and the Government will order, the employment of a considerable portion of our naval force for the protection of commerce and food supply. In other words, while the best strategy demands concentration of all available forces for winning the first great battle, popular opinion, represented by the Government, will probably order the dispersal of the forces—*i.e.* the worst strategy. Optimists, unacquainted with military or naval history, may say 'No'; the history of war says 'Yes.' We go by history, and from that we know what to expect. Therefore, from a strategical point of view, it becomes of vital importance that a scheme of national indemnity to ensure employment, and a scheme of internal organisation to ensure that food is sold to the poor at peace prices, be at once put into operation. Then we may reasonably hope to have a free hand strategically.

Mental Strain on Admirals of too many Responsibilities

The mental strain on the admirals in command of our sea-going fleets will, under modern conditions, be greater far than it ever was before. The mere strategical and tactical conduct of the fleet will be about as much as the brain of any man can stand. If to this tremendous strain is to be added the whole responsibility for the uninterrupted arrival of cheap food and raw material to the people at home—in other words, for the avoidance of internal disturbances and demands for peace at

[6] *Vide* Mahan, *Lessons of the War with Spain.*

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home—the strain of so many diverse responsibilities may produce disastrous results. Especially will this be the case with the admiral in charge of the Home fleet, who will have to consider how to protect all the streams of merchant ships approaching the narrow seas at a time when he should be thinking of nothing else but how to defeat the enemy's fleet. In order to avoid the mental strain on our admirals in war-time becoming so great as to imperil efficiency, national indemnity and internal organisation should be at once put into operation. The actual captures or sinkings will probably be comparatively few in number. It is the *fear* of capture, and the consequent war rates of insurance, that we have to prevent. This we could perhaps do if we had double our present number of cruisers—*i.e.* enough for the tactical needs of the fleet and for a sufficient number of commerce protectors at the same time. But this extra number of cruisers we have not got and cannot get. Consequently, by purely naval means we cannot prevent fear of capture producing war rates so high as seriously to affect employment and peace at home. There remains only some form of national indemnity.

Economy and Efficiency Depend upon Previous Preparation

It is not desirable in this paper to embark upon any suggestion as to details of either internal organisation or national indemnity. The former are to be found in the evidence before the Food Supply Commission; the latter in the evidence before the Committee on War Risks of Shipping. It is merely desired to point out that if such schemes are not thoroughly thought out and prepared now beforehand, they will have to be done in a great hurry on the eve of maritime war. And if done in a hurry they will be done in the most rough-and-ready way, in the most expensive and least efficient manner, with the greatest openings for mistakes, waste of money, and even frauds. The subjects to be dealt with are so enormous and far-reaching that the most unhurried, careful consideration is required if success is to be attained. Even then it may be at once admitted in each case that no perfect scheme can be drawn up, free from any objections. But a perfect scheme is not desired or hoped for, for a perfect scheme, free from all difficulties and trespassing on no interests, is impossible, having regard to the multitude of interests concerned. What is desired and hoped for, and possible, is in each case a necessarily imperfect but fairly workable scheme, which will fairly meet the supreme war necessities, carefully thought out and prepared in detail, and kept ready by the Defence Committee for instant application when national emergency requires.

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So vitally important is it, from a war point of view, that this should be done as regards banking security, food supply, and commerce protection, that I venture upon the following suggestion as a means of overcoming the difficulty of impossible perfection and the critics.

If war, now or in the future, should break out between the Triple Alliance and the Triple *Entente*, the confusion and commotion in the banking world and in the commercial and working classes will be indescribable. On the eve of war Government measures to guarantee banking stability, commerce protection, and food supply must be at once hurriedly drawn up. Let it be done now instead of then, quietly and carefully. Let the Government appoint three Committees with full powers, and with instructions to draw up the best workable scheme they can, having regard only to war conditions and heedless of peace-time difficulties. These Committees should be: (1) A joint Treasury and Bankers' Committee; (2) a joint Local Government Board and Poor-Law Guardians' Committee; (3) a joint Admiralty and Lloyd's Committee. The evidence required has already been collected, so it would merely be for each Committee a question of definitely selecting and making up their minds to adopt one scheme, not perfect, but fairly workable, and then elaborating the administrative details. Each Committee could therefore accomplish its task without any long delay. In their report it would not be necessary to produce the scheme for public or Parliamentary criticism, but merely to state the necessity, and that a confidential scheme had been prepared and deposited with the Defence Committee for production to Parliament when a national emergency arises. This suggestion would obviate the difficulty of ignorant public criticism, and also the difficulty of getting a war emergency measure through a Parliament able in peace to take only a peace view, and not a war view, of war matters.

In conclusion, it is desired to emphasise once more, in the very strongest possible manner, that if a war should break out, as is now always possible, between the great monetary and naval Powers of the Triple Alliance and Triple *Entente*, then the internal situation of the United Kingdom, owing to banking, commerce, and food-supply difficulties, will be one of the gravest and most unprecedented danger. It is nothing less than mad suicidal folly on the part of our apathetic nation to drift carelessly towards this fearful danger without any adequate preparation to meet it. By preparation beforehand, such as here has been roughly outlined, the danger, while it cannot be avoided altogether, can be very much lessened. I have been most careful in this paper to suggest nothing which would cost a penny in

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peace, so that there can be no objection from the Treasury point of view. As, therefore, there can be no objection on the score of expense, the only objection which remains is that it would be too much trouble. But surely, *pro patria*, such an objection should be swept aside as no longer thinkable under the European conditions of to-day. We are all equally concerned. Statesmen, bankers, depositors, shipowners, merchants, manufacturers, tradesmen, labour organisations, should see to it that the United Kingdom be organised internally without further delay, so as to be able to meet without fear the possible ordeal of a great European war. For even if this present European crisis should end peacefully, as we all hope, yet the next crisis may not end peacefully, and we ought to stand 'in utraque fortuna paratus.'

STEWART L. MURRAY.

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THE ACHIEVEMENTS AND HOPES OF THE GREEK NATION

A VISITOR to Athens in 1906 found the city in the throes of excitement of the Olympic Games—crowded with representatives of every country under the sun—in the Stadium a daily assemblage of over 50,000 spectators. Passing in the evening through the crowd of little tables which filled every available space in Constitution and Concordia Squares, one could hear from the assembled multitude every known language; all Athens was alive, gay, everywhere was excitement and humour.

But Athens to-day, with its military guard and the shadow of war over the city, is a very different place. The streets are crowded with soldiers from Macedonia, recovering from the tremendous fatigues of the campaign—many of them mere boys, dressed in various garments, and shod in all manner of different footwear. It must not be forgotten that the present campaign commenced quite six months before the time originally proposed; consequently, a larger number of Greeks having responded to the call of the colours than was anticipated, the commissariat, equipment, and army clothing departments found themselves unprepared and unable to equip all the soldiers as fully as they otherwise would have sent them out. The very guards in the streets are dressed in different uniforms and armed with varying rifles and accoutrements. But what impresses the visitor more than anything else is the spectacle of these quiet, well-behaved men, with terrible marks of fatigue and physical distress written upon their faces, limping and sauntering about in the fresh air, promenading the streets of the city.

Athens again at the time of the last disastrous campaign was a very different place—its streets filled with a disorganised and unruly population betraying every symptom of the fitful excitability of a nervous proud race, and giving free expression to the undisciplined disorder of the numerous conflicting political organisations—of which leader after leader had been discredited and changed. But to-day Athens exhibits a most remarkable transformation: there is a steadiness, a patience, and a spirit of intense patriotism and confidence that gladdens the hearts of all who wish the Greeks well—and there are many such. Party

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differences are put aside by common consent, and there seems to be only one party, and that the patriotic party. The Greeks do themselves credit in recognising that in M. Venezelos they have the right man at the helm, a man who, if anyone can, will steer the nation through the present crisis with judgment no less than with zeal. There may be a small minority of the old spirit which would be quite ready to howl down the Premier if by chance he failed to get all it desires; but the vast majority of the nation recognises in M. Venezelos a strong man, and a man, too, who is inspiring confidence amongst the other countries of Europe.

Led by the Crown Princess (now Queen), one saw and heard of ladies of the highest social position—including the Princesses Marie, Alice, and Helene—devoting themselves with amazing self-denial to the tending of the sick and the wounded, and to the care of the many widows and orphans, many of these ladies going out themselves to the wilds of Epirus and South Macedonia and enduring personal discomforts and privations of the severest kind. Some are turning their private houses into warehouses and working with unflagging devotion from morning till late at night organising the transport of supplies and stores to the front; others are visiting the bereaved families and providing for their daily necessities, all working quietly, keenly, with a hearty good-will and with a boundless patriotism. This spirit seems to pervade all ranks and ages, down to the little sons of the gentry of Athens, who go about the city doffing their caps to passers-by, and offering for sale small books of national poetry in aid of the relief funds. All are working with a will, all are testifying by the zeal of their service to the general conclusion that the Greeks have done well in this war—that they have gone to their fight and put their backs into it bravely, gallantly, and with a fine chivalry for their defeated foes, bestowing the same care on the Turkish wounded and invalids as they give to their own kith and kin, blotting out the bloody feud of the past by this recognition of the common bond of human suffering and distress.

At the hospitals at Athens, and at the base hospitals at Previsa, Phillipas, Corfu, and Levkas, one saw the same spirit in the whole-hearted devotion of doctors and nurses, in the patience and cheerfulness of the men, many of them tortured with horrible shot-wounds. One saw it again as one passed the transports in the Gulf of Corinth, crowded with youngsters pouring into Epirus, all keen, enthusiastic and proud. One saw it still again at the trenches and on the bleak mountain-sides near Bizani and Janina.

When the story of the Greek campaign comes to be written by the pen of the impartial historian, a high tribute will surely

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be paid to the sturdy valour and energy of the Hellenic troops, and more particularly to the strength and skill of the Commander-in-Chief, the Crown Prince, now King Constantine. Whatever mortification the memory of the disastrous struggle of 1897 may have inflicted upon him, when as a young man of twenty-nine he took command of troops wholly unprepared for war, this cannot fail to have been effectually and completely wiped out by the success of the present campaign.

It is unfortunate, some think, that difficulties, disencouragements, and even embargoes were put in the way of Press correspondents who proposed to follow the Greek army. For however one may sympathise with the motives that prompted this policy of prohibition, the fact remains that it has prevented a full and complete knowledge of the details of the progress of the Greek troops from time to time.

One can sympathise, indeed, with the motive; but the fact remains that the 'reclame' has played a very important part in the Balkan campaigns, and one of the allied nations particularly has utilised it to the full. Apropos of this a story, which we have every reason to know is authentic, was amusing the company of attachés, officers, and doctors whom I met round the dinner-table at Cetinje last Christmas Day. Among the crowd of newspaper men who arrived at Cetinje recently was a gentleman armed with a camera, and having the additional stock-in-trade of a very pleasing and insinuating manner. He was entirely ignorant of any language under the sun but his own, which itself bore every evidence of London suburban origin; but he was a 'man' in every sense of the word, a rare good fellow, whom everybody liked and who won his way to all hearts. Consequently everybody wanted to help him, and he took some excellent photographs. Among some which he was showing at Cetinje was a truly striking picture of the meeting between the commanders and the staff of the Servian and Montenegrin armies upon some historic occasion. The whole setting of the picture (which appeared in one of the London newspapers) was so excellent that it called forth the admiration of all who saw it. 'How fortunate you were to be able to take a snapshot like that just at the very moment,' said someone to the 'artist.' 'Well, you see,' replied the honest man, 'it was midnight when the generals met.' 'Midnight! how on earth did you manage to obtain the picture?' 'Well, you see,' said he, 'they met again for me next morning!'

What the Greeks have Done

Having had the advantage of visiting the country and of verifying the facts personally, it may perhaps be of interest to

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recapitulate the actual progress of the Greek troops and their situation at the present moment.

During the first month of the campaign up to the capture of Florina, the Greek army under the command of the Crown Prince covered 450 kilometres in a country that is extremely difficult to imagine or to describe, for marsh, mountain, and deep ravine follow each other in constant succession—one day scaling heights and rocky mountain-sides, the next fording rivers and wading knee deep in marsh and wet ground, another day passing through narrow defiles between high rocks and precipices. Marching rapidly through a desolated country in bitterly cold weather, against incessant rain, and on little food, keeping up all the time continuous fighting against an enemy entrenched behind positions many of which have been considered by military men, as past records show, to be impenetrable, and through a tract of country difficult to make headway in beyond any other in Europe—the Greek army has forced its way steadily ahead and covered an average of fifteen kilometres a day. This in itself is a truly wonderful record; but taken in conjunction with the incessant fighting and the lack of adequate commissariat and supplies, it becomes extraordinary. The commissariat difficulties were great by very reason of the rapid progress of the army; and as in most parts the villages through which it passed and the whole country round had been devastated and pillaged by the Turks, it became almost impossible to obtain supplies unless such were conveyed to the men by transport wagons in the face of the greatest physical obstacles.

Greece has contributed to the Balkan Alliance an army of over 200,000 men. At the commencement of the war 150,000 men responded to the call to arms; but since then the numbers have swelled to nearly 220,000, large bodies of Greeks travelling from America and from other distant parts of the world to enlist in their country's service.

On the 22nd of September last the army concentrated in Thessaly, marched from Larissa and engaged in a number of skirmishes along the Turkish frontier; then quickly followed the battle of Elassona, in which the First and part of the Second Division took a prominent part. And on the same day occurred that fight near Psilorachi on the extreme right in which the troops under General Constantinopoulos were engaged. The following day Colonel Gennadis captured the town of Deskati on the left flank, and two days after this took place the great battle near Sarandaporos (forty pores), the imposing range of mountains known to the ancients as the Iron Gates. In this battle all the artillery of the Greek Army was brought into action, and the whole of the Second, Third and Fourth Divisions engaged, with the result that a signal victory crowned the efforts

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of the Hellenic forces. The fighting ranged over a wide mountainous area, and extended right up to the base of Mount Olympus, the casualties amounting to 1,500 on the Greek side alone. It is said that General von der Goltz had expressed the opinion that this winding defile, which was regarded as impregnable, would be the 'grave of Greece,' and it was expected even by the Allies to retard the progress of the Greek army at least ten days, whereas the place was captured in little more than twenty-four hours. After the battle, some attempt was made to pursue the flying Turks; but the physical powers of the invaders were utterly exhausted in consequence of their exertions in so difficult a country and by reason of the long marches they had made. This battle may be said to have included the skirmishes of the Fourth Division near Mocro, the engagement of the Fifth Division at Lazarades, and the fight on this and the succeeding day near Vlacholivado.

The following day saw the pursuit of the retreating Turkish army, the engagement at Rachovo, and the capture of six batteries of Turkish artillery and the whole of the enemy's stores situated at Kozani. On the route of flight large numbers of projectiles were found in the fields and roads, evidently dropped deliberately from the back of the artillery wagons for the purpose of lightening the loads and of ensuring the success of the flight. The town of Servia was now reached, and the way to Monastir was open to the victorious troops, who, in accordance with the urgent counsel of the French military officers attached to the Greek army, commenced to follow the route to that city, the pursuing cavalry brigade having a skirmish with the enemy near Kailar on the 30th of September.

In the meantime a body of troops was detached from the army and marched north through marshes and most difficult country, keeping as near as possible to the coast; this army took part in severe engagements at Caterini and Castania, fighting their way through the Pass of Tripotamo and forcing the difficult defile of Petra.

On the 3rd of October, the battle of Nalbankeuy was fought by the Fifth Division, and on the next two following days the Brigades of General Gennadis engaged the enemy successfully at Grevena, a town some miles west of Deskati.

At this stage in the progress of the Greek army orders reached the Crown Prince from Athens which caused him to alter his proposed plan of campaign, which had Monastir as its objective, and to turn to the right towards Salonica. Accordingly, with the main body of his troops he proceeded towards the east, where, on the 4th of October, was fought the bloody battle of Yenidje or Yieniotse (Yenidje is the Pella of Greek history, famous as the birthplace of Alexander the Great). In this battle, which

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may be said to have settled the fate of Salonica, the First, Second, Third, Fourth and Sixth Divisions were concerned, and the conflict, which lasted for twenty-four hours and was fought with tremendous fury on both sides, resulted in a complete victory for the Greeks, the capture of ten cannon, a large number of prisoners and an enormous quantity of war material. Two thousand Greeks were either killed or wounded, and the losses of the Turks were even greater. The next few days saw the engagement of the Seventh Division at the Bridge of Kara-asmak and the passage of the Yardar, and on the 7th of October the road to Salonica was open to the triumphant but exhausted invaders.

In the meantime, the Fifth Division on the road to Monastir had fought two more battles, one on the 8th of October, at Banitzar, and the other on the 9th and 10th near Sorovitch. On the 13th of October, Tachsin Pasha, Commander of the Turkish army at Salonica, proposed terms of capitulation to the Crown Prince; but, these being rejected, two final engagements were fought, one by the Second Division at Baldje on the right flank, and the other by the Cavalry Brigade at Langaza to the north-east of the city. Finding further resistance hopeless, the Turkish commander accepted the conditions imposed by the Greek Commander-in-Chief, the capitulation of Salonica was agreed upon, and on the 14th of October the garrison of 27,000 men surrendered the town and the fortress of Karrabournou, and were taken prisoners and disarmed. First the Crown Prince, and then the King of Greece entered the city in triumph; but two days afterwards, to the astonishment of the Greeks, the Bulgarians, who had been marching south upon Salonica, appeared outside the city. They were led by the two sons of King Ferdinand, in charge of M. Stanchoff, the Bulgarian Minister in Paris; and, notwithstanding the fact that they had heard that Salonica had fallen to the Greeks, they continued their march to the city. Meeting a small body of Turkish troops at the village of Aivati they dispersed them after a desultory fusillade: this constituting the only achievement of the Bulgarians in respect of Salonica. It is quite clear that previously to the opening of the Balkan campaign no agreement was entered into as to what territory was to be occupied by the respective Allies. It seems to have been a case of each country taking what she could and keeping what she could; and certainly Greece is to be congratulated on arriving 'just in the nick of time' (as a distinguished officer put it in English) to claim that territory of Salonica which all feel to be her lawful prize.[1]

[1] Later, the Greek fleet transported the whole of the Bulgarian forces in Salonica by sea to Dede-agac in Thrace, whence they proceeded to the lines of Tchatalja.

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In pursuance of this policy of 'catch-who-catch-can,' the Montenegrin forces engaged in the blockade of Scutari are said at one time to have refused the offer of Servian artillery for the bombardment of the Scutari fortress Tarabosc, which is the key to the position there, preferring to bring about the capitulation of the city by themselves, although not possessed of adequate artillery for the purpose.

Salonica, in which city the King and Queen and all the members of the Hellenic Royal Family established themselves, is a city of 270,000 inhabitants, of whom 80,000 are Spanish-speaking Jews. This population was swelled by the presence of numbers of Turkish refugees who came from Bosnia when the Austrians occupied that territory some time ago; and these it is now proposed should be conveyed by the Greek fleet to Asia Minor.

After a brief rest at Salonica, one division set out for Monastir, where a Turkish force of more than 60,000 men was concentrated. Before the Greek contingent reached Florina, which is a little south of Monastir, it had to engage in four desperate contests to get possession of the mountain passes of Komano, Ostrovo, Gornitchevo, and Kirli-derveni. These battles, together with those that took place near Saitista, Catranitza and Nissia, were fought against a Turkish army that was pouring south towards Janina after the surrender of Monastir to the Servians; and on the 8th of November occurred the battles of Florina and Possoderi, which resulted in the capture of twenty-two cannon, 3000 Turkish prisoners, and large stores, both Greek and Turkish losses in these engagements being very considerable.

The capture of Koritsa and the desperate fight in the defile of Tsagoni, where the Turks were routed with great slaughter, taken in conjunction with the battles of Viglitsa and Smerdessi, forced the enemy into full flight south; and the last engagement with the retreating army took place in the defiles of Kiari.

While the campaign in Macedonia, in which the *élite* of the Greek army were engaged, had been in progress, the army under the command of General Sapoundjakis, consisting very largely of details hastily called together, had been operating through Arta, having as its objective the city of Janina, the capital of Epirus, where a Turkish garrison, numbering, with the remnants of the Turkish forces which fled from the north, about 30,000 fighting men, were surrounded and besieged by the Greeks. But previous to the blockade encounters took place at Chimarka, where the detachment of Colonel Spiromilios distinguished itself, and at Paramythia, Grimovo, Metsovo, Drisko, Delvino, Syrrako, and in the defiles of Pente-pigadia ('Five fountains'), all proving

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successful for the Greek arms, although dearly bought at a great loss of life.

The key to the city of Janina is the mighty rock fortress of Bizani. Bizani is to Janina what the fortress of Tarabosc is to the city of Scutari: once Bizani is taken the city lying below in the plains is at the mercy of the victors. So surrounded is the city with a barrier of steep, inaccessible mountains, that it is said that the capture of the position from the south is well-nigh impossible; and several Greek divisions moved down from the north, making but slow progress over the rough passes and mountains which are the marked features of this difficult tract of country.

It is very hard for any who have not visited these parts to form the faintest idea of the configuration of Epirus and the impassable nature of the approach to Bizani and Janina. Rugged mountains without regular roads, broken constantly by deep ravines, constitute a position designed as it were by the very forces of Nature to resist attack. In order to get the Greek guns into position, zig-zag paths had to be laboriously cut on the hill-sides through the rock; and then up these paths—in many cases little more than a metre in width—cannon had to be hauled by hand and taken up in separate pieces. Beams and planks were in constant requisition, and amidst a constant rain, over slippery roads where the least slip was perilous, progress was necessarily slow. Twenty men carried each gun; two men each wheel; two more the gun shield; and then followed the ammunition and shells, two carried by each man. The good humour and pluck of the Hellenic soldiers in Epirus may be said to be characteristic of the spirit in which the whole campaign has been conducted. In the face of desperate difficulties, and against a constant fusillade of shot and shell from 135 of the Turkish guns which were in position round Janina, the work was carried on; and when once the guns were fixed in position the artillery duel was kept up continuously by night as well as by day. All through the day the infernal noise was heard, the deep booming of the big guns and the shrill crackle of the machine guns; but one soon accepted it and became almost used to it. As the Greek guns were fired and the shell left the cannon, a puff of white smoke disappeared into the air and the noise diminished as the projectile flew on its deadly errand and disappeared beyond a hill top. And so with the arrival of shell in the Greek lines; one saw a white puff over the adjacent hills, a pretty silky cloud, then came the crash of the shell or the rain of bullets thrown by the shrapnel, raising a great cloud of dust and often bringing a message of death in its train.

Over the huge rock fortress of Bizani, which is about 800 yards distant from the nearest Greek fort, a Greek army aeroplane was

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flown from time to time. From his position the aviator was able to discern the disposition of the fort and the effect of the Greek fire, and often in passing he dropped bombs into Bizani, inflicting serious damage. On the last occasion a shot from the Turkish fort wounded Lieutenant Montoussis in the hand as he was flying over the fortress.

Twice did the Greek infantry make assaults upon the position, only to be beaten back with terrible loss of life; and the valley of Manaliasa, with the village of the same name lying to the west of Janina, has been the scene of several bloody engagements, the village having been taken by the Greeks, then retaken by the Turks, and again recaptured at a great expense of human life.

Finally, the Crown Prince, leaving Salonica, arrived with the Fourth and Sixth Divisions to take command of operations, and upon his arrival he immediately commenced attacking operations on the west side of Janina, wisely leaving himself with a means of retreat to the sea in case of necessity. Here he achieved his final great victory, with comparatively slight loss, a victory resulting in the surrender of the city on the 6th of March, together with the adjacent fortresses and the whole of the Turkish garrison, including the commander, Essad Pasha.

Thus Janina, over which for five hundred years the Crescent flag has floated, gave itself up to the Greek forces after a siege lasting nearly five months; and considering that many efficient military experts have expressed the view that it was one out of half a dozen of the best fortified places in the world, there can be no doubt that the operations of the Greek army in this siege will furnish one of the most interesting studies of warfare in modern times.

Most important to the success of the Allies' cause has been the action of the Greek fleet, which before the outbreak of the war had the advice and direction of Admiral Tufnell, of the British Navy. Thanks to its blockade of the Asiatic coasts, the Greek navy has prevented the Turks from conveying their Asiatic forces to Macedonia and Thrace, where they would have proved a serious menace to the right flank of the Bulgarian forces, and from carrying over a supply of coal and ammunition. It has also occupied Mitylene, Chios, and other Ægean Islands after several severe engagements, and fought several successful actions by sea. The Balkan States—it is safe to say—could never have ventured to declare war with such hope of success had they not been assured of the assistance of the Greek fleet.

This then, briefly, is the Greek record up to date, with, in addition to the conquered territory, the capture of nearly 50,000

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prisoners, including the two generals commanding the Turkish armies, of 150 guns, of 77,000 rifles, and of a large supply of ammunition, stores, and general war material.

The Hospitals

As with the commissariat and general equipment department of the Greek army, so with the hospitals. The outbreak of war six months before the original time fixed upon found the Greeks wholly unprepared. It is true that a certain number of field hospitals were equipped and accompanied the troops; but these were wholly inadequate, and the extraordinary rapidity of the marches and the exceptional difficulty of transport all added to the grave consequences of the lack of sufficient medical service and apparatus. The whole policy of the compaign seemed to be to strike at once and quickly. Numbers of devoted ladies therefore left their comfortable homes and went to the front immediately the war broke out, everyone working with devotion and enthusiasm. Amongst these were the Princess Sophie (Crown Princess), Princess Helene, Princess Marie, who organised the floating hospital transport, and Princess Alice (of Battenberg), who was at Elassona and worked with the members of the medical force by day and by night. One of these ladies tells of the first man wounded at Elassona: he stumbled in at the hospital door with a bullet shot in his jaw, and another in his shoulder, crying 'Zeto Hellas, we've won,' and promptly fainted.

The Elassona hospital was hastily prepared and established in a large school building. The lady who was in charge asked the Greek commander for twenty men for the necessary transformation of the place; and these men worked with most loyal goodwill, directed and encouraged by the lady, who addressed them one and all as 'boys.' One soldier proved particularly helpful and handy. When all was arranged the lady asked him, 'What is your name, boy?' He replied, 'I am the Prefect of Syra,' mentioning the name of one of the best families in the country.

At the present moment the hospitals and hospital service are perfectly well organised. The central hospital at Athens, set up in the buildings of the Maraslion (Ecole Normale Supérieure), is under the charge of an English nurse appointed directly by the Crown Princess; while there are hospitals established and thoroughly well equipped at Corfu, Prevsa (one of the ports of Epirus), and at Levkas (Santa Maura). The casualties from first to last cannot be far short of 20,000, and the list of wounded and killed at Janina was very heavy. Under the beating rain the wounded were brought in from the firing line and carried carefully over the rough slippery rocks and muddy defiles to the valley below; whence after a journey lasting nearly two hours

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they reached the plain, and so by carts, motor cars, and every imaginable kind of conveyance arrived at the base hospital. It was a terrible procession that stretched out across the plain. The poor fellows, one day well and sturdy, full of joke and fun, cheering as one saw them in the transports hurrying up to Previsa; and the next carried along, their faces twisted with pain, with mutilated bodies and bleeding wounds. The wounded, indeed, showed great endurance; seldom did more than a groan or a cry to the Holy Virgin (*Panagia Mou*) pass their lips.

At one of the base hospitals there was the case—a serious case—of a man who on inquiry as to his wounds replied: 'Ah, I am not wounded, I am only ill; I shall not get the medal for wounds, I am only ill.' The poor fellow died that night.

The fields along the roads show many a humble mound where death has claimed some of the men in the carts. The cart is stopped, comrades go into the first meadow that can be found, and dig a grave: a rough wooden cross marks the place where they have laid their fellow, and so they pass on, leaving the boy sleeping alone.

The Refugees

It was at Santi Quaranta, on the Epirus coast, which is about forty-five miles from Janina and forms one of that city's ports, that we first were brought face to face with perhaps the most serious problem of the whole war. Coming down by the Austrian Lloyd steamer from Durazzo, where the Servians are in occupation, we anchored in the bay outside Santi Quaranta. Not a light shone from the town; the steamer whistle blew, its searchlight flashed along the quay and upon the houses on the front, but not a sign of life appeared. Getting into the ship's boats, we rowed across the harbour—to find the whole place deserted. It was a town of the dead; shops, hotels, churches, private houses, stores, none showed the slightest sign of life. The Turks sweeping down from the north, burning, pillaging, and killing as they went, sent flying before them the native population (and the Albanian Turk is said to be even more brutal than the Ottoman Turk), to whom the message 'The Turks are coming' is a terror that is not only a tradition of the past, but also a very present horror. Most of the refugees, deserting houses, farms, and all their property, and carrying small bundles on their backs, fled to Corfu and Cephalonia, which we found next day crowded out with these poor people. The Government allows them just enough to keep from actual starvation—29 leptas a day, about 2½*d.* in our money.

This is the huge problem that calls for the most urgent help and consideration. At Salonica, where 40,000 refugees have

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gathered, attempts are being made to get them to go back at once to their villages; but in Epirus up to the present this has been absolutely impossible, and to the problem of looking after the widows and orphans of the combatants is added the horror of impending famine, not only amongst the refugees, but throughout the main part of the Peninsula, particularly in Greece, which is an agricultural country.

Last autumn, when the war broke out, the crops were not all gathered, and though women and children helped when the men were called away, in many cases they had to leave their homes speedily and to fly. The prospect is most serious; the men ought to be back in their farms and fields almost at once, otherwise an outbreak of famine seems inevitable.

The Future

To conclude, in this war the Greek army has unmistakably proved itself worthy of its ancient tradition; the Greek nation, too, has proved its grit and steadiness; and all lovers of Greece will be glad to feel that this is so. The war over, a great future opens up for the nation. The financial sacrifices she has continuously made in the past to help her compatriots in Macedonia and other Turkish provinces will now cease to be required; the untapped natural resources of new additions to her territory will be capable of exploitation, and trade crippled by Turkish reactionary restrictions can now enter on a fresh lease of life. Already the railway extending from Athens to Larissa, which for fifteen years has been denied extension through Macedonia by the Turkish Government, is in the hands of the engineers. Salonica in Greek hands under the enlightened policy of M. Venezelos will—I have undoubted authority for saying—be a free port, whereas under the Bulgarians it would have been bound to become a naval station for Bulgaria. With the traditional admiration of the Greeks for English ideas and English interest, the larger Greece and the Greek islands are on the high road to an era of sound prosperity that may well secure the foundation of that peace in the Near East which it has been the aim of this country and the British Foreign Office to preserve and foster. In face of all these hopeful signs, and of the probability that Greece will soon emerge to a rank of some account as a Mediterranean naval power, it is surely not too much to expect that Shelley's prophecy may yet be verified, and that Hellas's great age may soon begin anew.

As I wrote these last words, news reached London of the assassination of King George of Greece at Salonica. The King's fate, tragic and deplorable as it is, to his country, and to those

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who knew and loved him, yet possesses a certain enviable and consoling element. At the height of his popularity, a popularity such as he never had in all his reign before, at the termination of a brilliantly successful war, conscious that in his fifty years of rule he had made Greece an orderly, reputable, and respected country; with a son ready to succeed him who has just won golden opinions from all by reason of his masterly conduct of the war; to meet his end suddenly, without apprehension, without even knowing how or whence death came, this may be as great a happiness as a king can attain, and *felix opportunitate mortis* may be our consolation as we gaze upon his tomb.

ALEX. DEVINE.

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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gracefully yielded to the arguments of crime and outrage. They may not like it, but though the captured Cabinet may secretly disapprove, it is affected by political *locomotor ataxy*, the feet acting independently of the head.

To recapitulate Irish history in this connexion is useless. We may accept it that down to the date of Catholic emancipation Ireland had many grievances, and that during the eighteenth century there were sanguinary incidents that no man, Unionist or Nationalist, can read of without horror. Other countries have similar unhappy records of the past, but they wisely bury their dead and refuse to exhume the skeletons as an everlasting reminder. The Ireland with which this Government of Ireland Bill deals is an Ireland prosperous beyond all previous records; an Ireland to which the Imperial Government has advanced or promised over one hundred and fifty millions sterling to enable the tenant farmers to try the experiment of acquiring the full ownership of their farms; an Ireland which enjoys in the fullest measure every extension of county and municipal government enjoyed by England and Scotland; and an Ireland where justice is as ably and impartially administered in the High Courts as it is in Great Britain. In addition to this, the taxes in Ireland are lighter, and while that portion of the United Kingdom pays at present nothing towards the Imperial cost of the Army and Navy and other necessary items of Imperial expenditure, the Irish members returned to Parliament hold a preponderant influence in that assembly.

Rebellions more or less serious have had their place in the centuries that have rolled by since Pope Adrian endowed King Henry the Second with the Lordship of Ireland by a bull sealed with an emerald seal that accompanied the bequest and gave to Ireland the name of the Emerald Isle. Such rebellions were usually the result of unsatisfied grievances; but this demand for Home Rule comes at a time of abounding prosperity, complete civil and religious equality, and redress of every grievance. It would then seem a matter of surprise, not that one-third of the population are bitterly opposed to a change from the present solidarity of the United Kingdom, but that two-thirds should demand it.

The reasons given for the desire for Home Rule, not in the set speeches of the platform but in the conversations by the wayside, are sometimes curious. There is a widespread belief that under Home Rule the Irish Government will, without delay, open mines in every direction. The belief is quite independent of the existence of minerals. It is there, and one might as well argue on the non-existence of fairies, who are, all the world knows, potent for good or evil. 'What good do you expect to

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get from Home Rule?' was a question put to an intelligent peasant. The answer was prompt: 'We will pay no more rent or taxes, and if we want money we'll send up a petition to the Parliament in Dublin and get a grant.' That man is an ardent Home Ruler, and is rightly so according to the faith that is in him. His political views were free from sentiment, as were those of a Dublin carman equally anxious for the Bill. 'What will you do when Home Rule comes?' was asked. 'What will we do? Faith, we'll tear up them tram-lines,' was the reply. Again a non-sentimental but highly practical appreciation of advantageous possibilities from his point of view. There are many thousands whose hopes are as strong and as visionary, and we must not judge too harshly of the play of their Celtic imagination; nor can we ignore the fact that sentiment plays a large part in the agitation. But behind the sentiment is the knowledge that the creation of an Irish Parliament and Ministry would create a large number of small offices for aspirants of the proper way of thinking.

It is difficult for one not resident in Ireland to understand the attitude of the farmers. The Census statistics for Ireland show that the agricultural population in 1911 was 780,867, as against 613,397 engaged in commercial pursuits. The farmers are therefore in a majority, but are practically dominated by the more nimble-minded urban population. The great work of Sir Horace Plunkett in the establishment of co-operative farming societies is beginning to quicken their business instincts, but the struggle between town and country will for some time result in the political triumph of the towns, whose interest would lie in looking to land rather than commercial profits in the incidence of future taxation. A single farmer will, in conversation, have no hesitation in expressing his doubts as to the advisability of Home Rule, but in the presence of another will speak very guardedly, while with a larger number he will at once declare for the measure. This to an Englishman accustomed to an open assertion of different opinions is difficult to understand, but in parts of Ireland there are occult forces at work that make men living in country places very cautious in expressing opinions that may be distasteful to a majority.

Opponents of Home Rule may be classed in two divisions. One sees in the disruption of the United Kingdom the first symptom of the decadence of England. This is the Imperial aspect. The other, while sharing the views of the first, realises that, as Irishmen driven from that full citizenship of the United Kingdom that is their birthright, they will be abandoned to the political domination of a faction regarded by them with the deepest distrust born of experience in the past.

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On the general question of the effect upon the Empire of the disruption of the United Kingdom it is at present useless to dogmatise. The fact remains that a House of Commons dominated by a log-rolling coalition has destroyed the Constitution under which the Empire was born and has grown to its present proud position, and by promptly yielding to criminal methods has laid the axe to the root of sound and stable government; but in this Home Rule proposal we are brought face to face with a situation that not even the levity of the present Government can afford to disregard, and it behoves thoughtful men to contemplate the position should the Bill become law under the provisions of the Parliament Act. Irishmen of all persuasions have hitherto been part and parcel of the United Kingdom. They have fought and commanded under its banner, and have taken their full share in the expansion of the Empire. The most progressive and prosperous of the population are Unionists to the core, and they bitterly resent their repudiation by Great Britain at the dictation of a party whose speeches in America and elsewhere showed that their goal is total separation from England; who, in their place in Parliament, cheered the Boer successes in the dark days of the South African war, and who refused in an Irish city a place for the erection of a monument to the memory of Irish soldiers who fell fighting under the Union Jack.

There are many thousands of Unionist Roman Catholics in Ireland, and men of weight and position have come forward to point out the dangers of Home Rule. They have excited angry comments from their co-religionists, but have proved that independence of thought and action is not a Protestant monopoly. But the present Ulster movement differs from the Unionist campaign of the South and West, in that it has adopted strictly sectarian lines, and its supporters have bound themselves by a solemn covenant to resist by every means within their power any exercise of authority by a local Government that would, in their opinion, place in jeopardy their civil and religious liberties.

When an intelligent, industrious, and prosperous community adopts, after due deliberation, a solemn covenant, in the face of fair warning that it may mean even armed conflict with the forces of the Crown and great loss of life, there must be in their minds overwhelming reasons for such a resolve, and the reason given by the Ulster Protestants is that while they are at present members of a Protestant United Kingdom in which every man enjoys complete civil and religious equality and liberty, an autonomous Ireland would mean a country practically under the domination of the Roman Catholic Church. I use the term 'autonomous' advisedly, for the paper safeguards of the Bill are

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illusory. Once establish an Irish Parliament and Ministry, and there is an end to practical interference by the present Parliament of the United Kingdom. The power to interfere has been carefully preserved in the constitutions granted to all the autonomous Colonies, but in every instance where a difference of opinion has presented itself the Imperial Government has yielded.

In treating of this thorny subject we must distinguish carefully between Catholics and Catholicism. Individually there is nothing to choose between the respectable Irish Roman Catholic and the respectable Irish Protestant, but, taken as separate communities, the one is subject to the political domination of his Church, while the other enjoys a more free atmosphere in which to exercise his judgment.

Then the Roman Catholic is an aggressive Church. We have no right to complain of this—probably all Churches would be aggressive if they could; but having regard to the claim of the Irish priesthood to guide their people politically as well as morally—a claim conceded by the great mass of Irish Roman Catholics—the practice of an aggressive Church might become a social danger to a minority of non-Catholics, against which they would fight if necessary, and against the possibility of which the Protestants of Ulster have now sworn to stand with arms in their hands.

For the confirmation of their apprehension of danger from this source they point to the *Ne temere* decree, which deliberately overrides the law of the land, and to the Nationalist meetings, nine-tenths of which have always had as their chairman the parish priest or one of his curates. Much may be said for the presence of the Roman Catholic clergy on these occasions, for they do, on the whole, exercise a salutary control; but it shows a political power against the unrestrained exercise of which the Ulster Protestants are prepared to make a determined stand. There is a large body of Unionists, however, whose antagonism to Home Rule is based not so much upon the sectarian aspect as on the conviction that under a Nationalist Parliament the present discreditable condition of Irish executive action would become permanent. Since the advent of the present Government the erstwhile forces of law and order have been in abeyance; outrage has been accepted as a legitimate argument; criminals have been released with amazing levity, almost as soon as sentenced and against the opinions of experienced judges, and for those who can obtain the support of one or two Nationalist members the law has no terrors. Wire-pulling has been reduced to a fine art, and so far as the personality can be judged by official acts of those whose duty it is to show an example of

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firmness and justice, we can only say with Portia of some, not the least important, 'God made him, therefore let him pass for a man.'

At present the Government of Ireland is not directed from Dublin Castle, but from the headquarters of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. From thence the policy is dictated and all appointments are nominated. The nominees of the society not alone control the Dublin office, but fill the scores, if not hundreds, of the smaller offices created under the Insurance Act. Its acceptance as an approved society has enormously increased its membership, and endowed it with between 100,000*l.* and 150,000*l.* per annum, so that at this moment it is the most powerful association in Ireland, controlling the Government on one hand and a great mass of the Irish people on the other.

A society with such a power for good or evil ought to have a clean record, and, as the name is no new one, there are reliable means of inquiry into its antecedents. In the *Nineteenth Century* of February 1911 I gave extracts from the trial at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, of four members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians before three judges in 1876. The four men were arraigned for murder, and the prosecuting counsel, in his address on the 4th of May, laid bare the working of this terrible society, which, according to the sworn evidence, received its pass-words from Ireland, the quarterly change of pass-words being conveyed by a member who was a steward on an Atlantic liner. The society had obtained control of every branch of the executive in Schuylkill county, from the Governor to the constable, and criminal methods were supreme. The result of a series of trials was the conviction of twelve members of the order for murder in the first degree, of four for murder in the second degree, of four as accomplices, and of sixteen for conspiracy.

It is a terrible record of the operations of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of that date, and there is no reason to assume that there has been any breach in its continuity; if there has been, the present Ancient Order of Hibernians should be in a position to show when the old society ceased to exist, and when the present order was created with such an ill-omened patronymic. Doubtless the large number of new members enlisted under the Insurance Act are ignorant of any unlawful incidents standing to the deep discredit of the blood-stained name, but if the continuity of the society is established there are ample grounds for the dismay with which those who know its history regard its practical control of the Irish Government. The Society is exclusively Roman Catholic. No person is admitted who has been in the Government service. I pass by the question of toleration for Unionists in the various public bodies under

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Nationalist influence, merely stating that statistics show that there is practically none.

I have tried to show in broad lines the causes that have led to the present situation, and it now remains to consider the possible result of the ultimate acceptance of the Government of Ireland Bill by his Majesty the King, who some people seem to forget is the first of the three estates of the realm.

The great meeting at Belfast on the 9th of April 1912 was a demonstration that, come what would, the Unionists of Ulster would not have Home Rule. That warning was disregarded. The signing of the Solemn Covenant in September 1912 by almost the entire Unionist population of Ulster not alone confirmed the resolution of the original meeting, but was a plain intimation that any attempt to impose a government by an Irish Parliament upon Ulster would be resisted, if necessary, by an appeal to arms. In pursuance of these resolutions the Orangemen of the North, as well as Unionist societies, have been making their preparations, openly but quietly, by drilling and by perfecting arrangements that would be necessary in the event of overt action if the forces to be used were to act as disciplined troops and not as an armed mob.

Now let us consider the situation with which Great Britain may be confronted during the coming year. The Protestant population grim and determined, drilled and ready, and prepared to shed their blood if needs be in defence of what they consider a sacred cause, calling upon Protestant England and Scotland to come to their aid, and the Orange lodges sounding the tocsin and urgently calling upon their brethren all over the world to answer to their appeal; while the Roman Catholics of Ulster arm for their own protection, and the Government considers whether an army shall be sent to coerce with fire and sword a Protestant population assembled under the folds of the Union Jack to resist forcible expulsion from the United Kingdom.

But this is not all. Come what will, we shall have in the North of Ireland two armed populations, equally brave, though one side is lacking discipline and skilled leaders, and each at a white heat of excitement. Is it in the nature of things that the peace will be kept between them, or, if it is broken, that reprisals will be confined to Ulster? God grant that peace may not be broken, but if it is to any serious extent Irish history supplies an answer that may well make the most careless pause and think.

This is the Irish aspect of the near future. But what about England and Scotland? I am informed by an English member of Parliament who was present at the signing of the covenant that, deeply as he was impressed by the scenes in Belfast, he was still more struck when, on landing at Liverpool at seven

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o'clock on a cold and wet morning, he found at least one hundred thousand people assembled to greet Sir Edward Carson on his return. Will the fiery cross be answered in Liverpool or in Glasgow? In both we have conflicting elements that may arouse religious strife to which Great Britain has happily long been a stranger. And what about Canada, in which there are, I am informed, about 3000 Orange Lodges? Or the United States of America, in which 3700 Orange Lodges exist with an average membership of eighty? Will they endeavour to answer an Orange call? The answer to these questions is of vital importance to the stability and prestige of the Empire, and it is well to remember that the present restraint of the Orangemen and Unionists of the North is due to the guiding influence of leaders who have solemnly declared, and repeated at the opening of this Willowfield Drill Hall, that if the time should come when unhappily the Ulstermen must assemble with arms in their hands, they will be there to command and lead them. These men are no braggart agitators. The Duke of Abercorn has taken his full share in political work; the Marquis of Londonderry has filled the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Sir Edward Carson, whose leadership is unanimously accepted, has been one of the chief law officers in the Unionist Government, and the names of those who attended the meetings and signed the covenant include men who have attained high rank in the Army.

I write without reserve, for I feel that a crisis is almost upon us that may develop into a great national calamity, and the time has come, for those who have brains to think, to consider whether a government by well-intentioned failures is worth preserving at the cost of a probable civil war.

HENRY A. BLAKE.

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PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION AND FREEDOM FROM THE CAUCUS

I HAVE been reminded by Major Morrison-Bell that I once told him that if he would write an article on Proportional Representation I would write another in reply. He has kindly forwarded me the article he has contributed to your May number, and he challenges me to make the best use I can of the opportunity with which he has provided me. I gladly take up the cudgel which he has thrown at my feet, and hope with its aid to chase him off the platform on which he has temporarily taken his stand.

Let me first of all admit the fairness of Major Morrison-Bell's article, for although he says Proportional Representation has been regarded in the House of Commons, until quite recently, as an amiable fad which has been quietly and effectively smothered whenever it has ventured to show its head, he recognises that its incorporation in the Home Rule Bill has introduced it into the realm of practical politics. Mr. Philip Snowden, M.P., in a letter to the annual meeting of the P.R. Society on the 30th of April, gave expression to the same opinion. He said:

> The past year has been a wonderful one for the movement for Proportional Representation. I know of no cause which has made such extraordinary progress in a twelvemonth. From being regarded as something of a fad, Proportional Representation has now become the accepted principle of representative government by political parties and Parliaments. May the coming year show even greater progress.

It is well known to all students of electoral matters that many countries have adopted the principle of P.R., Belgium, Sweden, Finland and the Cantons of Switzerland; in the British Empire Tasmania has adopted it for the Lower House, South Africa for the Upper House, and the New Zealand Government have introduced a Bill for the application of P.R. to the election of the Legislative Council. The strength of the movement in favour of P.R. both in France and in Germany is not so well known. On the 3rd of July 1911 the Chamber of Deputies rejected by 566 votes to four the very plan of single-membered electoral districts which it is the ambition of Major Morrison-Bell to stereotype in this country, and in Germany on the 16th of April of this year a

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two days' discussion took place, on a motion calling upon the Imperial Chancellor to introduce a Bill providing for the system of P.R. The motion was lost by a single vote, 140 to 139.

As further evidence of the increasing favour in which the principle of P.R. is regarded I may mention its growing adoption by trades unions. The National Union of Clerks elected on the 12th of May last all its officers and members of its executive committee by the single transferable vote. The National Union of Railwaymen, consisting of over 200,000 members, has also resolved that all elections of officers, committees, delegates, &c., be conducted on the principle of the single transferable vote. This union was formed in February last by the fusion of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the General Railway Workers' Union, and the United Pointsmen and Signalmen's Society. The majority system might have given to the largest of the three unions, namely, the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, the whole of the representation. Even more important is the regulation of the Insurance Commissioners for England in insisting that the election of representatives of insured persons shall be conducted by the single transferable vote. As there is an insurance committee for every county and for every county borough (the total number of committees in England and Wales being 120), the educational effect of this regulation cannot fail to be considerable. By the adoption of the system of P.R. the smaller approved societies are secured their fair share of representation upon the committees. As in the case of the small railway unions, they would have run the risk of being unrepresented under the system of majority representation.

With this evidence of the increased and increasing recognition of the justice of P.R. and the single transferable vote, it is not surprising that Major Morrison-Bell should realise that the time has come for the public to study the system with all its pros and cons, and he gaily invites such a study in the conviction that it will lead intelligent people to agree with him that the system of P.R. is unsuited to the United Kingdom. Major Morrison-Bell has fairly described the system of P.R. He has pointed out quite accurately that for its adoption it is necessary:

(1) That multiple constituencies returning three or more members should take the place of single-membered constituencies;
(2) That each elector should have one vote;
(3) That each elector should have the power to transfer his single vote to his second or third choice if it is of no use to his first or second choice.

After a careful study of the system, he admits that there is no more difficulty in allotting the votes among the various candidates of a multiple constituency than there is in working

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the totalisator or Pari Mutuel on a racecourse. He observes that the method of both operations may not be understood by the average man, but 'as he can feel assured that all is quite fair, and the result accurate, he does not worry how it is done.' The Major's objection to P.R. is not because he sees any complication or unfairness in its method of counting votes, but because of the hardship he fears its adoption may entail upon (1) the elector, (2) the candidate, and (3) because he fears the tendency of the system would be to give us Tammany instead of freedom.

The Elector.

Major Morrison-Bell contemplates the possibility of thirty or forty candidates standing for each constituency, and an agent for every candidate outside every polling booth with marked ballot papers for the guidance of ignorant and indifferent electors. He foresees a desperate rivalry between competing political agents for the manipulation of the helpless elector, and allows his imagination to dwell on the bewilderment of the elector when he is confronted in the ballot box with a paper containing a long list of names, many of whom are strange to him, and he comes easily to the conclusion that this fascinating theoretical system can never be made suitable to the rough usage of practical workaday life, and is not calculated to bring about the political millennium.

The Candidate.

Although Major Morrison-Bell believes that P.R. will bring into the field an increase in the number of candidates (an unconscious tribute to the merits of the system), he thinks the ordeal of the candidate will be so great as to make it necessary for him to seek the benefits of a rest cure after the election contest is over. He contends that no candidate could hope for success without superb health, plenty of money, motor cars, aeroplanes, &c., and that consequently a great advantage would be given by the system of P.R. to the rich candidate.

The Caucus.

But Major Morrison-Bell's main objection to P.R. arises from his apprehension that it would tend to establish an 'enslavement to the caucus, for it is the caucus that would alone take the trouble to master the system and so make the most of its complicated possibilities,' and in the tyranny of the caucus Major Morrison-Bell rightly sees the downfall of our liberties and the end of our greatness.

The above are the three objections to P.R. which weigh most with Major Morrison-Bell. Space, he says, will hardly permit of all the objections being dealt with by him within the limits

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of an article, thereby hinting that he has other objections in reserve. The three objections he has presented are sufficient in his opinion to dispose of the claims of P.R. to our favourable consideration. Before I endeavour to convince Major Morrison-Bell that he has allowed these objections to assume nightmare proportions, and consequently to prejudice his mind unduly against a system which I contend is much better calculated to secure the attainment of the ideals dear to him than the present system of majority representation, let me proceed to glean from his article the objects of his political ambition. I understand his political ideals are :

(1) That each elector shall have as nearly as possible an equal voice in the government of the country;

(2) That the poor candidate shall have as good an opportunity of entering the House of Commons as the rich candidate;

(3) That the freedom of the elector shall be protected against the tyranny of the caucus.

Let me state that those ideals are as dear to me as they are to him, and that the only difference between us is that we adopt different methods for attaining the ideals we hold in common. Major Morrison-Bell appears to think that these ideals will be attained by dividing the country into single-membered constituencies which shall be as nearly equal in population as possible; while I and the other advocates of P.R. contend that these ideals cannot be thus attained, but that they can be fairly and effectively attained by dividing the country into multiple constituencies returning three or more members, as may be proportionate to their respective populations, and by taking steps to ascertain the wishes of the electors through the medium of the single transferable vote. Major Morrison-Bell believes in single-membered constituencies, or, in other words, in locality and majority representation, while the system I plead for is that of larger constituencies and individual representation, or, in other words, locality and proportional representation.

Before I proceed to contrast the relative advantages of the majority and proportional systems as instruments for attaining the ideals to which I have referred, let me shortly describe the difference between the two systems. Majority representation gives exclusive representation to the majority, while proportional representation endeavours to represent as far as possible the whole electorate.

In order to contrast the working of the local majority representation system and the local proportional representation system let us take the town of Sheffield. Under the present system of local majority representation Sheffield is divided into five Parliamentary divisions, each returning one member. 51,549 Sheffield

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electors voted at the last general election, 27,011 Liberals and 24,538 Conservatives. The Liberals, being in the majority, were obviously entitled to the majority of representation. Owing, however, to the way in which the boundary lines divided the five Parliamentary divisions of Sheffield, the Conservatives, with a minority of nearly 2500, were enabled to win three seats! If the boundary lines had been drawn differently it is quite possible that the Liberals would have been able to obtain all five seats, and the Conservatives, although entitled by their numbers to two seats out of five, might have been unrepresented and practically disfranchised.

In all countries where the system of majority and not proportional representation prevails, the contending parties endeavour to draw the boundary lines in such a way as will be likely to disfranchise their opponents and to secure the largest possible measure of representation for their own party. The whole game of the party organisations is how to deprive their opponents of the representation to which they are entitled by securing for their own party a greater representation than is its due. Sir John Macdonald, in drawing the boundary lines of the Parliamentary divisions of the city of Toronto, confessed that his policy was to draw them in such a way as would 'hive the Grits'—*i.e.* concentrate the largest possible number of Liberals in one constituency. This is what happened at Sheffield. While the Liberals in two divisions obtained fairly large majorities of 1178 and 1664, the Conservatives won the other three seats by small majorities of 195, 190 and 184. If 285 out of 29,996 Sheffield voters, or less than one per cent., had voted differently, the Conservatives would not have won a single seat! This uncertainty in the character of the representation is not the only evil inherent in a system which gives the whole of the representation to the majority of the electors, instead of endeavouring to represent the whole number of the electors fairly and equally. Under the present system the necessity to secure an absolute majority almost compels, when parties are equally divided, improper practices. In constituencies where parties are equally balanced a transfer of a few voters from one side of the political seesaw to the other decides which side shall win the victory. Small organised minorities naturally use their excessive power for the purpose of extorting promises from competing candidates. The candidates know that if they offend this small organised minority they will lose the election. The result is a tyranny on the part of small minorities to which both the great parties have to yield. The necessity of securing an absolute majority in each Parliamentary division thus gives rise, when parties are equally divided, to every sort of foul, improper, and dangerous abuse.

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Now let us see what would happen if Sheffield were one constituency and its five members elected under the single transferable vote. To understand the working of this system let us suppose that the election for the five seats were held on the Sheffield golf links, and let us assume there would be eighteen candidates, not strangers unknown to the town as Major Morrison-Bell most gratuitously imagines, but men whose names and character were well known to the inhabitants. The eighteen candidates would be asked to take their position, each on one of the eighteen putting-greens, and the electors would be instructed to go to the putting-green belonging to the man by whom they might desire to be represented. Having ascertained that 51,549 electors were distributed between the eighteen putting-greens, the returning officer would then, by an easy calculation, announce that any candidate who had 8592 electors on his putting-green was elected, that figure being the smallest that can go five times but not six into the total number of voters, 51,549.[1] He would then first proceed to count the largest crowd, and on ascertaining that its number exceeded 8592, would instruct the surplus to go on to the second man of their choice, and after the surplus electors had thus distributed themselves he would next advise the smallest crowds, as their candidates could not under any circumstances be returned, to go to the putting-green belonging to the second man of their choice, and if he did not want them to the third man of their choice, and so on. The only difference between the golf links and the polling-booth is that in the polling-booth, when there are votes to be transferred, the second preference *on all* the ballot-papers of the candidate who received the first preference is noted, and the transferred votes are divided between the different candidates in absolutely fair proportion. The element of chance on a golf links on which the surplus votes are transferred is thus eliminated in the polling-booth. It will also be noted that under this system the pressure of the organised minority is no longer felt. There is no necessity for the candidate to pay them an undue regard. He can give fearless utterance to his views as to what the best interests of the country require, undeterred by any fear that he is alienating a few votes which under the present majority-representation system might be necessary to his return.

[1] The number of votes sufficient to render certain the election of a candidate is called the quota. In a single-membered constituency the quota is one more than one half, because obviously the candidate who polls this number must be elected. Similarly in a two-membered constituency the quota is one more than one-third, for not more than two candidates can poll so much; in a three-membered constituency one more than one-fourth, and so on. In general terms the returning officer finds the quota by dividing the total number of votes by one more than the number of seats and adding one to the result.

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If the vote of every elector, as Major Morrison-Bell desires, should count for as much as that of any other elector, as nearly as electoral arrangements will permit, it is not enough to insist that localities shall be equally represented. The Major has done excellent service to the country in drawing attention to the inequality of local representation. His diagrams and models have caused the people to realise the absurdity of a system which gives as much political representation to the 1676 electors of Kilkenny as to the 57,882 electors of Romford. No principle, however ingenious, can justify a system which gives four representatives to the 184,806 electors of Romford, Walthamstow, Harrow, and Wandsworth, and fifty representatives to a smaller number of electors divided over fifty separate constituencies. An ideal democracy requires not only that the various localities, but that the electors of those various localities shall also be equally represented.

Let us apply this test to the representation of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and to the whole of the United Kingdom. Take the returns for the last three General Elections for Scotland.[2] At the General Election in 1906, while the Ministerialists obtained sixty seats in return for 367,942 votes, or one seat for every 6132 votes, the Unionists obtained only twelve seats in

[2] The full details of these elections are:

General Election, 1906.

Party	Votes Obtained	Seats Obtained
Ministerialist	367,942	60
Unionist	235,098	12
Majority	132,844	48

General Election, January 1910.

Party	Votes Obtained	Seats Obtained
Ministerialist	394,103	61
Unionist	265,770	11
Majority	128,333	50

General Election, December 1910.

Party	Votes Obtained	Seats Obtained
Ministerialist	372,313	61
Unionist	277,183	11
Majority	95,130	50

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return for 235,098 votes, or one seat for every 19,591 votes—*i.e.* the vote of every Liberal counted for more than three Unionist votes. At the last of these Elections (December 1910) the Ministerialists obtained sixty-one seats for 372,313 votes, or one seat for every 6103 votes, and the Unionists obtained only eleven seats in return for 277,183 votes, or one seat for every 25,198 votes. Although the Unionists polled 42,085 more votes in December 1910 than they did in 1906, they lost one of their few seats, and the Ministerialists' vote which in 1906 counted for more than three Unionist votes, in December 1910 counted for more than four Unionist votes.

It may be urged that the Elections referred to have taken place under the present system and not under Major Morrison-Bell's scheme of equal single-membered districts. There is, however, good reason to believe that, as the constituencies represented by Liberals have in the last three General Elections averaged a higher electorate than the constituencies represented by Unionists, Major Morrison-Bell's scheme would still further increase the too great advantage already secured to the Ministerialists in Scotland.[3]

There is also good reason to believe that if the Plural Voting Bill lately introduced by H.M. Government becomes law, the vote of every Liberal voter in Scotland would have a value conferred upon it equal not only to four Unionist votes, as at present, but to many more. In the opinion of Mr. McKinder, one of the members for Glasgow, 'The net and final effect would be that they would have nearly 300,000 Unionists in Scotland quite possibly without a single seat in the House of Commons, and a little more than 300,000 Liberals with seventy-two seats.'

The misrepresentation of Wales is equally striking. In 1906 the minority of 100,547 Unionist electors, or nearly one-third of the whole electorate of Wales and Monmouth, were unable to obtain a single seat. In the Elections of 1910 the Unionist minority increased their vote to 116,696 in January 1910 and to 121,013 in December, and were able to win two seats in January and

[3] This statement is equally true of constituencies in Great Britain, as the following table shows:

Parties and Constituencies in Great Britain.

Year of Election	Seats Won by Liberals	Average Electorate	Seats Won by Unionists	Average Electorate
1906 . . .	428	11,689	139	11,320
1910 (January) .	315	12,922	252	11,644
1910 (December)	314	12,762	253	11,847

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three seats in December, but all by very small majorities. In the present House of Commons the three Welsh Unionist Members represent an average of 40,338 voters, while the Welsh Ministerialists represent an average of 6791, or, in other words, the vote of a Welsh Liberal is worth six times that of a Welsh Unionist.

The hopeless position of the Unionist minority in the south and west of Ireland is notorious. For upwards of a quarter of a century they have been cut off from all representation in the House of Commons. They could not have been in a worse position if an Act had been passed depriving them of the franchise. Major Morrison-Bell's scheme would bring them no relief.

In the home counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex the position of Liberal voters is as deplorable as that of the Unionist electors in Wales. In January 1910 134,677 Liberals—38 per cent. of the total number of votes polled—failed to obtain a single seat out of the thirty seats allotted to these counties, and in the December 1910 Election they obtained only two seats.

It is sometimes said that the electoral extravagances of one part of the kingdom are counterbalanced by corresponding extravagances in another part, and that the Unionist minority of Wales and Scotland have no grievance, because they are compensated for their want of proper representation by the over-representation given to the Unionists of the home counties. If this were so, the result would be not a true reflection but a hideous caricature of the electoral body. It should be unnecessary to reply seriously to so stupid an attempt to justify the practical disfranchisement of either the Scotch Unionist or of the southern Ministerialist. The Scotch Unionist is not and cannot be represented by the southern Unionist. Nor can the Ministerialist of the south be properly represented by the Ministerialist of the north. There is a broad difference between the peoples of Scotland and of the south of England. Candidates acceptable to southern Unionists are not necessarily acceptable to northern Unionists, and *vice versa*. Besides, if it is the object of good government to encourage the largest possible number of citizens to take a vigilant interest in public affairs, an electoral system which deprives large numbers of electors of any chance of securing that representation to which their numbers entitles them, obviously tends to deprive them also of that consciousness of participation in the governing power of the State which Aristotle has defined as being the highest privilege of citizenship.

The figures for the last three General Elections for the United Kingdom show how erroneous it is to suppose that counterbalancing monstrosities produce a correct result. In the General

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Election of 1906 the Liberals had an electoral majority of 901,017. Although this majority entitled them, on the basis of fair and equal representation, to a majority of 104 seats, they obtained a majority of 356! In the General Election of January 1910 the Liberal Coalition electoral majority of 495,683 entitled them to a majority of fifty-six seats, but secured them a majority of 124; and in December 1910, although the Liberal Coalition electoral majority was reduced by over 140,000 to 354,945, thus entitling them to a majority of only thirty-eight seats, they secured, under our present majority system of representation, a majority of 126. If it is desirable to secure equality of political power for the electors of the United Kingdom, the above figures show conclusively that our present system of majority representation fails to offer any security for such equality.[4]

It is unnecessary to waste much time in endeavouring to show that proportional representation offers a greater security than majority representation for the attainment of Major Morrison-Bell's second ideal—namely, that equality of opportunity should be afforded to all the candidates whether poor or rich. Under the present system a candidate, in order to secure a good chance of entering the House of Commons, must first obtain the nomination of the party caucus. Experience shows that in order to secure the party nomination, the candidate is often required to prostitute both his mind and his conscience. In addition, in an increasing number of constituencies a wealthy candidate who can afford to give large subscriptions to the various local charities and institutions has an obvious advantage over the poor candidate who has no money to give away. Under proportional representation a candidate can come forward

[4] All the figures used in this article have been taken from electoral statistics in a paper read by Mr. Rooke Corbett before the Manchester Statistical Society, whose calculations were accepted by the Royal Commission on Electoral Systems, as representing 'the truth as correctly as circumstances will permit.' I quote his own explanation as to the allowances made by him for votes in uncontested constituencies: 'I should perhaps explain at this point the method which I have adopted in compiling these statistics when I came to an uncontested constituency. It was claimed by some Liberal writers at the time that in 1895, as in 1886, their party was in a majority in the country. If only the contested constituencies were taken into account this would be the case, for the contested constituencies gave a Unionist majority of seventy-seven among the elected as against a Liberal majority of 25,000 among the voters. Or again, if we assume that the figures for an uncontested constituency should be taken from the last contested election in that constituency, we should find that the Unionists, with their majority of 150 in Parliament, were in a minority in the country. But it seems to me reasonable to suppose that those changes of public opinion which affected the contested constituencies affected the uncontested constituencies also, and therefore, in estimating the number of voters in an uncontested constituency, I have assumed that the strength of each party from one election to another varies in the same ratio as in the contested constituencies in the same county.'

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without asking the permission of any party machine, and if he possesses any large measure of the esteem and confidence of the community his return is assured. Perhaps the strongest argument in favour of proportional representation is that it will facilitate the entry into the House of Commons of men of knowledge, experience, and independence of character. A great change will take place in the attitude of party organisations towards such men. As their candidatures cannot be prevented and rendered futile, the party machine will naturally, in the interests of the party, endeavour to secure the prestige which association with them will bring.

Major Morrison-Bell's third ideal is that the individual liberty of the elector should be protected from the tyranny of party organisation. The fact that proportional representation secures the individual elector freedom of choice in the use he makes of his vote is perhaps almost as great an argument in its favour as the fact that it facilitates the entry of good men into the House of Commons. It is notorious that under our present system the choice of the average elector is limited to a choice between two caucus nominees, neither of whom represents his opinion. For instance, of what use is a vote to a Liberal elector in Mr. Asquith's constituency who attaches more importance to the enfranchisement of women than to any other political question, and of what use is the possession of a vote to a Free Trade Unionist in Mr. Chaplin's constituency? Under proportional representation the Free Trade Unionist and the Liberal in favour of woman suffrage will both be able to give their first preference to a candidate in sympathy with themselves, and by the utilisation of their second or third preference to secure the return of their second or third choice, if their vote is no use to their first. Proportional representation will thus re-enfranchise the elector; and, if it is desirable in the public interest that the largest possible number of electors should take a vigilant interest in public affairs, it certainly would appear to be desirable that a system of representation should be adopted which will enable every elector to feel that either he is independent of the caucus, or that he can compel the caucus to give him an opportunity of expressing his true views. In this way the possession of a vote will become a privilege of real value.

It has been further contended by Mr. Balfour and other Unionist speakers, as a justification of our present system, that locality representation is the great historic basis and ancient traditional element of our British Constitution. But Mr. Balfour has also pointed out that if Parliament should decide to give every elector an equal share in returning members to Parliament it would be obligatory to find a practical method of dealing with

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the representation of minorities (House of Commons, the 12th of July 1912). Mr. Bonar Law, in the recent debate on the Plural Voting Bill (the 14th of May 1913) went even further:

> I wonder [he said] what idea hon. gentlemen opposite have as to what a proper system of representative government is? They tell us the majority should rule. I agree. That is the basis of all representative government. But do they mean by that that only the majority should be represented in this House? Do they not think that where you have a proper system of representative government that system will be right or wrong just in proportion as the minority as well as the majority is properly represented in this House?

In his last sentence Mr. Bonar Law expressed, in the tersest possible way, what advocates of proportional representation have been urging for a quarter of a century. Consequently, if it be admitted that the spirit of the time demands that the electors of the United Kingdom should have equality of political rights, the substitution of local proportional representation for local majority representation becomes a pressing necessity.

I desire to point out that this obligation to substitute proportional for majority representation really came into existence when the variety of franchise which formerly existed between county and borough was abolished by the Reform Act of 1885. The wide difference that existed between the borough and county franchise up to 1885 secured by a rough-and-ready method that variety of representation which our forefathers imagined to be essential to good government. The county franchise was supposed to secure the representation of property, the borough franchise that of labour. So long as this variety of franchise was maintained a security existed for ensuring the representation of the two great interests of capital and labour. In an article which I had the honour to contribute to this Review in December 1884 I pointed out that as soon as a uniformity of franchise was established the representation of localities no longer supplied security for obtaining that variety of representation which had always been a fundamental essential of our Constitution. I argued that:

> It by no means follows that because a particular method of election secured us a fairly representative House when we had a variety of franchise, that it will do the same when we have a uniformity of franchise. Unless we recognise this plain and evident truth, and take measures to set up a new form of security which shall prove less objectionable, but not less effectual, than the old form of security that we have decided to remove, we run serious risk of bringing about a change of a far more revolutionary character than that involved in the substitution of proportional for majority representation. The principle of representative government does not necessarily demand, as Mr. Bright seems to imagine, that districts shall be represented instead of men. What it demands is

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that the electoral machinery employed shall be such as to secure an approximately fair representation of electoral opinion. We have hitherto secured this by the plan of variety of franchise and locality representation.

We have now determined to alter one part of our machinery, and there is great danger that if we change one part of our complicated system without changing the other parts, we put the whole machinery out of gear.

The chief and vital question raised by the present Reform Bill is this: Can the plan of representing the prevailing sense of the community only, which could be safely depended upon to give us a good House of Commons approximately reflecting the different interests of the country so long as there existed a broad distinction between the borough and county franchise—can this plan be equally depended upon to give anything like true representation of opinion when we have a uniform franchise over the whole kingdom?

It has always been a matter of surprise to me that the Unionist party never attempted during their reign of twenty years to establish in place of the old security, on which we depended up to 1885 for that variety of representation which is essential to good government, a new security which would ensure the House of Commons continuing to be, as Lord Russell said, not only 'the image of the represented, but a deliberative assembly including among its members a large proportion of gentlemen of knowledge, experience, and independence of character.' Nothing was done, and even now, judging from the debates on the Plural Voting Bill (the 30th of April and the 1st of May), the rank and file of the Unionist Party do not appear to have realised that the establishment of a uniform franchise, and the approaching establishment of equal political rights, require, in the highest interests of the State, such reforms in our system of representation as will ensure the House of Commons being a deliberative assembly of a character which will as nearly as possible realise Lord Russell's ideal.

It did not require any great wisdom to predict in 1884 that the substitution of a uniform for a varied franchise would result, under our present system, in a representation of an almost exclusively uniform character over extensive areas, and in the practical disfranchisement of large groups of electors entitled by their numbers to considerable representation. It was pointed out when the Reform Bill of 1885 was under discussion that with a uniform franchise that party which was in a minority in almost every constituency in Scotland, Wales, and in the south and west of Ireland, but which was entitled by its numbers to considerable representation, would be almost entirely unrepresented; that it would be impossible to conceive a state of things more contrary to the public interest and one more likely to

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lead to grave and serious consequences; and that a similar state of things in America had led to the violence that brought about the Civil War. A similar state of things in Ireland is leading us, under the operation of the Parliament Act, straight to bloodshed and civil war to-day. The present practice of giving the whole representation to local majorities and of ignoring minorities, even though they number one-fourth or one-third of the total electorate, and are entitled on any principle of equity to one-fourth or one-third of the representation, is responsible for the present practice of steam-roller legislation, in place of legislation by general consent.

Up to now the lines of political cleavage in England have been perpendicular and not horizontal, and consequently the potentialities of majority representation under a uniform franchise have not declared themselves with any particular vividness, but who can guarantee the country against the success of class appeals and the creation of horizontal and not perpendicular lines of cleavage. Should the blight of that curse fasten upon this country there will be no more chance of securing any representation for minorities in large parts of England under the system of majority representation, than there has been during the last quarter of a century for Unionists numbering one-fifth or one-fourth of the population to obtain a single seat in the south and west of Ireland.

What are our Unionist statesmen doing to establish some security that minorities shall always under any circumstances be represented in fair proportion to their strength? So far, notwithstanding their twenty years of power, they have done absolutely nothing! It is because the application of the principle of proportional representation to our electoral system offers some security against possible outbreaks of injustice and excess, that it is entitled to the most serious consideration of all responsible men. The liberties and happiness of our people and the destiny of the Empire are at present in the keeping of a single Chamber, and consequently too much care cannot be taken to secure that that single Chamber is a faithful representation of the people.

When I was in Canada some loyal and constitutional Canadians were puzzled and bewildered by the determination of his Majesty's Government to alter the character of the trusteeship of the great inheritance of Empire into which they hope one day to enter. To truncate and mutilate the Imperial Parliament, under whose influence the Empire had been raised to the greatest heights that have ever been reached by the rule of man, and to hand over its destinies to an uncontrolled single Chamber, without any security that it faithfully represents the

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people, seemed to these Canadians an act of madness which might perhaps compel them most unwillingly to readjust their attitude towards the Motherland. In the United States the veto of the President and the controlling power of the Senate act as safeguards against the dangers of a lopsided democracy, but here in the United Kingdom the sovereign power has been vested wholly in the House of Commons without a check of any sort. Never were responsibilities of such high and wide-reaching importance vested in any single Chamber. Consequently the obligation on the part of our statesmen to provide security against the possible weaknesses and excesses of an unbalanced House of Commons would appear to be supreme. It is because the substitution of proportional for majority representation will help to secure a more faithful representation of the people, and will facilitate the entrance into the House of Commons of men of knowledge, experience, and independence of character, and thus enable it to fulfil its high and Imperial duties in a way that will conduce to the prosperity of the peoples not only of the United Kingdom, but of the self-governing Dominions, of India, and of the rest of our overseas Empire, that I venture respectfully to hope that Major Morrison-Bell and the other members of his party may be prompted to study, with all the care the subject demands, the claims of proportional representation as a means of securing the realm against the evils of distrust, violence, injustice, lawlessness, and civil war, and the Empire against disintegration and disruption.

GREY.

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THE CHANGING OF THE BALANCE OF POWER

FUTURE generations may see in the battle on the Ergene River one of the decisive battles of the world and in the war which is drawing to its end a milestone on the road of the world's history. The Turkish War has closed the European career of one of the most successful and most dreaded conquering nations. Only a comparatively short time ago—during the rule of Charles the Second and of Louis the Fourteenth and during the lifetime of Peter the Great, Prince Eugene, the great Duke of Marlborough, Sir Isaac Newton and William Penn—the Turks held the Continent of Europe in awe, and besieged Vienna. To-day their rule in Europe is a thing of the past, and it is doubtful whether they will be able to keep even their Asiatic possessions. Turkey's downfall is significant not only to those who reflect upon the past but also to those who look into the future; for it may completely alter the very foundation of modern statecraft and of modern political organisation. In consequence of Turkey's defeat the balance of power in Europe, which is the very foundation of its political, social and economic life, has begun to change, and no one can foresee the ultimate consequences of that change to Europe and to the world.

The policy of maintaining an equilibrium among States is as old as is civilisation. It was constantly practised by the civilised States of antiquity. The balance of power is a device for preserving peace among States. It is a device for restraining any single State from becoming so powerful that it can without great risk make war upon other States and destroy the independence of its neighbours. The security of Great Britain and the peace of Europe depends very largely upon the maintenance of the balance of power on the Continent. Its necessity was well summarised by Frederick the Great in his *Anti-Machiavel* in the following words:

> The tranquillity of Europe rests principally upon the wise maintenance of the balance of power by which the superior strength of one State is made harmless by the countervailing weight of several States united among themselves. In case this equilibrium should disappear, it is to be feared that a universal revolution will be the result, and that an enormous new

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monarchy will be established upon the ruins of those States which were too weak for individual resistance and which lacked the necessary spirit to unite in time. If Egypt, Syria, and Macedonia had combined against the Roman Power, they would not have been overthrown. A wisely framed alliance and an energetic war would have preserved the ancient world from the chains of a universal despotism.

It should be remembered that the greatest wars which Europe has witnessed were brought about by the attempts of ambitious rulers or nations to destroy the balance of power in order to establish their predominance in Europe. The attempts of Charles the Fifth, Philip the Second, Louis the Fourteenth, and Napoleon the First to obtain the mastery of Europe devastated the Continent and forced Great Britain to interfere for the sake of her own security.

Until a recent time only the five Continental Great Powers were firmly organised for mutual support. They formed two groups—the Triple Alliance composed of Germany, Austria-Hungary and Italy, and the Dual Alliance composed of France and Russia. Great Britain held aloof from the nations of the Continent. The Triple Alliance and the Dual Alliance formed a very efficient balance of power. The late General Maurice showed in his book *The Balance of Military Power in Europe* that the two groups of Powers were approximately equally strong on land and on sea. Great Britain had no Continental policy, and she had no need for one. It was not necessary for her to labour for the preservation of the balance of power in Europe.

Germany put an end to England's policy of non-interference in Continental affairs. Her anti-British policy, which began with the Krüger telegram of 1896, the rapid increase of the German Navy, the anti-British agitation throughout Germany, and official pronouncements such as that contained in the preamble of the great German Navy Bill of 1900—'Germany requires a fleet of such strength that a war against the mightiest naval Power would involve risks threatening the supremacy of that Power'—were manifestations the significance of which could not possibly be misunderstood in this country. The keenness with which, since 1900, Germany began to compete with Great Britain on the seas will be seen from the following figures:

Money Voted for Naval Construction

	In Great Britain £	Germany £
1900	9,788,146	3,401,907
1901	10,420,256	4,921,036
1902	10,436,520	5,039,725
1903	11,473,030	4,388,748
1904	13,508,176	4,275,489
1905	11,291,002	4,720,206
1906	10,859,500	5,167,319

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	In Great Britain £	In Germany £
1907	9,227,000	5,910,959
1908	8,660,202	7,795,499
1909	11,227,194	10,177,062
1910	13,279,830	11,392,856
1911	15,063,877	12,250,269
1912	13,972,527	11,787,565

In the course of twelve short years Germany's expenditure on naval construction increased by 8,385,000*l.*, or by no less than 247 per cent., whilst Great Britain increased her expenditure only by 4,184,000*l.*, or by 43 per cent. In 1900 Germany expended on naval construction only about one-third as much as was spent by Great Britain. During the last five years she spent on warship building nearly as much as did this country.

Germany's attitude and policy, the threatening language of her politicians, her professors and her Press, and the ominous increase of the German navy, which remained concentrated in the North Sea within striking distance from Great Britain's shores, compelled this country, as I was allowed to point out in this Review for the first time in August 1902,[1] to seek support with Germany's opponents, and in the first instance with France. The Anglo-French Entente was concluded in 1904.

Russia's defeat in Manchuria destroyed the balance of power in Europe. It made the Triple Alliance supreme. In 1905, immediately after Russia's decisive defeat, Germany brought about the first Morocco crisis. It was well-timed. As crippled Russia could not assist France, Great Britain had to take her part; for in view of Germany's anti-British attitude she could not allow France to be humiliated or defeated. Furthermore, it became Great Britain's task, as I pointed out in this Review[2] in March, May, and July 1905, in April 1906, and in September 1907, to support Russia against her Western neighbour until she had recovered from her defeats. An Anglo-Russian Entente was necessary, and it was concluded in 1907. The Triple Alliance was faced by a Triple Entente. The balance of power, which the Russo-Japanese War had destroyed, was thus re-established.

Germany complained bitterly that Great Britain tried to isolate her and to crib and confine her by a network of hostile ententes. Her complaints were scarcely justified, for after the conclusion of the Triple Entente Germany was still supreme in Europe. The Triple Alliance was in reality a Quintuple Alliance

[1] 'The Anti-British Movement in Germany.'

[2] 'The Renewal of the Japanese Alliance'; 'The Balance of Power in Europe'; 'The Collapse of Russia'; 'The Future of Anglo-German Relations: a reply to Lord Avebury'; 'The Anti-British Policy of Germany: a rejoinder to Lord Eversley.'

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in disguise. Up to the outbreak of the Balkan War Germany could, in case of a great European contest, count upon the support of Turkey and Roumania.

Roumania, after having saved Russia from defeat in the Russo-Turkish War, was despoiled by that country of Bessarabia. Henceforth Roumania became hostile to Russia and formed the intention of regaining her lost territories at the first opportunity. Roumania's foreign policy was directed chiefly by King Charles, a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern, and he became not unnaturally a determined supporter of the Triple Alliance. The fact that, with General Brialmont's assistance, he fortified very strongly the eastern frontier of Roumania facing Russia, and left unfortified the frontier facing Austria-Hungary, openly proclaimed Roumania's policy to the world. Roumania's support was bound to be extremely valuable to the Triple Alliance. Roumania has a well-armed and well-organised army of 500,000 men. Owing to her geographical position, she can, in the case of a war with Russia, create a very effective diversion by attacking that country in the south, her most vulnerable part. As that country's support in case of a war with Russia would have been extremely valuable, the Powers of the Triple Alliance endeavoured to gain Roumania's good will. They sent to Roumania their most eminent diplomats. Germany sent as ambassadors Prince Bülow and Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, Austria-Hungary sent Count Goluchowski, Count Aehrenthal, and the Marquis of Pallavicini, and Italy Count Tornielli. The Bucharest Embassy became perhaps the most important embassy of the Powers of the Triple Alliance.

During many years it had been Germany's policy to strengthen Turkey against Russia. Through the unceasing activity of her statesmen, Germany had acquired the rôle of Turkey's guide, friend, and protector. She had assisted the Turks by providing them with money, arms, railways, and expert advisers. She had lent them some of her most eminent officers from Moltke to Colmar von der Goltz. Baron Marschall, Germany's ablest diplomat, represented his country at Constantinople during nearly two decades. When, at the time of the Armenian massacres, the world recoiled from Abdul Hamid with horror, William the Second visited him at his capital, pressed his hand, publicly praised his ability, accepted his hospitality, and slept under his roof. On the 8th of November 1899, at a banquet at Damascus, he proclaimed himself the protector of Mahommedanism throughout the world in the words: 'May the Sultan of Turkey, and may the 300,000,000 Mahommedans throughout the world who venerate in him their Caliph, be assured that the German Emperor will be their friend at all

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times.' Germany cultivated Turkey's good will most assiduously. She attached the greatest value to Turkey's support not so much for economic as for strategical reasons, for Turkey was able not only to attack Russia in the south in conjunction with Roumania, but she was the only Power through which Germany was able to strike an effective blow at Great Britain. General von Bernhardi, a leading general and one of the most eminent strategists and military writers of Germany, wrote in his recently published book, *Unsere Zukunft*, which ought to be translated into English :

Particularly important for Germany are her relations with Turkey and Roumania. Both States are capable of forming an effective counterpoise against Russia. Besides, Turkey is the only State which is able to threaten seriously England's position and to attack that country by land, because Turkey can strike at the Suez Canal, and so cut through the most sensitive nerve of England and hit at a point which is of vital importance to her. Furthermore, the existence of a powerful Turkey in Europe is of the utmost importance to Germany, because it provides the only neutral route over which she can obtain foreign food and raw materials for her industries in case of war. In the North, England would blockade our coasts. In the Mediterranean, England and France would cut us off from the ocean. Towards the east and west we should be cut off from the world's trade by Russia and France. Therefore we can never tolerate that European Turkey should fall under Russian, which means under hostile, influence. That would probably also be the case if the smaller Balkan States should be allowed to expand towards the Aegean Sea. Turkey's military power must be preserved. It must be preserved in order to be of use to Germany. A militarily weakened Turkey would not be able to resist Slavdom successfully, and it could not remain independent of Russian and British policy.

In his book *Deutschland und der nächste Krieg*, which has been translated into English, the same author wrote :

Turkey, the predominant Power of the Near East, is of paramount importance to Germany. She is Germany's natural ally. It is emphatically in our interest to keep in close touch with her. The wisest course would have been to have made her a member of the Triple Alliance and to have prevented the Turkish-Italian war, which threatens to change the political situation to our disadvantage. By making her a member of the Triple Alliance, Turkey would have received a two-fold gain. Her position would have been secured both against Russia and against England, two States with the hostility of which we Germans have to reckon. Besides, Turkey is the only Power which can threaten England's position in Egypt, and thus menace her shortest sea route to India and her land communications with that dependency. Therefore we ought to spare no sacrifice in order to secure Turkey as Germany's ally in preparation for a war with England or Russia. Turkey's interests are our own. . . .

The Turkish military forces would be a factor of great importance in the event of Turkey joining either the Triple Alliance or its opponents. The war strength of the Turkish Army comes to 700,000 men. Owing to the high military qualities of the Turkish soldiers, the Turkish army must be regarded as a very important factor in war. She is a very valuable ally to that Power, or combination of Powers, which she chooses to join.

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The Baghdad Railway was built by Germany, not only for the purpose of providing an outlet for German capital and of promoting the military and economic regeneration of Turkey, but also, and perhaps particularly, with the object of facilitating Turkish co-operation in case of an Anglo-German war. Dr. Paul Rohrbach, a leading German publicist and traveller, who has studied the Baghdad Railway in all its aspects, travelling through Asia Minor, wrote in his book *Die Bagdadbahn*, which was published in 1911 :

> One factor, and one alone, will determine the possibility of a successful issue for Germany in case of an Anglo-German conflict. A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question. England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land, and from Europe, only in one place—in Egypt. The loss of Egypt would mean to England not only the end of her control over the Suez Canal and the destruction of her connection with India and the Far East, but would probably entail the loss of her possessions in Central and East Africa as well. The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power like Turkey would also jeopardise England's rule over her 60,000,000 Mohammedan subjects in India, and prejudice her relations with Afghanistan and Persia.
>
> The Turkish Army must be increased and improved, and Turkey must be commercially and economically rehabilitated. The stronger Turkey grows, the more dangerous will she be for England. Egypt is a prize which would make it well worth Turkey's while to support Germany against England. The policy of protecting Turkey, which is now pursued by Germany, has no other object in view except the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war against England.

Another well-informed and very influential German writer, Dr. Paul Dehn, wrote in his book *Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt*, of which more than 100,000 copies have been sold :

> If the Baghdad Railway is pushed so far that it will reach Mecca and Haifa on the coast of Palestine, England would have to calculate with the possibility of a Turkish attack upon Egypt if she should attack either Turkey herself or a third Power which is interested in Turkey's existence. It is true that three hundred miles separate Haifa from El Kantara, where the old high-road from Syria to Egypt crosses the Suez Canal, and that the road runs in part through territory which is poor in food and water. However, the road is level and comfortable, and there are no natural obstacles to be overcome. . . .
>
> As long as the rails of the Baghdad Railway have not reached Aleppo, we cannot count upon Turkish co-operation in the direction of Egypt.

Many similar quotations could easily be given, but these should suffice to show that Germany reckoned confidently upon the assistance of Roumania and Turkey in case of a war with Russia, and particularly upon Turkey's co-operation in case of a war with Great Britain. The directors of Germany's foreign policy, like Napoleon the First, evidently saw in Egypt the key to the British Empire Their aim was of truly

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Napoleonic boldness and grandeur. Germany's action in Turkey had revealed the object of her policy to attentive observers. Her activity had remained not unnoticed in England. Lord Kitchener, the Empire's greatest soldier, was sent to Egypt not merely on an administrative mission.

In view of the fact that Germany had driven Great Britain into the arms of France and Russia, and had exposed herself to the possibility of being simultaneously involved in a great war by land and sea, it was of course of the utmost importance to her that her position on land should be absolutely impregnable. In these circumstances it was clearly the first and most urgent duty of German statesmanship to take care that Austria-Hungary and Italy should be as strong as possible, and that Roumania and Turkey—and especially Turkey, the support of which would be invaluable in case of complications with Great Britain—should be firmly attached to Germany or to the Triple Alliance. But with the same incredible short-sightedness and levity with which Germany had embarked upon an anti-British course, she allowed Turkey to be attacked first by Italy and then by the Balkan States, and to be utterly defeated. If Germany had possessed a policy, if her diplomacy had been guided by a statesman, or merely by a man possessed of common sense, she would have known that the support of Turkey would be more valuable to her in the hour of need than that of Italy. She would, therefore, either have attached Turkey to the Triple Alliance by treaty, as General von Bernhardi had suggested, or she would have replied to Italy's ultimatum to Turkey by an ultimatum of her own addressed to Italy, which very likely would have prevented the war.

Italy's victory over Turkey, and Turkey's internal difficulties which had been created by the Italian attack, encouraged the Balkan States to make war upon that country, and again Germany remained a passive looker-on while her valuable supporter was being assailed. The Balkan States would not have dared to attack Turkey had they been informed by Germany and Austria-Hungary that they would not tolerate such an attack. Austria-Hungary, backed by Germany, might have told Servia that an attack upon Turkey would immediately be followed by the occupation of Belgrade, which lies on the Austrian frontier, and Roumania could in conjunction have taken equally suitable and effective action at Sofia. But the General Staffs, the statesmen, and the public of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Roumania believed that Turkey would defeat the Balkan Allies. Germany and Austria-Hungary allowed the Turkish War to break out in the expectation that it would result in the triumph of Turkey to the great advantage of the Triple Alliance.

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The Turkish War has had an unexpected issue. It has led to the downfall and the disappearance of European Turkey and to the rise of the Balkan nations. The Bulgarians, Servians, and Montenegrins are Slavs. They incline towards Russia, which has worked and fought for their deliverance, and they dislike, distrust, and hate Austria-Hungary, which has fomented disorder in the Balkan Peninsula and which has endeavoured to keep the Balkan Slavs under the Turkish yoke. In case of a war between Russia and Austria-Hungary the Balkan States, or at least Servia and Montenegro, may be expected to aid Russia, and it should not be forgotten that Austria-Hungary contains 25,000,000 Slavs, of whom no fewer than 5,500,000 are Servians, who live close to the borders of the Servian State.

It is clear, therefore, that the Turkish War has very seriously weakened the position of the Triple Alliance. It has deprived Germany and the Triple Alliance of the invaluable support of Turkey, which could, with a very large army, have attacked Russia in the south, or Great Britain in Egypt. Moreover, it has set free the Balkan States which hitherto were kept in check by Turkey, and it has very greatly strengthened their military power. In a few years they will probably be able to support Russia with almost a million men. Servia alone will before long be able to mobilise almost 500,000. The hostility of Servia is particularly dangerous to Austria-Hungary, because that country occupies a most valuable strategical position. Austria-Hungary is surrounded by vast mountain-chains, which have a large gap, the Danube Valley, facing Servia. In case of an Austro-Russian war the Austrian armies will be assembled in the north-east of the country, in Galicia. A Servian attack in the extreme south of the Dual Monarchy would, therefore, simultaneously threaten the flank and rear of the Austrian defences and the two capitals on the Danube.

The Balkan War has not only caused to Germany and to the Triple Alliance the loss of Turkey, which would have been an exceedingly valuable ally, and the rise of a very dangerous potential enemy on the weakest and most exposed frontier of Austria-Hungary, but it has also made Roumania's attitude uncertain. Roumania has hitherto supported Austria-Hungary and Germany against Russia, not only because she had a grievance against Russia, but also because she could not afford to stand alone between Russia and Austria-Hungary. For her security she had to lean on one of her great neighbours, and she believed that she would be safest in relying upon Austria-Hungary and the Triple Alliance, because she thought that the Triple Alliance was the stronger of the two groups. The changes which have taken place in the Balkan Peninsula have caused

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Roumania to reconsider her position. The issue of the war has so seriously changed the balance of power to the disadvantage of the Triple Alliance, that Roumania seems inclined to support Russia and the Triple Entente. This is all the more likely, as Roumania could benefit very materially from a defeat of Austria-Hungary. Roumania wishes to expand. There is a strong irredentist movement in that country. In those districts of Austria-Hungary which are nearest to Roumania there dwell no less than 3,500,000 Roumanians. They complain bitterly about the ill-treatment which they receive. They wish to be reunited with Roumania, and they are encouraged by their kinsmen in Roumania to resist their alien rulers who try to denationalise them by force. Roumania can expand most easily towards the north and west, towards Austria-Hungary.

Many judicious observers consider that in consequence of the Balkan war Germany and the Triple Alliance have lost not only the support of Turkey but also that of Roumania, and have gained instead the hostility of the powerful Balkan States. General von Bernhardi wrote in *Unsere Zukunft*:

> There was reason to hope that Austria and Roumania would actively interfere either in order to prevent the outbreak of the Balkan War or at least in order to protect Turkey against a complete defeat. . . . It was evidently in the interest of the Triple Alliance to delay the expulsion of the Turks from Europe until the time when the great European war has been fought which will decide the fate of the States of Central Europe. Now the Triple Alliance will have to fight the great war of the future under far more unfavourable conditions. Before the decisive battle on the Ergene River one could calculate on the fact that Turkey and Roumania would fight on the side of the Triple Alliance in case of a European war. The advantages of the co-operation of these States is clear. These advantages have been lost through Turkey's defeat, and a condition of affairs has been created which threatens Germany and its allies with the most serious dangers. . . .
>
> To all appearances Roumania also can no longer be counted upon as a possible supporter of the Triple Alliance. At present Roumania remain in touch with the Triple Alliance in order to obtain with its assistance an increase of territory at Bulgaria's cost. Wedged in between a powerful Russia and a greatly enlarged Bulgaria, Roumania will no longer be able to pursue an independent policy. In all probability it will either fall under Russia's influence or join the Balkan Federation. In either case Roumania has nothing more to hope for from the Triple Alliance. Necessity will compel that country more or less energetically to take the part of Germany's enemies.

The Balkan States and Roumania, lying between Slavs and Teutons, between hammer and anvil, occupy a very exposed position. They are too weak to stand alone. They have suffered from Austria's ill-will, intrigue, and oppression, and they can most easily grow at Austria's expense, which contains 5,500,000

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Servians and 3,500,000 Roumanians. During the settlement of the Balkan war Servia and Montenegro have suffered severely through Austria's interference, which has prevented their expansion in the direction of Albania. The Balkan democracies are drawn towards Russia through racial affinity and towards France through affection and democratic sentiment. Sentiment and self-interest will very likely prompt them to join the Triple Entente.

The mistakes of Germany's diplomacy have not only changed the grouping of the European Powers to Germany's disadvantage, but they have also weakened the power of her two Allies. Italy has, with Germany's consent and approval, tied up 100,000 soldiers in Tripoli, and as they are dependent upon Italian supplies Italy has not only greatly weakened her home army, but has given invaluable hostages to that country which rules the Mediterranean. Whilst Turkey was strong, Austria-Hungary need not have feared the enmity of the Balkan Slavs, and she could easily have used her entire army against Russia. In consequence of the Balkan war she has to place about 300,000 men on her southern frontier in case of a war with Russia. German diplomacy directs the Triple Alliance. It has speculated rashly on a Turkish victory over the Balkan States, a victory which would have increased Turkey's strength and which would have been to the advantage of the Triple Alliance. Turkey has collapsed like a house of cards, and with it has fallen the predominance of the Triple Alliance on the Continent of Europe.

The Balkan war has been a grave defeat of Germany and of the Triple Alliance, and a great victory of Slavdom. That is clearly recognised in Germany. On the same day when the German Chancellor placed before the party leaders of the Reichstag confidential information regarding the necessity of strengthening the German army very greatly, the *Germania*, the leading organ of the Centre Party, which previously had been singularly well supplied with confidential advance information regarding the Government's intentions, wrote :

> We have repeatedly stated that a victory of the Balkan Allies is in reality a Russian victory. When the great European War breaks out, the Triple Alliance will be opposed by the Triple Entente and the Balkan States, and the latter will be found more ready to fight the Triple Alliance than England. Until lately it was thought in Germany that we should have to prepare for the inevitable war with England. The events of the last few months have shown that a greater and more immediate danger threatens Germany from the direction of Russia. The Oriental question has assumed a new form. It may be summed up in the words, Germanism *versus* Slavdom.

When the diplomats of the Triple Alliance saw how seriously the balance of power was changing to their disadvantage, they

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thought of entering into more intimate relations with Spain, who might have aided the Central European group by attacking France in the rear, and compelling that country to leave several army corps on the Pyrenees. But recent events seem to show that Spain has entered upon very close relations with France, and it appears not impossible that some of the smaller nations of Europe will by and by follow Spain's example. The Triple Entente promises to become a Multiple Entente.

On the 22nd of September 1898 the German Emperor proclaimed at Stettin: 'Germany's future lies upon the water.' As he chose for Chancellors not able men of strong character but pliable and obedient men, that phrase became the watchword of German statesmanship. Bismarck recognised that Germany's principal interest lay on land. He had pursued with great success a sober and practical continental policy, and we learn from his letters and speeches that he attached the greatest value to England's good will and support. His successors—perhaps one ought to say his successor—although they were devoid not only of striking ability but even of stability of purpose, deliberately discarded Bismarck's continental policy and proclaimed proudly their intention to embark upon a world-policy, and their policy became, perhaps involuntarily, an anti-British one. General von Bernhardi wrote with justified bitterness in his book *Unsere Zukunft*:

> The insufficient capacity of the leading statesmen of Germany has only too often become apparent, and it can easily be accounted for. The men who are called into the Government and administration of the German Empire are not always the greatest, the most intelligent, and the soundest men obtainable, nor are they always men possessed of great strength of character. Favour and chance play mostly a decisive role in their selection and appointment.

In feverish haste Germany began to build up a colossal fleet. In 1900 Germany occupied with her fleet of battleships only the sixth place among the nations. To-day she occupies the second place, having overtaken Italy, Russia, France, and the United States. Never in the history of the world since the time when Rome embarked upon her struggle with Carthage has a great fleet been built up so rapidly. But Rome was able to challenge the sea-power of Carthage because she was safe on land, because her land frontiers were not threatened by powerful military neighbours. The unwisdom and the danger of Germany's policy was obvious. In June 1912, exactly a year ago, I was allowed to contribute to this Review an article entitled 'The Failure of Post-Bismarckian Germany,' in which I ventured to state:

> By pursuing an anti-British policy Germany has not only driven Great Britain from Germany's side and has driven her into the arms of France

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and Russia, but she has at the same time gravely weakened the formerly reliable Triple Alliance. . . . A nation can safely embark upon a bold and costly trans-maritime policy only if it is secure on land, if it either occupies an island, like Great Britain and Japan, or if it occupies an isolated position and cannot be invaded by its neighbours, like the United States. Germany has three great land Powers for neighbours. Two of them, France and Russia, are not friendly to Germany, and she cannot rely with absolute certainty upon the support of her third neighbour, Austria-Hungary, a fact of which Bismarck warned her in his *Memoirs*. Under these circumstances it is obvious that Germany's greatest need is not expansion oversea, but defence on land; that her greatest interests lie not on the sea, but on *terra firma*.

Guided by the maxim 'Germany's future lies upon the water,' the leaders of the 'New Course' have been so anxious to strengthen the Navy that the German Army has been neglected both quantitatively and qualitatively. . . . Germany's expenditure upon the Navy has been comparatively extravagant and that on her Army scarcely sufficient. According to the German Constitution, every German citizen able to bear arms has to bear arms. Germany's population came in 1900 to 56,367,178 people. In 1910 it was 64,896,881 people, having increased by a little more than 8,500,000. It used to be the rule in Germany that a fixed proportion of the population, about 1.1 per cent., belonged to the standing army. Between 1901 and 1910 the German Army ought to have increased in the normal course by about 93,000 men, which is equal to about 1.1 per cent. on the 8,500,000 people by whom the population was increased. But instead of adding 93,000 men to the standing army, Germany has added to it only 18,000, or but one-fifth of the normal number.

These statements met with incredulity in Great Britain and with derision and ridicule in Germany, where the article was widely quoted, but time meanwhile has proved their correctness. The fact that Germany has neglected both her diplomatic position on the Continent of Europe and her army became clear to all when the German Government suddenly demanded a truly gigantic increase of the army, an increase which in the course of the next five years will cost approximately 100,000,000*l*. The German Army Bill was prefaced by an *exposé des motifs*, in which the Government stated:

In consequence of the events which are taking place in the Balkans the balance of power in Europe has been shifted. If a war should be forced upon Germany, she would have to protect, possibly against several enemies, frontiers which are extended, and which are devoid of natural protection. In consequence of the political changes which have taken place it is to-day more than ever our supreme duty to make our military defence as strong as our population allows.

The strength of our army has not altogether kept pace with the growth of our population. A considerable portion of the people who are able to bear arms remains at present untrained. Universal service has proved the best basis of Germany's strength. Only if universal service remains a reality can we look to the future with firm confidence and the feeling that we have done our duty. The main idea of the Bill is the development of universal service in proportion with our population.

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, like individuals, have to pay for their mistakes. As has lost the support of Turkey, and perhaps that of as well, which together could aid the Triple with 1,200,000 men, and as she has acquired at the ne in the Balkan States a possible enemy able to place large army into the field, she had to replace the Turkish oumanian auxiliaries whom she had lost by German s. The new German Army Bill increases the number of its by 63,000 men per year, and as nineteen yearly levies iable to be called out in case of war, the Bill proposes to ease the war strength of the German Army by about one ilion men.

Modern wars are made by armed nations. As the population atistics determine the ultimate strength of armies, Germany's normous and unprecedented military effort will probably not suffice to re-establish her military predominance in Europe. Germany has 67,000,000 inhabitants, and her population grows by 800,000 per year; Austria-Hungary has 50,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by 400,000 per year; Italy has 35,000,000 inhabitants, and her population grows by 200,000 per year. While the States of the Triple Alliance have together 152,000,000 inhabitants, who increase by 1,400,000 per year, Russia alone has 170,000,000 inhabitants, who increase by approximately 3,000,000 per year. On the basis of population and natural increase the position of the Triple Alliance is less favourable than that of the Franco-Russian Alliance, and it is, of course, still less favourable than is that of the Triple Entente. If we look at the position of the Triple Alliance from the military point of view we find that the Russian Army is now in every respect in a far better condition than it was before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese War. The armies of France and Russia combined are approximately as strong as those of the Triple Alliance, and Germany's special effort, which she is about to make, will be neutralised by similar efforts which are being made by Russia and France. It follows that the military forces of the Triple Entente are superior to those of the Triple Alliance—amphibious Great Britain would be a very important factor in a Continental war—and if the Triple Entente should be enlarged by the accession of other States, such as the Balkan States, the position of the Triple Alliance would deteriorate still further. Bismarck made Germany and the Triple Alliance supreme in Europe. His successors have undone his work, and have made the Triple Entente supreme, for they have driven England into the arms of France and Russia, and have brought about the downfall of Turkey and the rise of the Balkan States.

It has been the traditional policy of Great Britain to defend

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the balance of power on the Continent by supporting the weaker Power, or group of Powers, against the stronger. In view of the undoubted superiority which the Triple Entente have acquired over the Triple Alliance through the shifting of the balance of power which the Balkan war has brought about, many believe that Great Britain should now either withdraw from Continental affairs or support Germany and the Triple Alliance. However, the British policy of maintaining the balance of power in Europe is not a soulless and purely mechanical policy of supporting the weaker Powers against the stronger. It is a means to an end. It is a deliberate policy for the promotion of peace which appeals strongly to the peaceful and contented nations. It is a policy which endeavours to ensure peace by preserving the *status quo*, by supporting the satisfied nations, and by restraining those nations which desire to embark upon a policy of adventure, violence, and conquest.

The character and position of the Powers belonging to the Triple Alliance differ widely from the character and position of the Powers belonging to the Triple Entente. If we look at the matter from the economic point of view, we find that the Powers of the Triple Alliance are cramped for space. The emigration from Austria-Hungary and Italy is very great. It is true that Germany has on balance no emigration, but as her population increases by 800,000 per year the time seems to be near at hand when a very large German emigration will set in. Austria-Hungary has no colonies of any kind, and Germany and Italy have no colonies which are suitable for the settlement of large numbers of white people. The position of the Powers of the Triple Entente is entirely different. None of them has insufficient room. Russia has extensive stretches of thinly populated territory suitable for the settlement of her surplus population both in Europe and in Asia; Great Britain possesses vast reserves of virgin land in her Colonies in all parts of the world; France, although she has no surplus population, has extensive colonies situated in the temperate zone. For these reasons Russia, France, and Great Britain are satisfied with the territorial *status quo*, while the Powers of the Triple Alliance are not satisfied. The Powers of the Triple Entente are satisfied, and have every reason to be contented with their possessions, while those belonging to the Triple Alliance are land-hungry and envious of the position of the Powers of the Triple Entente. They are, therefore, the pacemakers in military and naval armaments.

The policy of political as that of private partnerships is largely shaped by the predominant partner. The predominant partner in the Triple Alliance is undoubtedly Germany; the predominant partner of the Triple Entente is probably Great Britain.

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Germany is a military State which has grown great by successful wars of conquest waged on the Continent of Europe. Great Britain and the British Empire form a free, commercial, and industrial community which has grown great by commerce, industry, and colonisation. The Triple Alliance is land-hungry, restless, expansionist, militarist, and therefore aggressive in character; while the Triple Entente is satisfied, conservative, and peaceful. The Triple Alliance is composed of three monarchies, while the Triple Entente contains two democratic States. The Triple Alliance may perhaps be called a war group and the Triple Entente a peace group. It was not always so. Bismarck created the Triple Alliance for the purpose of preserving the *status quo* of Europe and of enabling Germany to preserve her conquests and to develop in peace. As that Alliance was considered to be a bulwark of peace, it was supported by the peacefully inclined smaller nations of Europe, but these are now coming round to the Triple Entente, for that group has taken the place of the Triple Alliance, and has become the defender of the peace of Europe and of the *status quo*.

Policy should be intelligent, and not mechanical. It is not an empty phrase, but a fact subject to proof, that peace is the greatest interest of Great Britain and of the British Empire. Those who do not wish well to Great Britain frequently assert that this country tries unceasingly to involve the nations of the Continent in war, and especially to break up the Triple Alliance so as to weaken Germany. That these assertions are untrue is shown by the fact that during the entire duration of the Balkan War Great Britain took probably the leading part in preventing dissension and war among the Great Powers. Had this country desired to break up the Triple Alliance it could easily have done so. It need only have caused King Nicholas to remain at Scutari either by encouraging, or by merely not discouraging, him. That event would have led to the joint occupation of Albania by Austria-Hungary and Italy, to their quarrel over its division, and to the break-up of the Triple Alliance.

Therefore, Great Britain should not withdraw herself from the Triple Entente in order to produce a mechanical equilibrium between the two groups of European Powers. She should strengthen the peace group by her adherence, and should endeavour to convert the Triple Entente into a Multiple Entente, for an *entente* for the preservation of peace cannot possibly be too strong. Moreover, as long as Great Britain is a leading member of the Entente, she can more easily restrain that group if some of its members should feel tempted to attack the Central European Powers.

A balance of power, be it ever so nicely adjusted, will not

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enable the nations of the world to reduce their armaments. That can be done only when the control of the world passes out of the hands of the dissatisfied and ambitious military Powers, which have possessed that control hitherto, into the hands of peaceful and satisfied States. Democracy and militarism do not go well together. Democracy is revolting against militarism, and democracy only can abolish militarism in its most objectionable form. Many questions, such as the Balkan settlement, the question of the Aegean Islands, the Mediterranean question, and the question of Asia Minor, which may easily lead to a great European war, are pending. The peace group may soon find further opportunities for action.

Many ardent lovers of the Empire and of the race desire that Great Britain should not occupy herself too much with the political affairs of the Continent, that she should devote her thought and strength to the development of the nation and of the Empire. As long as England is the citadel, the naval base, the bank and the clearing-house of the Empire—and that will remain England's position for a long time—the entire Empire is vitally interested in England's security, and with it in the balance of power, or, better still, in the preponderance of the peaceful elements on the Continent of Europe, which ensures the security of these islands. It is clear that Great Britain will best be able to devote her wealth and her energy to the uplifting of the race and to the development of the great Imperial domain when the position on the Continent is quite secure.

Great Britain is, after all, only a small portion of the British Empire. It covers only one ninety-fifth of the territory under the British flag. The great Dominions, with their vast, wealthy and fruitful territories, will gradually fill up, and their population will far exceed the population of these narrow isles. In a few decades the centre of the Empire may shift from London to Montreal. Great Britain's principal interests are Imperial, are extra-European. For her it is highly desirable that the European tension should diminish and that she should be able to devote all her strength to the affairs of the British race throughout the world. But when Great Britain need no longer watch the balance of power in Europe she will have to watch the balance of power of the world. The largest and the most valuable spaces of the world belong to Anglo-Saxons, to Russians, and to Asiatics. Although all the frontiers in all the five continents are carefully marked and delimited, they are not delimited for all time. The peoples of the world, as the nations of Europe, may be divided into two groups, into a satisfied group and a dissatisfied one. The earth contains 50,250,000 square miles of land. Of these, 48,500,000 square miles are owned

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or controlled by white peoples, while only 1,750,000 square mil
belong to China proper and to Japan. The 600,000,000 of wh
people may perhaps be called satisfied, for they own and con
29-30ths of the solid surface of the globe; but the 500,00
Chinese and Japanese, who possess only 1-30th of the w
territories, are scarcely satisfied, and they may not much
consent to be cooped up in their overcrowded countrie
white races who refuse them access to even the mo
populated countries which they control.

The Anglo-Saxon nations, which own and contr
desirable and the most thinly populated territories
are not beloved by the other nations. They are t
two dangers—by the danger arising from the
military States of Europe and by the danger a
over-populated States of the Far East. The Ang
have become the landlords of the universe,
not loved. It is true that the population of
and of the British Dominions is rapidly inc
many years will pass by before the dispro
Anglo-Saxon population and the land whic
appeared. Very many years will pass
Saxon territories will be so well filled
against an attack from the military Po
the swarming hosts of Asia. The me
or control a full third of the world's
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st armies and navies capable of defeating
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nd, the United States may have to protect
s in America and elsewhere against the
ay claim their share of the world.
s exactly half-way between the over-popu-

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lated countries of the Far East and the over-populated countries of Europe. The United States are threatened by two equally dreaded enemies—by Asiatic cheap labour and by European militarism, by the starvation competition of the East and by war. The danger of the Far East is the more immediate one to the United States, because Great Britain protects the United States against the military States of Europe. China is awakening. The friction between the United States and Japan which exists at present is probably only the beginning of very serious and very protracted differences between that country and the teeming millions of the Far East. Great Britain and the British Empire have no interest in seeing the United States involved in a difficult and dangerous war with Japan. They have no interest in seeing the Panama Canal falling into Japanese hands and the Pacific Coast attacked by Japanese fleets and armies.

While Great Britain and the British Empire have no interest in seeing the United States and Japan involved in a struggle which might prove only the beginning of a long series of wars, the United States have no interest in seeing Great Britain's position endangered or weakened by the military Powers of Europe. On the contrary, it is in the interest of the United States that Great Britain should preserve her naval supremacy against the great military States of the world. From the point of view of the citizens of the United States, and from that of many broad-minded Englishmen, it is perhaps not necessary that Great Britain should rule the waves, but it is certainly necessary that Anglo-Saxondom should be supreme on all oceans. The freedom of the sea and the security of the coasts is, after all, as essential to the United States as it is to Great Britain and to the Dominions and Colonies. It is bad enough that the lands of the Old World are stricken by militarism. It would be worse if militarism should encroach upon the sea as well, monopolise it, and spread then, like a festering disease, across the sea to all the new countries. The expansion of the European Triple Entente into a Multiple Entente, into a Peace-Entente, is certainly important for Great Britain and the British Empire, but the creation of an Anglo-American Entente is no less important, both for sentimental and for practical reasons. The European Concert has proved an ineffective instrument for preserving peace and order within and without Europe. For the settlement of the great extra-European problems, Anglo-American co-operation, an Anglo-American Concert, is needed. It is self-evident that the world must either become Anglo-Saxon or fall a prey to militarism.

The co-operation of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations is particularly important, because the military nations of Europe

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will, in case of war, probably endeavour to weaken Great Britain and the United States by producing strife between them and by creating trouble in their Colonies. General von Bernhardi wrote in *Unsere Zukunft*:

> The United States of North America occupy a position of absolute independence. A distinct conflict of interests exists between them and England, firstly, because the United States are England's most dangerous competitor in the trade of the world, and especially in the trade with Eastern Asia; secondly, because the United States are determined not to submit to England's naval predominance in any case. The Dominion of Canada forms another point of friction between these two States. On the other hand, there are no material differences between the United States and Germany. It is true that the peaceful division of the world between England and the United States is conceivable. However, at present there are no indications of such an understanding. As matters are at present England would derive from a defeat of Germany an enormous increase in power, an increase which would be unfavourable to the interests of the United States. It follows therefore that the co-operation of the United States and of Germany would be in the interests of both countries.
>
> It is to be borne in mind that in the English colonies, in India, South Africa, and Egypt, there are large quantities of explosive material. Therefore it seems by no means unthinkable that revolts and national risings might occur in those parts if England should be engaged in an unfortunate, or merely in a dangerous, war. These are circumstances with which we Germans have to reckon, and it is our duty to make the best use of them.

Many similar quotations might easily be given. It is a well-known fact that the German Vote has been organised by Germany in the United States with a view to making mischief between the United States and Great Britain.

Reason and sentiment should teach the Anglo-Saxons throughout the world that co-operation between the United States and Great Britain is right and is necessary. There is such a thing as racial solidarity. This instinct has drawn the States of the American Union together. It is drawing together at present the States of the British Empire, and it should eventually draw together the British Empire and the United States. The time may come when the Anglo-Saxon nations will have to choose between the militarisation of the world, accompanied by the loss in war of large portions of their possessions to an alien race, and an Anglo-American reunion which will save them from these evils. A great Anglo-Saxon Commonwealth embracing the British Empire and the United States would be the greatest instrument of peace and progress which the world has even seen. It would establish the peace, prosperity and security of the Anglo-Saxon race for all time.

J. Ellis Barker.

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TEN MONTHS' CAPTIVITY AFTER THE MASSACRE AT CAWNPORE

FIFTY-SIX years have gone by since the incidents I have endeavoured to narrate faithfully in this article passed within the ken of my personal knowledge, and I am now an old woman of seventy-four, fast journeying towards that land which knows no strife. The organised unrest that is now spreading through the length and breadth of India has prompted me to place this reminder before my fellow-countrymen of the horrible atrocities perpetrated on our women and children in those dark days of 1857. The misplaced sentimentalism dealing with Indians to-day, in the face of the repeated discovery of the existence of secret societies having for their object the overthrow of British rule, is opening a way for the addition of an equally terrible chapter to Indian history.

That history ever repeats itself is evidenced by the existence to-day of the same false policy that obtained in 1857; and as corroborative of my statement I do not think I can do better than quote from that great historian of the Indian Mutiny, Sir John Kaye:

> The arrogance of the Englishman, which covered him ever with a grea delusion, forbidding him to see danger, when danger was surrounding hin and rendering it impossible in his eyes that any disaster should overta so great and so powerful a country, was the principal source of t great failure at Meerut. We were . . . lulling ourselves in a f security. We had warnings many and significant; but we brushed t away with a movement of impatience and contempt. There is a phrase, which, because it is cant, it may be beneath the dignity of hi to cite; but no other words in the English language, counted by sco by hundreds, can so express the prevailing faith of the Englishm that time, as those two well-known words 'All Serene.' Whatever might lower, whatever tempests might threaten, still it was 'all It was held to be unbecoming an Englishman to be prepared for

I trust therefore that the following narrative, the part of which was written the year immediately follo Mutiny, will be the means of awakening the rulers of a more befitting sense of the present situation, lest the of fifty-six years ago are enacted once more.

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This narrative has no pretensions to literary excellence, being merely a truthful record of the soul-stirring events that the writer experienced at the young age of eighteen years.

I

The Gathering of the Storm

I was born in the year 1839, being the eldest daughter of Captain Frederick William Horne, R.N., and was consequently only eighteen years of age when the great Indian Mutiny of 1857 broke out. My father having died when I was about a year old, my mother married again one John Hampden Cook, who was, in June 1857, the agent of the North-Western Dâk Company at Cawnpore. My mother, by her second marriage, had two sons and three daughters, of tender ages, ranging from ten months to ten years.

We had not been more than a month in Cawnpore when the storm, bursting in Meerut on the 10th of May, threw our province into a state of panic. The natives of Cawnpore, who had heretofore always been most civil, were daily seen to grow most insolent. The shopkeepers, fearing a loot, closed their shops, and could not be prevailed upon by the authorities to resume business. Some servants absented themselves from their work on the plea of sickness, while others sent rude messages to the effect that our *raj* (rule) was over, and that they did not wish to serve us any more. The sepoys next began to display various acts of insubordination, taking upon themselves to vacate their lines, and to remove their families into the city. General Sir Hugh Wheeler, an old man of seventy-five, was then in charge of the station, and could not be brought to believe that there was any danger. Discharged soldiers were fast pouring into the city, preaching sedition, and when the news of the uprisings in Meerut and Delhi was brought to Cawnpore, the sepoys were seen to rejoice openly. We numbered about a thousand souls in Cawnpore, only about three hundred of whom were soldiers, the remainder consisting of civilians employed on the railway and elsewhere, and women and children; so that we made but a pitiful handful to resist the attack of the mutineers.

The first alarm we had was on a Sunday. General Wheeler sent round a circular prohibiting attendance at divine service. The next was an order forbidding the firing of a salute on the Queen's birthday, which created no little amazement among us. It was something so strange, allowing the day to pass unnoticed, and the disappointment was keenly felt by all.

It at last dawned on General Wheeler that the fears which the whole white community entertained were not entirely

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groundless; that there might be something in it; and we were directed to sleep at night in the barracks. We consequently shut up our houses nightly, and proceeded with our bedding to sleep in strange beds and amid stranger surroundings. This continued for a little time, when a circular was issued, warning us to vacate our homes entirely, and to take refuge in the barracks, in the verandahs of which we were lodged.

The following letter, written by my dear mother to an old friend of hers, Mr. James Palmer of Calcutta, who subsequently became my uncle by marriage, will prove of considerable interest:

Cawnpore, 25th May, 1857.

My dear Mr. Palmer,—I have been in receipt of your letter some days now, but the excitement and commotion we are in will, I hope, be a sufficient excuse for my silence. This I am writing from the Barracks, where we have all been obliged to remove for safety.

There are only 200 European troops in Cawnpore, and we are surrounded by 4000 native disaffected troops, infantry and cavalry, and the doings at Meerut and Delhi have been so fearful that in alarm all the inhabitants of this place have taken refuge in the barracks, and I only wish I could transport you here.

We are in a sad predicament; fancy us sleeping in an open verandah with men, women, and children all huddled together and in momentary expectation of an attack, and not knowing how long we shall have to exist in this uncertainty.

Do not on any account let the contents of this be known to Grandmamma and Aunty. I have written them saying we are all safe, and making light of this terrible affair.

I thank you for the likeness you are sending. I hope it will reach safe.—Yours sincerely,

Emma Cook.

We were now entirely deprived of the comfort of our homes, and little did we dream what this trifling discomfort was to be the awful prelude to. We were all assembled in the barracks, with our bag and baggage, looking like so many travellers bound for a far country. Alas! how many of us thus assembled *did* journey to that far country from which no traveller returns; but ah! God, how horrible was the mode by which most of them travelled!

With a little needlework we passed our time during the idle days, spending our evenings a little less wearily by stepping out to hear the band, and discussing our plans for the future. Many expressed the wish that they had left the station, but it was too late now! There was not a carriage to be had, and, besides, the roads were no longer considered safe. While in the barracks a Mr. Fred Briant, a cousin of my dear mother, and a fugitive from Futtehpore, arrived by boat with his wife and children, with the object of taking refuge in the barracks, but was advised not to do so. 'Look around you,' said my mother to him, 'and

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judge of our insecurity. Do you think we can hold out here with but a handful of men?' He wisely listened, and proceeded on to Allahabad, taking steamer from there to Calcutta.

Our verandah life now came to a close on the issue of another circular notifying us that if we wished to make ourselves comfortable, we were at liberty to occupy the few empty bungalows in the immediate vicinity of the barracks. This we gladly did, without loss of time. My little step-brothers and sisters, small as they were, even lent a hand to clean the bungalow which was allotted to us, and which we tried to make as comfortable as we possibly could. A few ladies were brave enough to venture forth to their homes to bring away requisites for housekeeping, but on the General learning of this piece of recklessness, he forbade them to repeat the act. On the following day, on our sending our servant to our bungalow to fetch some chairs, &c., that we needed, he returned to tell us that the house was occupied by a native, who had made himself perfectly at home in it!

Our new bungalows near the barracks were soon filled, and we had established quite a little colony of our own. Everything went on quietly, and our numbers were being increased daily. Those who had made light of the alarm at the beginning had to confess themselves mistaken and vacate their bungalows as fast as they could. There were still, however, a foolish few who tenaciously held on to their own opinions, and who paid for their folly dearly with their lives. Among the latter was a Goanese merchant named Da Gama, who was on intimate terms with the traitor, Nana Sahib, and was invited by the latter to his house at Bithur, a small town thirteen miles distant. Disguised as a native, Da Gama fled to Bithur, and was there treacherously done to death by his host.

II

The Nana Dhoondo Punt of Bithur, commonly known as The Nana

Before I continue with my personal narrative I should like to place before my readers, especially those not quite familiar with Indian history, an account of that arch-fiend and traitor, Nana Sahib, than whom no bloodier monster existed since the creation of the world, except, perhaps, Nero, the Roman Emperor.

Imagine a man of culture and refinement—so far as his Indian birth and breeding would permit—about forty-two years of age, a sportsman of the first order, whose hunts were eagerly sought after by Europeans in Cawnpore.

In appearance he was about 5 feet 8 inches in height, full in body, and of exceedingly powerful frame. Very short and jet-

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black hair surmounted a face that was round and flat, and of a light wheat colour; his eyes were large, round, and black; and instead of the hooked nose that was characteristic of the Maharatta race, he possessed a straight and well-shaped one.

The adopted son of the 'Peishwa' of Poona, he succeeded to his father's estate, valued at several million pounds sterling. On his visit to England, connected with a claim for an allowance that the British Government had ceased on the Peishwa's death, he made a marked social success in London. In Cawnpore he entertained the Europeans like a king, and made himself most popular with the officers, placing his country house at the disposal of their wives and children when ill, and performing various acts of kindness to them. He presented to Lieutenant Daniell a valuable diamond ring, and this officer, who had been a great favourite with him, was wounded while embarking at the famous Massacre Ghat, and taken and shot on the 30th of June by the Nana's orders.

Maintaining this guise of a friend to the English, was it surprising that one and all looked upon this great Maharatta Prince as a powerful and valuable friend, when the storm burst, and that General Wheeler at first contemplated sending the women and children to the palace at Bithur, and asking the Nana to protect them?

And yet, what a record of sensuality, ferocity, cunning, treachery, and inhumanity did his subsequent acts unfold, as handed down to us by history, and which have caused his memory to be held in execration!

On the 1st of July 1857 the Nana issued the following Proclamation, which I extract from the *Illustrated London News* of that year. It is a mixture of blasphemy and conceit, and correctly reflects the character of its vile author:

As by the kindness of God and the *ikbal* or good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poona, Satara, and other places, and even those five thousand European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops who are firm to their religion; and as they have all been conquered by the present Government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and to carry on their respective work with comfort and ease.

As by the bounty of the glorious Almighty God and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the white-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners should be as obedient to the present Government as they had been to the former one: that all the Government servants should promptly and cheerfully engage their whole minds in executing the orders of Government, and it is the incumbent duty of all the ryots and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the

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Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mahomedan religions have been confirmed; and that they should as usual be obedient to the authorities of Government, and never to suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority.

In the *Agra Government Gazette* of the 24th of October 1857 a reward of 50,000 rupees was offered for the Nana's apprehension; and in the *Calcutta Gazette* of the 27th of March 1858 appeared the following Proclamation:

Proclamation No. 326, *dated the* 18*th of March* 1858.

It is hereby notified that a reward of one lakh of rupees will be paid to any person who shall deliver alive at any British military post or camp the rebel Nana Dhoondo Punt of Bithoor, commonly called Nana Sahib.

It is further notified that in addition to this reward a free pardon will be given to any mutineer or deserter or rebel who may so deliver up the said Nana Dhoondo Punt.

G. F. Edmonstone,
Secretary to Government of India with the Governor-General.

Was the Nana ever apprehended, the reader will perhaps ask? No, I am sorry to say, although he took refuge in Nepaul, and the ruler of Nepaul was loyal to the British. In regard to this, Malleson says in his *History of the Indian Mutiny*:

At this crisis the real ruler of Nepaul, the Maharaja Jung Bahadoor, behaved with the loyalty that had throughout characterised his dealings with the British. Not only did he inform the armed rebels who had crossed the border that he would afford them no protection, but he allowed British troops to cross the border to disarm any considerable body there assembled.

Mr. R. MacCrea contributes the following interesting information concerning the fate of the Nana:

Some years ago the authorities sent down from Gwalior to Cawnpore a Mahratta, who called himself the Nana. Doctor Tressider, who had been the Civil Surgeon of Cawnpore before the Mutiny, was called on to examine and report. He declared the man an impostor, as an indelible mark of an operation that had been performed on the Nana was wanting, at the same time remarking the striking resemblance borne to the Nana.

In 1881 Pragnarrain Tewary, residing in Ramnarain Bazar, Cawnpore, and cashier to the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway Company, Limited, informed the late W. J. Shepherd and myself at Lucknow that the Nana was dead, that he had died in Nepaul; that his two body servants, Hindoos, also residents of Ramnarain Bazar, had just returned from Nepaul, stating that as their services were no longer required, and their hands not being polluted with Christian blood, they returned to their families, from whom they had been separated since 1857. Pragnarrain Tewary died shortly after; his son, Gunganarrain, became cashier, and I took an early opportunity of going into Cawnpore to verify the above.

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III

In the Entrenchment

Our bungalow was shared by two brothers of the name of Berril, whose Christian names were Tom and Harry; also by a Mrs. Tom Greenway and her family, who had escaped the slaughter at Meerut; and a Mr. Schorn. These gentlemen, together with my step-father, Mr. Cook, used to take turns at night to guard our bungalow.

Several nights went by quietly, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on our security, when one night the alarm was raised by our watchers that the cavalry and artillery were leaving their lines, the former galloping down the road by twos and threes, and keeping out of the range of our guns. We learned later from our spies that they were proceeding to Delhi, when they were recalled by the Nana.

Finding that our bungalow was no longer safe, and as the barracks were already very much crowded, we fled to the church, over the walls of which we were unceremoniously thrown by our male friends already mentioned, as there was no time to enter by the gate. We had already delayed considerably in leaving our bungalow, as this night, above all, we had undressed and gone to sleep; while on previous nights it had been the practice for everyone to retire fully dressed. In the church we found some soldiers located for want of room in the barracks. No sooner had we entered the church than the alarm gun was fired —a summons to betake ourselves to the entrenchment.

This was a spot that had been unwisely selected by General Wheeler, situated six miles lower down to the south-east, at some distance from the river Ganges, and not far from the sepoy lines. Here trenches 18 inches deep were dug, and earthworks a little more than 4 feet high were thrown up, rendering the 'fortifications' most paltry and indefensible.

On the spot were standing two long disused hospital barracks, one pucca built and the other having a thatched roof, both single-storeyed buildings with verandahs running round them, and the usual outhouses some little distance away.

I well remember the night I left our bungalow in company with my dear parents, brothers, and sisters. The city was then under intense excitement; the roads seemed entirely deserted; and all sorts of frightful rumours would reach us daily from the Bazars. The outbreak was momentarily expected; but once within the entrenchment walls we thought ourselves perfectly safe, though, I confess, this was not the general belief. It appears that more than one officer had dissuaded General Wheeler from taking up the position he did. Their opinion from the

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beginning was that the spot and buildings would never stand a siege. Even those who had little pretensions to military tactics perceived the utter insecurity of the place, and pointed out that the magazine was better adapted for defence. It stood on the river bank, and was surrounded by walls of substantial masonry. But General Wheeler seemed to take a far different view of things. He thought the danger exaggerated, and as a proof of this, brought into the entrenchment but six guns of small calibre, only one-third of the ammunition, and not a single shell, leaving a well-stored magazine for the mutineers, and so providing them with the means for our destruction. Alas! little did he know the sufferings, the sorrows, and the sad, sad fate in store for one and all.

It was not, however, till Sunday, the 7th of June, that our troubles really commenced, as on the previous day the rebels were hard at work mounting the siege guns, and by noon on Sunday they got ready a cordon of seven batteries, which opened such a hot and incessant firing on us that Captain Moore, an experienced officer, who, if I mistake not, was attached to the 32nd Light Infantry, remarked that he had never known such heavy and continued cannonading. Our brave soldiers were quite resigned to face such terrific odds, and were game to fight to the bitter end. It was one of the most terrible sights which our eyes now beheld; the whole surrounding country seemed covered with men at arms, on horse and on foot, and they presented a most formidable appearance. They seemed such fearful odds to keep at bay from our Lilliputian defences.

The site of our entrenchment was surrounded by large and substantial buildings, from three to eight hundred yards distant, occupied by the rebels, and from roof and window, all day, a shower of bullets poured down upon us in our exposed position. Shell likewise kept falling all over the entrenchment, and every shot that struck the barracks was followed by the heart-rending shrieks of the women and children, who were either killed outright by the projectiles, or crushed to death by the falling beams, masonry, and splinters. One shell killed seven women as it fell hissing into the trenches and burst. Windows and doors were soon shot off their sockets, and the shot and ball began to play freely through the denuded buildings.

The bare recollection of the dreadful booming of the enemy's guns makes my heart sick even now! The mischief their firing did can better be imagined than described. At first we briskly replied to the fire, but without much effect. Our guns were too small, nor was it thought advisable to exhaust our small store of ammunition, as the rebels took good care to keep well under cover.

In this connexion I cannot help commenting on the cowardice

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displayed by the enemy. They never dared to come to close quarters with our men. Once only, when they set fire to one of our buildings, as you will hear later, they thought to take advantage of the confusion that would have ensued, to molest us at close quarters, but received such a reception that they fled like panic-stricken sheep. Yet God knows they so out-numbered us, that had the position been reversed, and they were inside the entrenchment and we outside, we should have annihilated them inside of an hour.

The agonies we endured during the siege are indescribable. The men were out in the trenches, under the burning rays of a June sun, and those who have visited the North-Western provinces in the height of summer are familiar with the intensity of the heat, where the temperature in the *shade* is as high as 110 to 115 degrees Fahrenheit. It was not the heat alone that caused us intense suffering, but also the lack of food, water, and rest.

In regard to the first, although the commissariat and regimental messes did the best they could in respect to the provisioning of the place, yet the aggregate amount of food was out of all proportion to the thousand mouths that were to be filled. As to the second, the only source of supply was a single well, which soon became the target of the rebel artillery, and it was only at the risk of life that any water could be drawn. Notwithstanding the danger, cheerfully would the men go and draw it rather than see us perish from thirst.

The joint magistrate of the station, Mr. MacKillop, who was a Civil servant, was in charge of the well, and was wounded in the groin by a grape-shot a week after while doing duty at his dangerous post.

The firing became so hot that very soon no water could be drawn out of the well during the day, and we had to wait till late at night, when the firing abated somewhat, and water could be drawn. We had to practise great economy in respect to our water rations, and had to drink it in sips, not knowing when the next supply would be forthcoming.

Our stress for water can be imagined, when on one occasion we were obliged to drink some mixed with human blood, which had fallen into our vessel from the wounds of a native nurse or 'ayah,' who, while standing near by, had both her legs carried away by the bursting of a shell. Water to wash there was none, of course.

The death-rate from sunstroke was very great. The first to succumb was Colonel Williams, of the 56th Native Infantry. He was brought into the thatched barrack quite unconscious, and died at my feet, leaving a widow and two daughters. At

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dusk the body was dragged out by the legs, the head bumping down the barrack steps, and his remains were then cast into a well just outside the entrenchment, where all our dead were thrown. His death affected us very much, especially on account of the pitiless way in which the body was disposed of.

A fatigue party would go round and remove the dead bodies into the outer verandah of one of the buildings, where they would lie until nightfall and then be consigned to the well, as already related.

Our troubles hourly increased; and we began to feel the pangs of hunger, our provision-room having shared the same fate as the other parts of the building. My poor little brothers and sisters, wee little things as they were, felt the want of food dreadfully, and would have eaten the most loathsome thing had it been served up as an article of diet. Infants were starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had dried of their nourishment.

Our last meal was a horse, which was lying wounded. His flesh was converted into soup, and many cheerfully partook of it. All we had to live on now was a handful of parched gram which had been brought for the horses. This was served round by a soldier once a day with a little rum.

I found a wounded soldier one day gasping his last, and fainting from the want of food. I gave him a little *kicheri* (a preparation of rice and dâl cooked together) which I had been hoarding up for some days for the little ones. His gratitude knew no bounds. He told me that many a day had passed without his tasting any food, and though hardly able to speak from exhaustion, he thanked me over and over again in his feeble voice. Oh, for British pluck and valour that could fight and starve and make no complaint!

In this connexion I would like to describe, even in feeble language, the condition of our poor defenders in the entrenchment. Worked to death; underfed, and, in the later stages of the siege, starved; continually under a hot fire from the mutineers; their uniforms rotting on their backs; their faces unwashed; their hands covered with grime from the guns, which dried and formed a hard coating; they were such a pitiful sight to see. Our Artillerymen, one by one, dropped at their guns, and were replaced by volunteers and civilians, who had to be trained to their new, unfamiliar, and nerve-trying duties. Then when our guns were damaged by the heavy artillery of the enemy, and ammunition had to be improvised to adapt itself to our damaged guns, we women had to give up our stockings and other parts of our clothing towards this end.

The mortality increased rapidly, and sometimes a whole family would be found lying dead side by side. Great difficulty

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was experienced in the removal of the dead. As I have said, they were piled in a corner of the verandah and kept there till late at night, when the fire abating, they were consigned to the well. The stench from our room was insufferable, and our suffering from want of water I cannot describe. During this awful time many women were seized with the pangs of childbirth, and had to undergo a most distressing publicity. Our only hope in this dreadful exigency was help from Sir Henry Lawrence. General Wheeler had written to him to come to our relief, and as much as 5000 rupees had been paid for the conveyance of the letter.

Half our number had lost their reason; my dear mother (who was then seven months *enceinte*) being one of the afflicted. I used to sit and listen to her ravings, muttered in broken sentences. Her one theme was her mother whom she wanted to see. At one moment she would be calling for a conveyance to take her to her mother, and the next her mind would wander away to something else. Her dreadful affliction rendered me heartbroken, and her cries haunt me still. There was a clergyman among us who died raving mad through the combined effects of heat, exposure, and fear, and used to walk about stark naked. His condition was pitiful to see.

IV

The Burning of the Barrack

As I have said before, we had but six guns, of which only one was a 24-pounder. In consequence of the damage done to our guns by the enemy's shells, they were rendered well-nigh useless. Captain Moore, taking advantage of a lull in the fire, determined to make a sortie. The first intimation we had of his intention was in the form of an order requesting everyone to keep perfectly quiet. The suspense of that night I cannot describe; we knew that the number of sick and wounded was large, and the idea of seeing the small number of our defenders reduced by fifty men, including a first-rate officer, threw us into agonies of fear. Every sound was hushed in no time; the stillness of death seemed to be on us, and the very infants appeared to realise that danger was in the air. Captain Moore came back sooner than we had expected; he was absent about an hour, but that hour seemed an eternity to us. He had gone out with a party of fifty soldiers; it was a very dark night, and they crept on all fours to the guns that had been giving us the most annoyance. The Golundazas (artillerymen) were fast asleep at their posts, and when subsequently made conscious of our presence took fright and fled, doubtless imagining that a large force was upon them; but not before several of them were killed. Captain Moore succeeded in spiking a good number of guns, blew up one

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of the 24-pounders, and also brought in one gun. I remember the loud and hearty cheers which hailed his return. He was indeed a brave man, and daring to the last.

But, alas! the rebels soon had their revenge. This bold deed of his exasperated them to such a degree that the following day the shelling was kept up without a moment's intermission, with the result that they succeeded in setting fire to the thatched-roof building already referred to.

I remember a most gruesome incident that occurred before the fire. An officer had just come into the barracks from the trenches, and had taken a seat in the verandah to rest himself. He must have had a touch of the sun, as his face was very flushed. He hadn't sat down more than a few minutes when a shot struck him full in the face, taking his head clean off. His body continued to remain seated, his hands falling by his sides, the blood gushing from between his shoulders like a fountain, and falling on those who rushed to his rescue.

There was a high breeze on at the time, and the material with which the roof was built being so inflammable afforded not the least chance to save anything. The scene that ensued was awful. The women and children were panic-stricken; confronted on one side by the burning building, and on the other by the shot and shell from the enemy's guns, which fell like hail on every side, they knew not where to run for protection. The soldiers had to keep their places in the trenches, it being a critical moment for the garrison, as the enemy were preparing to storm the position. The cries of the sick and wounded to be saved from the flames and the falling building were heart-rending. The rebels, guided in their firing by the blazing pile, poured a continuous volley of shot and shell into the burning building, the occupants whereof were dragged out without any regard to the excruciating pain occasioned by their wounds. Several were burnt alive. My sister, a little girl of five, had her leg fractured by a falling block of masonry. A woman had half of one foot torn off, and as all the hospital stores were destroyed both these poor sufferers had to stay as they were. Mother and I were both wounded in the head. I cared little what I suffered, but I could not bear to look on their agonies, and often have I turned away from the sight of their sufferings, feeling my own mind bordering on distraction. Every drop of medicine in the building was destroyed, and the consequences felt almost immediately, and bitterly too, for, putting recovery out of the question, no relief whatever could now be afforded to the sick and wounded. There was nothing now to soothe their dying moments, not even a drop of water to moisten their parched lips. The heat affected their wounds, and the flies settled on them and drove them crazy with their disagreeable presence. It was not for that our skirts were

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in demand. We tore every vestige, even to our sleeves, to supply bandages for the wounded. Great God, was it possible that human beings could endure so much! Gladly would we have laid down rank and wealth for our freedom, but we saw no hope, and our strength was growing less and less daily.

I give below a copy of a letter from Sir Hugh Wheeler to Sir Henry Lawrence, dated the 24th of June, setting out the position, and applying for help:

I avail myself of the return of Maclean's man to give you an account of the past and present. (Here follows the detail of the mutiny of the 4th of June.)

Since then we have had a bombardment in this miserable position three or four times daily, now nineteen days exposed to two twenty-fours, and eight other guns of smaller calibre, and three mortars; to reply with eight nines, you know, is out of the question—neither would our ammunition permit it. All our carriages more or less disabled, ammunition short; British spirit alone remains, but it cannot last for ever. Yesterday morning they attempted the most formidable assault, but dared not come on; and after above three hours in the trenches cheering the men, I returned to find my favourite darling son killed by a nine-pounder in the room with his mother and sisters. He was not able to accompany me, having been fearfully crippled by a severe contusion. The cannonade was tremendous. I venture to assert such a position so defended has no example, but cruel has been the evil. (Here follows a list of killed and wounded.) We have no instruments, no medicine; provision for ten days at farthest, and no possibility of getting any, as all communication with the town is cut off. We have been cruelly deserted and left to our fate. We had not above 220 soldiers of all arms at first; the casualties have been numerous. Railway gents and merchants have swollen our ranks to what they are; small as that is, they have done excellent service, but neither they nor I can last for ever. We have all lost everything belonging to us, and have not even a change of linen. Surely we are not to die *like rats in a cage*. We know nothing of Allahabad, to which place we have sent five notes; but whether they have reached, or even gone, we as yet know not. The ladies, women, and children have not a safe hole to lie down in, and they all sleep in the trenches for safety and coolness. The barracks are perforated in every direction, and cannot long give even the miserable shelter which they now do.

Numbers of women and children were now rendered roofless and exposed to the burning rays of the sun. The whole place was nothing but a ruin. It is beyond me to describe accurately the havoc the fire caused. The walls retained their heat for four or five days, and the building could not be approached within three feet.

In one short day death swept away Mrs. Captain Belson and child, Miss Campbell, Colonel Williams' daughter, Miss Yeates, Mr. Christy and child. All these died of a maddening fever.

I can compare the rooms to nothing but heated ovens; but mothers who could not endure to see their little ones literally scorched under a burning sun had no alternative but to keep them

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in the rooms. It was only avoiding one evil to seek another, for, alas! death was everywhere.

There was a room safer, comparatively speaking, than the rest, and one night two little girls, about eight or nine years old, were left in it by their parents, whose agony it is impossible to describe when they returned the following morning and found that a shell had burst in the room and killed them. They were simply torn to pieces, bones, brains and flesh strewn all over, and not a step could you take without treading on some portion of their remains. These were reverently collected together in a sheet and thrown into the well. God be praised that they were put beyond the pale of the Nana's horrible butcheries! In this same room Miss Williams died of fever, and also her mother, who had received a splinter from a shell in her face, which carried off her nose.

The swarms of flies were a plague, and the offensive smell from the dead animals unbearable. They mostly prowled near the well, where they received the shots which constantly rattled there, and fragments of their flesh fell in and polluted the water. The horses were sent adrift, as there was neither shelter nor food for them.

Words cannot describe our wretchedness and misery. Several families became reckless, and were seized with the insane hope that they would fare better if they left the entrenchment; and begged General Wheeler's permission to leave. Disguising themselves as ayahs (native nurses) and bheesties (water carriers), they were led out, while a volley of blank cartridges was fired on them to maintain the deception that they were natives. Alas! the ruse availed them nothing, as they were captured and killed.

With our hearts bowed down with grief, and our spirits utterly crushed, we prayed, as mortals never prayed before, for help to reach us from some side; but it was all hopeless. Nothing would satisfy the Nana's insatiable thirst for Christian blood.

We had scouts placed on the pucca barrack, with glasses, to watch the enemy's movements and to guide our artillery fire. It was here that Lieutenant Wheeler was severely wounded, and while being attended to by his mother and sisters in a room received a round shot which took off his head. The General could ill sustain this dreadful shock, and was advised to keep within doors, his orders being transmitted through Captains Kempland and Moore.

In this manner we held out for about three weeks, and were at the last gasp when, on the 25th of June, a message was brought to us from the Nana by Mrs. Henry Jacobi, who was well known to most of us. She was the wife of a watchmaker. It was a source of unbounded delight to us to see a white face from over

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the border, and we invited her to stay; but she said she could not, as the Nana had kept her children and would kill them if she did not go back.

The message she had brought, as I learned later, was written on a slip of paper in the handwriting of Azimoola Khan, the Nana's secretary, and was addressed 'To the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.' It was to the effect that all those who were in no way connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie and were willing to lay down their arms would receive a safe passage to Allahabad. Or, in other words, we were to give up the treasure and guns, and to walk out as we stood, and would be provided with forty boats, provisions, and an escort to see us safely landed at Allahabad.

The following particulars concerning Mrs. Henry Jacobi, kindly placed at my disposal by Mr. R. MacCrea, will prove of considerable interest:

On the 6th of June, when Sir Hugh Wheeler sent round a notice for the residents to seek immediate shelter in the entrenched position, Henry Jacobi, the watchmaker, his wife and children, preferred seeking shelter in Oude. They crossed the Ganges by the Bridge of Boats during the night, and entered a tope of trees. In the morning they were discovered and sent in as prisoners to the Nana on the 7th of June. The great heat had affected Mr. Jacobi, who was carried on a charpoy. On arrival at Duncan's Hotel, where the Nana was residing, Mrs. Jacobi found that her husband had succumbed to heat apoplexy. On this she reviled the Nana in language strong and forcible, and was then ordered to be confined in the Sevada Kotee.

Mr. MacCrea then refers to Sir Hugh Wheeler's letter to Sir Henry Lawrence, dated the 24th of June, given above, and says:

This repulse showed how critically the Nana was situated, knowing that a British force would shortly attempt the relief of the Garrison. It was then resolved in Council that the siege must be raised, and that fraud and treachery should be employed where force had hitherto failed.

Azimoola Khan, the Free School student, and Secretary to the Nana, wrote the letter proposing a safe passage by water to Allahabad, if the Garrison would capitulate. The messenger selected was Mrs. Henry Jacobi, well known to the residents of the Garrison.

Captain Mowbray Thomson says:

'On the twenty-first day of the siege, the firing of my picket having ceased for a short time, the look-out man in the crow's nest shouted "There's a woman coming across!" She had a child at her breast, but was so improperly clothed as to be without shoes and stockings. I lifted her over the barrier in a fainting condition. As soon as she had recovered herself she handed me a letter with this inscription: "To the subjects of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria." I took the document to Captain Moore, and he, together with General Wheeler and Captain

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Whiting, deliberated over its contents. The whole of the day Mrs. Jacobi (not Mrs. Greenway, as erroneously stated) stayed in my picket all the time the deliberations were going on. She was eager to return to her children, whom her brutal captors had retained as hostages.'

Mr. MacCrea continues :

When this letter was entrusted to Mrs. Jacobi she was carefully instructed that, if she returned without the acceptance of the terms, of which she was informed, her children would be killed.

Mrs. Jacobi was aware of the treachery intended, as the Nana's Camp was in the Sevada Compound. Captain Mowbray Thomson mentions her extreme uneasiness at being detained in the Garrison.

Though she allowed her feelings as a mother to remain in the ascendant, she ultimately met the same fate as the other prisoners.

Had Mrs. Jacobi informed Sir Hugh of the capture of Allahabad by Neill, and of a force assembling for his relief, as well as the treachery intended at the Ghat, the Garrison would to a man have died at their post rather than have capitulated.

The names of Mrs. Henry Jacobi and three children are given in the list, kept by the native doctor in charge of the captives, of those killed on the 15th of July.

Captain McRae, in command of an advance party of H.M. 64th and Highlanders, was the very first to enter the Slaughter House on the morning of the 17th of July. He observed the bodies of two women gashed and tied to pillars, and others lying about the room; also a hook in the wall which showed that a child had been impaled on it. It was unfortunate that the relieving force were entire strangers to the Cawnpore public; hence none of the bodies were recognised.

The sketch (*sic*) plainly shows that special attention had been paid to the women tied to the pillars; that when Hosseini Khan entered with the butchers, some of the prisoners were prepared to resist their murderers.

The writer, an old resident of Cawnpore, knew two such women, and has named those tied to the pillars as:

Mrs. Henry Jacobi, the widow of the watchmaker, and Mrs. William Probett, the widow of the Dâk Agent.

These women were of middle stature, squarely built, and were the daughters of gunners of the Bengal Artillery, quite capable of making a stout resistance, and holding their own against any single native.

Mr. MacCrea then gives the following account of Mrs. Jacobi's death, which, however, I am inclined to consider somewhat apocryphal :

Mrs. Jacobi, standing behind the pillar, started forward and attacked her nearest assailant, the butcher, whom she felled to the ground by a blow, and while trying to wrench the sword out of his hand, was overpowered by his comrades and bound to the pillar, where she continued showering curses on her assailants and the Nana. Her child, who had been clinging to her dress, was seized and impaled by the chin to a hook on the wall before they cut her throat and nearly severed the head.

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V

The Capitulation

Mrs. Jacobi spent the whole day in the entrenchment, while the deliberations on the message she had brought were being conducted. Every soldier in the garrison revolted at the idea of surrendering, knowing well the treacherous character of the Nana. Moreover, the thought of white men surrendering to the blacks were most abhorrent to British prestige. Most of the officers, too, were for fighting to the bitter end, as was likewise General Wheeler, who still entertained hopes of help from Sir Henry Lawrence.

The situation was critical in the extreme. On the one side, our numbers were fearfully reduced by death through disease, gunshot, privation, and hunger; our guns had been considerably damaged by the enemy; and even had they not been, they could make no adequate reply to the heavy fire of the enemy's guns. Our ammunition was fast coming to an end, and our food supply had run out. With starvation staring us in the face, and black despair at our hearts, who could blame the wisdom of the decision that was at last reluctantly arrived at, in favour of capitulation?

The day following—*viz.* the 26th of June—was a great day for us. The flag of truce was hoisted, and the roaring of cannon having ceased, a weight seemed to have been taken off our hearts. The joy was general, and everybody seemed to have at once forgotten their past sufferings. It was such happiness to quit a place so fraught with misery for all of us, and haunted with the groans of the wounded and the dying. Poor deluded fools that we were, for little did we dream what was still in store for us!

The soldiers were singing and dancing, and they tried to get up a little fun for the children. It was the first time since we entered the entrenchment that the little ones were allowed their liberty, and they soon made up for lost time. A cask was converted into a drum and belaboured with a stick; one man whistled a jig, while the others started to dance. The children, though very much broken down and emaciated, yet gathered round the dancers and tried to show their appreciation of the entertainment got up for them. We walked about that evening enjoying our freedom; no creeping about on all fours, and having to lie flat on our faces every now and then in fear of the shells.

We sadly needed clothing, for, as I have already said, our dresses had been torn for bandages. I went into the entrenchment with a dress made up of frills from the waist downwards, as was the fashion in those days, but when I left I had only the body, the entire skirt having been torn up to serve as bandages. Our boxes were used to strengthen the barricade, and when restored

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to us were in as disreputable a condition as ourselves. We selected from them a few necessary articles of clothing, and left the rest for the Nana's benefit. Those who had jewellery concealed it about their persons.

At dawn on the morning of the 27th of June we fell into order, though no bugle was sounded. Behold us as we then appeared, like so many ghosts, tattered, emaciated, and begrimed! Many a woman and child whom I had seen enter with beautiful and smiling countenances now looked old, haggard, desperate and imbecile. There they stood, shoeless and stockingless, and destitute of all the finery so dear to the heart of woman—objects fit to make the angels weep! The old—battered and bruised, like ships that come into port after being buffeted by storms—babbled like children; others had a vacant stare in their eyes, as if they beheld visions of the future. Many a little child was raving mad, and it was pitiful to see their singular behaviour.

Although we had all been driven to most horrible straits, still every woman retained her modesty and refinement to the last. In this connexion I would say, situated as we were in the entrenchment, it was not possible to observe etiquette and decorum, for we had to witness sights that often shocked us. Many a night I have been astounded on waking up to find a soldier sharing my *charpoy* (native bed), where the poor fellow had thrown himself down in utter weariness!

We were getting ready to start when the rebels rushed into the entrenchment, terrifying us to death by their rude and insolent behaviour; and from many of us our little bundles, money, and valuables were rudely snatched away. Captain Kempland was severely beaten by some of the cavalry, his musket snatched out of his hands; and many other officers were treated in the same way. These men would rather have died a hundred deaths than have submitted to such indignities at the hands of the black devils, but to have resented the insults would have been folly, outnumbered as we were. Captain Moore was the only one who would not brook their insults. Drawing himself up to his full height, and with a manner full of pride and courage, he told the mutineers that their triumph would be short-lived, and that every man would yet pay dearly for his misdeeds. Some of the rabble, enraged by his plain speaking, abused him so foully that it made our ears tingle and our blood boil. Others threatened to spit on his face if he did not observe perfect silence. What a situation for the hero of the garrison, and our hearts ached for this brave man, who, by his never-failing courtesy and kindness to us poor suffering women, helped us to bear our troubles bravely.

Woman though I am, every feeling in me is roused to a pitch of fury when I recall that scene, and my blood boils to think that

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the people of England are so incredulous, hardly seeming to realise the brutalities we suffered at the hands of the so-called 'Mild Hindoo.'

Our hearts now began to quail at the prospect before us, as the rebels had given us an earnest of what we were to expect at their hands.

VI

The Massacre at the Ghat

It was about seven o'clock when we left for the Ghat, mounted on elephants, like sheep being driven to the shambles, the rebel army escorting us. The elephants provided for our conveyance were not allowed by their *mahouts* (or drivers) to sit down so that we might mount in comfort. We were therefore obliged to climb up by their tails, and you can imagine the brutality of such a proceeding (instigated by the Nana), when the wounded and sick had to adopt this mode of ascent and fell to the ground. This nearly cost my poor mother her life, for, hampered as she was by her *enceinte* condition, and weakened by hunger and privation, the task was a most Herculean one for her to perform, and she fell heavily. How much better that she had died then and so have ended her sufferings; but, alas! her cup was then not full to the brim, for there was still worse in store for her. My only consolation is that she and my little brothers and sisters were not among the victims of the Nana's bloodthirstiness as displayed in the Slaughter House.

Reaching the Ghat we found that the boats were not very close to the shore, and the task of getting on board was a most difficult one. We had to wade knee-deep through the water, and it was pitiful to witness the difficulty of the aged, the sick, and the wounded in clambering up the boats' sides.

For the benefit of my readers who have no knowledge of India, I would here state that the type of boats on which we had to embark resembled the English fishing smack, having at one end an awning of thatch, under which passengers would sit. Each boat was only large enough to accommodate four people comfortably, while as many as ten and fifteen were huddled together, owing to the small number of boats placed at our disposal.

Under the awning of our boat were seated my step-father, two brothers and two sisters, and an Indian nurse; while on the deck or forepart were two soldiers, my little sister, and myself. In the hopeless scramble and confusion that ensued, and also on account of the want of room in our boat, my poor mother was conveyed to another boat a short distance away.

While we were endeavouring to embark the shore was lined

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with spectators, who were looking on and exulting like so many demons, as they undoubtedly were, over our distressing condition, taunting and jeering at us for having at last fallen into their hands. The black devils grinned like so many apes, keeping up an incessant chatter in their monkey language.

After all had embarked—which took about two hours to accomplish—the word was given to proceed. Instead of the crew obeying these orders, a signal was given from the shore and they all leaped into the water and waded to the bank, after having first secreted burning charcoal in the thatch of most of the boats. Immediately a volley of bullets assailed us, followed by a hail of shot and grape which struck the boats. The two soldiers seated alongside of me were wounded, and crept into the shelter of the awning to escape being made further targets of. In a few minutes pandemonium reigned. Several of the boats were seen to be wrapped in flames, and the sick and wounded were burnt to death. Some jumped overboard and tried to swim to the opposite shore, but were picked off by the bullets of the sepoys. Others were drowned, while a few jumped into the water and hid behind their boats to escape the pitiless fire. But the guns continued their vile work, and grape and musketry were poured into the last-mentioned people from the opposite bank which soon became alive with rebels who had been placed there to intercept refugees to that shore. A few succeeded in pushing their boats to the further side of the river and were mercilessly slaughtered.

The cavalry waded into the river with drawn swords and cut down those who were still alive, while the infantry boarded the boats to loot. One unfortunate, a Mr. Kirkpatrick, in trying to ward off the blows from a sabre with his arms, had both arms chopped off. I saw him about half an hour later lying in the water still alive!

The air resounded with the shrieks of the women and children and agonised prayers to God for mercy. The water was red with blood, and the smoke from the heavy firing of the cannon and muskets and the fire from the burning boats, lay like dense clouds over and around us. Several men were mutilated in the presence of their wives, while babies and children were torn from their mothers' arms and hacked to pieces, the mothers being compelled to look on at the carnage! Many children were deliberately set fire to and burned, while the sepoys laughed and cheered, inciting each other to greater acts of brutality!

My poor little sister, the one who had had her leg fractured in the entrenchment, moaned piteously, crying out the while 'Oh, Amy, don't leave me!' A few yards away I saw the boat

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containing my poor mother slowly burning, and I cowered on the deck overwhelmed with grief, not knowing what horrible fate the next moment had in store for me. My heart beat like a sledge hammer, and my temples throbbed with pain; but there I sat, gripping my little sister's hand, while the bullets fell like hail around me, praying fervently to God for mercy, and every second expecting to be in the presence of my Maker!

The sepoys quickly boarded our boat, and a few trinkets I had with me were forcibly taken possession of by one of them. These not being sufficient to satisfy his avarice, he had the barbarity to fetch me a blow on the head with his musket. Shortly after I was beckoned to by a sowar who was on his horse riding alongside of our boat, the water reaching up to his saddle. I turned sick with fear, but paid no heed, pretending I had not seen him. He then levelled his carbine at me, but finding that it had not the effect of frightening me into submission to his wishes, and unable to approach near enough to the boat, he shouted out to another sepoy who was on the boat to throw me into the water. I was thereupon brutally seized round the waist, and though I struggled and fought wildly, was quickly overcome and tossed into the river.

The cries of my poor little sister, imploring me wildly not to leave her, still ring in my ears; and her last look of anguish at me preparatory to my undignified exit from the boat has haunted me ever since. That was the last I ever saw or heard of my family, and I fervently pray God that they died in the boat, as so many others did, and did not participate in the cruelties that were perpetrated on the one hundred and twenty forlorn victims of the Nana's frenzy three weeks later.

VII

I am taken Prisoner

I was soon taken to the shore, where I found another young lady, whom I recognised as Miss Ulrica Wheeler, the younger daughter of General Wheeler, who had been taken captive like myself. I heard later that her poor old father had been cut down by a sowar at the Ghat and fell into the water. Her mother and elder sister were massacred at the Ghat.

I was made to walk alongside of the sowar, who was on horseback, and who kept a tight hold of my hand all the time.

Drenched to the skin, bare-footed and bare-headed, I was conducted to a subadar's hut a distance of about three miles from the Ghat. Here I was given a change of clothing of varied hue, consisting of the garments worn by the upper classes of native females, comprising a pyjama, which was very close-fitting and tight at the ankles and quite loose in the upper part; a *coorta*

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(or jacket) reaching down to the knees, with long sleeves, likewise tight-fitting, and a muslin shawl, termed a *doputta*, which covered the head, shoulders, and body. Disguised in this costume, and my face tanned from exposure to the hot sun while in the trenches, it was easy enough for my captor to move me about from place to place—as he later on did—without exciting comment; otherwise the sight of an English girl in the train of a Mahommedan would have attracted such attention as would have terminated both our lives.

In this hut I was kept a close prisoner for what seemed to me an age, though it could not have been more than a couple of hours. The uncertain fate of my stepfather, brothers and sisters, and my own perilous and deplorable condition sent me wellnigh mad, and soon brought on a burning fever. Regardless of my sufferings and my exhausted state, I was carried before two Moulvies (Mahommedan priests), whose names I afterwards learned were Liakut Ali and Ameerun Ali, men well known for their mutinous preaching in Allahabad. The former was a village schoolmaster when the outbreak at Allahabad took place, and, styling himself a prophet, excited the fanaticism of the people. He established himself at Khusrubagh, and proclaimed the restoration of the Moghul Empire and the extinction of the British. On Neill's arrival he fled to Cawnpore and joined the Nana, when he was placed in charge of the Mahommedan Camp. After Cawnpore was taken he fled, and some years later was captured at Bombay and sent a prisoner to Allahabad, where he was tried and sentenced to transportation for life, I being the principal witness against him. The second villain I never came across again, but trust he also met an ignominious end.

And now occurred the most dramatic episode in my life. I found myself in a large tent, which had originally been Government property and used as an officers' mess. It was scantily furnished, a *durrie*, or Indian carpet, being spread on the floor, and a few chairs scattered round; the Moulvies sat with solemn faces on a wooden daïs, each having a drawn sword by his side. They looked for all the world like marble effigies stained in black, seated quite motionless, with their eyes cast down, and as if not daring to breathe. I was not granted the courtesy of a chair, but was made to squat on the ground; and I can only presume that the sanctity of the Moulvies' presence would not permit of such gross familiarity as the idea of a seat on a chair would have involved!

Reader, can you picture the scene, and the frightful insolence conveyed in the attitudes of the principal *dramatis personae*? Here was I, a young, cultured English girl, forcibly clothed in native costume, seated crouching on the floor, at the foot of the daïs

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on which the Moulvies sat. Behind me stood a horde of wild-looking, fanatical Moslems who had assembled to witness the *tamasha*; while towering over me, with a drawn sword in his hand, was another fanatic who seemed to be the Master of Ceremonies. The bright, mid-day sun lighted up the scene and the countenances of the actors and audience, some expressive of sullen indifference, others of religious frenzy and cruelty, and a few of vulgar curiosity at the sight of an English 'Missee' being placed so entirely in their power.

A deadly silence reigned, and the followers of the Prophet began the ceremony of my forced 'conversion' to their faith. A 'blessed' pomegranate was broken in halves, one section of which the Moulvie-in-chief partook of, while the other was handed to me to eat. A glass of sherbet was then partially drunk by him, I having to dispose of the remainder. Prayers were then recited in a loud voice, after which a female attendant, taking me by the hand, led me out of the tent to an improvised bathing place, where she undressed and bathed me. This was done in the way of 'purification,' as previous to it I was, from the religious point of view, held to be 'unclean.' A new suit of clothes of the same type as the previous one was given to me to wear, and after dressing myself I was brought back to the tent, where I was made to stand and recite with bowed head a prayer termed the *Kulma*. This ended the ceremony, and my captor took me back to the hut where I had been lodged.

AMELIA BENNETT.

Howrah.

(To be concluded.)

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THE MOTHER AND SOCIAL REFORM

(II)

It may have seemed to readers of the first[1] article that the case was too strongly stated—that the married women of the poor have no such keen sense of their legal and social disabilities as naturally animates a social investigator accustomed to other conditions. It is quite true that law, religion, custom, and the economic system have all combined to compel the wives to accept a position of subordination and dependence. Some, indeed, become so cowed and crushed, so lost to all sense of dignity and self-respect that they not only take ill-treatment as a matter of course, but actually resent other women resenting it. 'The neighbours have gone on to me something shocking,' said Mrs. T——, whose battered visage in the police court had procured three months' imprisonment for her husband; 'they say none of them would have gone up with a face as bad as mine, and had him "put away" for so long.' The matrons of the slums were at first genuinely horrified at the suffrage agitation. 'All this talk about the vote is going against God,' emphatically declared one elderly dame; 'women were made for men.' 'It's true we have a terrible hard time,' said another, whose life of 'sacrifice' might satisfy even Miss Violet Markham, 'but it can't be right to go against the Bible.' Scripture is sometimes unconsciously misquoted in the effort to find religious sanction for the traditional position of the wife. 'He told me last night,' sobbed a girl, whose husband had refused to let her help a mother in distress, 'that it was in the Testament that I was to forsake my father and my mother and cleave only to him.' Any way of life, however filled with suffering and injustice, seems natural to those who have no experience of any other. The women of one of the cannibal tribes on the Congo told their white visitor, without the least sign of indignation, that their husbands would, of course, eat them should food become scarce. But the fact that the majority of slaves acquiesced in slavery, and sometimes even conceived warm affection for their owners, never yet rendered slavery any the less a source of untold evil to the State. Human beings possess extraordinary powers of moral as well as of

[1] *Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1913.

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physical adaptation to existing conditions, and there is less of continuous, conscious unhappiness among even badly treated women than one would expect, but their minds and wills are stunted and distorted to the irreparable loss of their families and of the community.

Consider, for instance, a report on a family, recently furnished by an official of the Education Department of the London County Council. 'The mother has reached that state of hopeless poverty when she no longer cares what happens; says her husband has given her nothing for three weeks. There are seven children under twelve. Man once had good work but lost it long ago through drink.' Or this, from the notes of a chairman of a school attendance committee: 'Delicate, hopeless-looking woman; child absent because of boots. Father brought in 4*s*. 6*d*. for two weeks. Six children, eldest eleven, youngest five weeks. Officer reports father well-known drinking man. Wife has had to work ever since her marriage, though the husband had regular work.'

There is a widespread feeling that the nation is not reaping an equivalent return for the huge sums spent on elementary education, but the foundations of character are laid outside the school walls, and it is the mother's attitude towards life which is the prime factor in the moral and spiritual development of her children. As well look for water to run uphill as for the State to derive right-thinking and right-living citizens from the offspring of broken and ill-used mothers!

Women of naturally vigorous character, when they recognise the hopelessness of their future, sometimes become almost incredibly brutalised, defiantly repudiating the conventions and the dictates of a society which has left them defenceless to their fate. The public-house is their real home, drinking with their 'pals' their only pleasure, while sexual morality hardly exists among them. From both the crushed and the brutalised arise mischiefs incalculable to the body politic; but did the voters of the country, who in the last resort are responsible for the laws, receive their deserts, the numbers of each would be increased a hundredfold. 'It needs such a lot of strength,' said Mrs. P——, who spoke from long observation of life in poor quarters, 'to hold up against a man who drinks the rent and leaves you to face the landlord, who forces you to pawn the children's boots and your own shift, who knocks you about one day and takes you to the public-house the next, that, were it not for the children, not one woman in a hundred could keep herself straight.'

The children, indeed, in some sort save the situation, and instances in which they are wilfully neglected or unkindly treated are surprisingly few. Unsatisfactory homes are practically

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certain to come, sooner or later, under the notice of the school-attendance officers, but one of those working in a large London district stated recently that not in 5 per cent. of the cases referred to him for investigation did he find a lack of love and care. For the children's sake the women go hungry and ragged, bear with blows and insults, remorselessly sacrifice their moral standards and their personal health. No more perverse misrepresentation ever misled the country than the theory so vigorously promulgated a few years ago that the high infant mortality among the poor was due to the decay of their maternal instincts. Since then, the charge has practically collapsed owing to its inherent falsity, but the leaders of public opinion so shrink from facing the real facts of the lives of the mothers that, as was noted last month, they have found a new cry. The position now taken is that the women, though well-meaning, are so ignorant of the care of infants that health visitors must be appointed and schools for mothers opened to instruct them in their duties.

Could these agencies restore the crushed or the degraded, they would doubtless be the most meritorious of institutions, but experience shows this is beyond their powers. Society cannot thus easily get rid of the fruits of its own misdoing, and the only remedy is to cut off the supply of wrecked lives at the source by dealing with the causes that create them. The visitors and the 'schools' have brought a much-needed element of sympathy, friendship, and co-operation into the lives of many poverty-stricken and isolated women, but as far as the care of their babies is concerned, average working-class mothers have little to learn. They have their own ways, which, though horrifying no doubt to their middle-class critics, are suited to their circumstances, and are crowned with amazing success. To any unprejudiced mind the statistics of infant mortality are an eloquent tribute to the extraordinary skill and self-devotion of the women of the mean streets. Take, for instance, the figures from the last annual report of the Medical Officer of Health for Kensington. In North Kensington the infantile death-rate was 148 per 1000, as against 103 in South Kensington—a difference of only 4½ per cent. between the poor district and the rich one. Yet consider the difference of conditions. The typical baby of South Kensington has a skilled attendant told off for its sole service. It has at least one whole room devoted to its especial use; it has regular hours for exercise, food, and sleep; the best medical advice is available for its smallest ailment; its mother guards her own health jealously for its sake; should its natural food fail, the best substitutes in the market are at its disposal. The mother of the typical baby of North Kensington staggers to her feet a few days after her confinement and begins her endless round of

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cooking, cleaning, mending, and washing, and can only attend to the newcomer when she has satisfied the needs of the rest of the family. The home is small, dark, and ill-ventilated. To save expense the mother must as long as possible feed the infant herself, but should her milk fail, or, as more often happens, become so poor in quality that it half kills the child, she must, perforce, fall back on boiled bread and condensed milk, and at the earliest possible moment promote it to 'bits' from the family table. This is not due to her 'ignorance,' but because milk of any sort is so far beyond her resources that it can only be obtained through stinting the other children's necessaries. In short, she is unable to secure for her baby a single proper condition as understood by well-to-do parents.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the infant mortality of North Kensington is swollen by factors which either do not operate at all or which operate to a much less extent in the case of its richer neighbour. All poverty-stricken areas have a residual population of alcoholics, consumptives, and mental defectives, whose fecundity is great, and whose young children die in great numbers, thereby swelling the infant death-rate of their districts. Their fate, however, does not lie at the door of the average mother of the poor. We are told, also, that nearly one-third of all infant deaths is due to ante-natal causes, of which maternal exhaustion is chief, and this factor must necessarily be far more frequent in those social levels where the women are constantly overdriven, underfed, and not seldom ill-treated.

Were it possible to make the proper deduction on these scores, one may well question whether the balance would not weigh against the wealthy portion of the Royal Borough, in spite of its hygienic and economic advantages. The Kensington figures can, to a certain degree, be paralleled by those from other places. The difference as regards infant mortality between favoured localities like Hampstead and Lewisham and poor ones like Bermondsey and Shoreditch varies from 6 to 7 per cent., and Mr. Rowntree found much the same proportion existing between the richer and the poorer parts of York. The lesser ratio in the case of Kensington is probably due to the fact that its divisions contain a greater intermingling of rich and poor than do the last-named districts. It is not easy to say what inference should be drawn from these figures. Are we to conclude that the children of the masses are born so vigorous that they can combat the myriad difficulties of their physical lives? If so, what becomes of the cry of national degeneration? If, on the other hand, we are to gather that the maxims of Harley Street are far from being of universal validity, what becomes of the modern claim of the medical profession to dominate human life from the cradle

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to the grave? In truth, one cannot understand why the babies live, or how they recover from their grievous illnesses, and it sometimes seems as if the mothers of the people possessed some secret, not known to those whose children are cared for by hirelings, whereby they transfer some of their own vitality to the infants in their arms. It is a well-known fact that young children will often dwindle and pine in hospitals and convalescent homes in spite of the greatest care and the most scientific treatment, and only begin to recover weight when sent back to the care of their mothers.

After the age of two the children frequently begin to fall off. Maternal care and skill can no longer neutralise the bad conditions of the homes, and the boys and girls in the elementary schools compare badly, as regards height, weight, and freedom from physical defects with the children of the upper classes. If it be true, however, that the first twelve months of life are the supreme test of 'mothering,' working women have no cause to blush.

The attitude of authority towards these unfortunate beings—the Prime Minister refuses to include them in the category of people—on whose shoulders the whole economic and social fabric rests, but who, as was shown in the last article, are denied the elementary rights of protection for their persons, and the enforcement of their most important contract, is one of shameless exploitation. Parliament increasingly assumes the right to interfere in the upbringing of the child for the benefit of the future citizen, but has not dared to lay the burden on the fathers who have political and other means of self-defence.

Among the better-off artisans, as among the income-tax paying classes, where the increased cost of child-nurture springs mainly from the desire of the parents to give the young the best possible chance in life and is voluntary in its nature, the man undoubtedly bears his share of the burden; and it has been conveniently assumed, in spite of overwhelming evidence to the contrary, that this rule holds good throughout all grades of the community. Despite the general advance in working-class conditions, the strain on the women of the poorer half of the nation was never so great as at present.

Time was when, if the father brought in no money, the mother, untroubled by thoughts of soap or soda, could crouch with her brood in a room shared by other families, and could send her children out barefoot and in rags, to beg their living from passers-by. Sanitary officers and the schools have changed all that, and she now exists in a state of being continually driven to live beyond her means. Poverty is a comparative term. A family in the South of Ireland without any sense of degradation can live on twelve shillings a week, but this is impossible in

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London or in any large town. Those things which are not necessary for actual existence but which are demanded by public opinion have been termed by Professor Marshall 'conventional wants,' and to be unable to satisfy these entails as much suffering as the lack of more essentially needful commodities. Such are boots, white pinafores for the girls, changes of underlinen, cleaning requisites for house and person, scraps of cheap finery for the school parties, death insurances, and the hot Sunday dinner. These things the mother must provide at all cost, or else expose herself to countless humiliations. The schools are veritable harrying machines. Not only do the reports of the inspectors depend largely on the appearance of the children, but the teachers are genuinely devoted to their charges, and anxious that the best should be done for them in every way. The wherewithal is not their business. If a child turns up dirty or untidy the mother is ruthlessly called to account. 'The nurse sent my two girls home to-day,' whimpered Mrs. H——, 'because they had so little clothing on, but I can't give them more. Their father hasn't brought me thirty shillings during the last two months.' 'I have only six pinafores for my four girls,' lamented Mrs. H——, whose husband drinks and illtreats her, 'but I wash twenty-four a week, doing them after the children have gone to bed. Yesterday I was so ill I couldn't stand up to the wash-tub, and the teacher sent me such a sharp message that I couldn't help crying.'

It must be remembered that the poor are exceedingly sensitive to criticism. The power of taking one's own line and of disregarding other people's opinion comes only with freedom and independence, and women who have neither suffer keenly under censure. 'Your husband mayn't give you a halfpenny to buy soap,' said Mrs. S——, bitterly, 'but if the children go dirty to school it's you that gets the black looks.'

The whole burden of the Education Act falls practically on the mothers. There is seldom a meeting of any school attendance committee but one or more forlorn-looking women appear to explain that their children's absence from school is due to lack of boots. They are met with remorseless pressure and vague threats. are told they are breaking the law by keeping the children at home, and that boots must be procured from somewhere. Now it is not the wife's province at all to provide boots; it is the father's, and the woman would be within her rights in declining to be bullied. Let the authorities deal with the legal parent. It is but seldom, however, that anyone shows defiance. When the men are kind husbands and fathers, unable to do more for their families without unreasonable personal privation, their wives stoutly defend them. 'My husband only earns a guinea,' exclaimed one, 'and he gives me 18s. What more can he do? He

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can't go about in rags and not be able to pay his clubs. A man must be decent.' When the case is one of actual unemployment the wives are even more indignant at the idea of the fathers being harried, declaring emphatically, 'They can't give what they haven't got.' The fact that, as citizens, men are collectively answerable for an ordering of society which results in no one being responsible for the child's maintenance is hardly, as yet, within their grasp. If a woman knows her own husband is doing his best, she will be no party to persecuting him, preferring to bear the brunt herself. Furthermore, even if the man has squandered his money in drink or vice, the wife is none the less constrained to shield him. She knows by experience that the knowledge that the father is able, if he chooses, to provide for his family closes the purse of charity, and thus deprives her of her last resource. Besides, should he be compelled to appear before a magistrate, she knows he will be fined or imprisoned. If the first, he asks for time to pay, comes home, 'knocks her about' for allowing him to be summoned, and takes the fine off her housekeeping allowance. If the second, she is is left penniless while he is 'away.' The whole position is outrageously unjust and would be allowed to exist in no other relationship of life. Much would be gained if the wives were no longer permitted to appear as their husband's proxies where the children are concerned. The system would then be revised in the light of common sense and first principles, and a distinction drawn between the father who was, for no fault of his own, unable to provide for his family and one who wasted his strength and his money in self-indulgence. A civilised society could hardly confess itself unequal to devising appropriate treatment for each class, but it is so much easier to browbeat an isolated and unfriended woman than to deal with the root questions of alcoholism and unemployment, that the authorities are not likely to choose the more difficult path till their victims have the power to insist that the real issues shall be no longer shirked.

The situation repeats itself with respect to the much vaunted medical inspection of school children. The rising generation is probably benefiting to some extent by the services of the doctor, but all schools in poor neighbourhoods show numerous instances of children for whom the medical treatment ordered has not been obtained. A round of visits to the defaulters in A—— School revealed that the commonest reason for not complying with the doctor's orders was the mother's lack of means. Mrs. P——'s answer was typical: 'My man gives me 22*s*., and I have to pay 8*s*. rent; coal, insurance, and so forth take another 4*s*. There are six to keep. I asked for the free dinners last month when my man was only doing three days a week, but the committee refused and said they thought I ought to manage. People do think you

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ought to manage on such a little. If I take Lizzie to the hospital, what with fares, medicine, and someone to mind the others while I'm gone, it will cost me one-and-six. *I don't see the good of taking money off the food to put it on the medicine.*' It is the practice of some care committees to requisition ladies of leisure from the wealthier districts of London to assist in this 'following up' work, and it is not uncommon to hear such helpers congratulate themselves that they have succeeded in persuading or in forcing 'the parents to do their duty.' Naturally they do not in the least realise that all they have accomplished is to induce the mother to get spectacles for Jane at the expense of Tommy's shoes or the baby's milk.

It is to be noted that the prohibition of street trading and the limitation of the hours of work of children attending school, both highly commendable measures in themselves, have nevertheless the vital defect of adding to the burdens and responsibilities of the mother, while diminishing her resources. One cannot assert that no man has increased his wife's housekeeping allowance because of these restrictions, but inquiries so far have failed to reveal him, and the women questioned scoff at the idea of his existence.

The question arises whence the women derive the means of meeting the demands made upon them in the name of their children. Sometimes relations come to the rescue, but in the economic groups which supply most of the cases which come under the notice of the various school authorities friends are seldom in a position to render much help. Apart from them the mother's resources are of three kinds.

The first expedient, and the one which involves least moral or physical damage to herself and her family, is that she herself supplements the weekly income. Nothing shows more provoking ignorance of the characters and life circumstances of the poor than the repetition of the parrot-cry, 'Stop the married women going to work in the interests of the race.' Where nothing is known much is apt to be assumed. Many would-be leaders of social reform apparently think that the mother's aim in life is to escape from the company of her children, and that it is necessary to wall her up in her home by artificial restrictions. Putting aside those cases where the wife is a confirmed alcoholic or is of feeble intellect, she is far more keenly alive to the interests of her children than any philanthropist or politician can possibly be. She alone is in a position to decide whether under existing circumstances she serves her offspring best by ministering directly to their wants, or by augmenting the family income. Let her nominal right of maintenance for herself and her children be transformed into a real one, and it will be found that her supposed

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passion for working ten hours a day in a jam factory for a mere pittance is a figment of men's imaginations. When the woman is a highly skilled worker outside interference is still more impertinent and obnoxious. Everyone with first-hand knowledge can tell of scores of homes in which large families have been successfully reared and started in life in a way which would have been impossible had they depended on the father's wages alone.

But this self-respecting method of supplying her needs is not available for a woman who is sickly, unskilled, or who has two or three young children, and such a one is driven back on the plan of stinting herself and the rest of the family of necessaries in order to meet the demands of the authorities for the ailing child, the main shortage falling on herself and fatally undermining her health and energies. To some this seems of little real importance. 'I know it sounds horrible,' once said an earnest humanitarian to the writer, 'but I do believe we should be justified in draining the last drop of blood from the mothers, if we could thereby secure a better crop of children.' The point, however, does not arise. Even supposing the denial to the mother of all personal rights resulted in every child being well washed, clothed and fed, the moral loss would still outweigh the physical gain. No middle-class parent would consider his duty to his offspring discharged because their bodies were efficiently cared for. As well try to ripen wheat without the aid of the sun as to rear children, worth the nation's having, without the mother's love and solicitude, and no broken-down drudge can rise to the opportunities of her high office. Even when the woman's health is not altogether sacrificed life-long toil and privation render her stupid and unattractive, and her growing boys and girls, even when well disposed, soon begin to seek their friends and their pleasures outside the home. This drifting away of her children, natural though it is, is the hidden tragedy of many a work-worn mother's life. 'I've slaved twenty-five years for them, early and late,' said Mrs. W——; 'I've never had a week's holiday and hardly ever a day's pleasure; they have never once been short of anything I could get for them, but none of them seem to care about me now.' The dullness of the family circle caused by the wife's want of charm and freshness doubtless accounts in part for the curious fact that so many men of the working classes about the age of forty deteriorate as husbands and fathers and tend to give way to gambling and drinking habits.

It is but seldom, however, that the wives, much as they pinch and scrape, can squeeze out enough for their children's needs, and they therefore take refuge in their third expedient, utterly destructive though it is to the moral well-being of themselves and of their families. The women sink into cadgers and beggars, skilled in every mode of exploiting the district visitors, the church

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workers, the members of the care committees, the ladies of the Babies' Institute, and the general philanthropic public, and prove more than a match for every precaution against overlapping. Nor do they spare even their own impoverished neighbours. Neither at the time nor afterwards are they condemned by their children. 'She was always a good mother to us,' said one girl; 'father often never gave her a shilling for weeks together, but she always found a bit for us somewhere.' Their cleverness in concealing from each almsgiver the existence of the others verges on the miraculous. They know that Miss A—— will not give boots to Johnnie if she learns that Mr. B—— has provided half-a-crown for coals, and that Mrs. C—— will not send the delicate Amy away to the seaside if she realises that the vicar is keeping Mary at a convalescent home. Can they, in common justice, be blamed? It is dinned into their ears, week in and week out, that the welfare of their families is their sole excuse for existence, and their mother-instinct makes them apt to learn the lesson. Annoying though it undoubtedly is for members of the charitable public to discover that the recipient of their gifts is also deriving aid from other quarters, the complexity of the problems which face the impecunious mother must be judged with more sympathetic insight than is displayed in an occasional tract, written by the Rev. Clement F. Rogers and issued by the Charity Organisation Society. The author tells of a case for which he signed a dispensary letter, but later felt he had blundered in so doing. The husband had an incurable disease; the wife, who from the amount of her wages must have been a respectable and hard-working woman, earned 14*s*. 6*d*.; three dependent children brought in between them 2*s*., and the parish allowed 2*s*. and four loaves. Total income 18*s*. 6*d*. and four loaves for five people. Mr. Rogers adds, 'I discovered later that Mrs. B—— writes begging letters to ladies in the West End and that the district visitor sees no sign of poverty in the home.'

Now can anyone maintain that Mrs. B—— was to blame for doing her utmost to keep her sick husband and dependent children clean and comfortable? She certainly could not accomplish the task out of 18*s*. 6*d*. What else was she to do but to take advantage of every possible resource in the way of free dispensary letters, begging appeals, and charitable aids of every kind?

We hear many plaints of the low standard of truth and honour among large sections of the rising generation. What else can be expected when the children grow up with the knowledge that the home is only held together by the lies and shifts of the mother? Nothing is more heart-rending than to watch, in case after case, the slow deterioration of the women, as rendered desperate by the ever-increasing needs of their young they sink into lower and lower depths of dishonesty and untruth. The blame, however, does not

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lie on their shoulders, but on those who have blindly set them an impossible task.

The advocates of the raising of the school age to fifteen, or even to sixteen, are now challenged to state from what source they propose to derive the living expenses of the children during their additional years of dependence. If they are to be booted, fed, and clothed sufficiently well to enable them to profit by the longer schooling, at least sixpence a day will be required for each, besides something for the extra sleeping accommodation which their advancing ages will render necessary. The male parents among the workers, on whom an ill-informed public vaguely expects that the burden will rest, fall into three main classes, the overlappings and subdivisions of which must be neglected here. First, men possessed of a margin over and above their necessary household and personal expenditure, who co-operate with their wives in all that concerns the welfare of the children, and who are far keener to give the latter 'their chance' than any Government Department can possibly be. But in such families the parents are increasingly keeping their boys and girls at school beyond the compulsory age, and laws for them are only an impertinence and a hindrance.

The fathers of the second type also possess a margin over and above their necessary expenditure, and were they willing to give up their evenings at the workmen's clubs or at the public-houses, their transactions in horse-racing, their spells off work, could fully discharge their domestic responsibilities. To these men, however, the weak legal position of the wife proves an irresistible temptation to self-indulgence and selfishness. 'There are heaps of men in this very street,' said Mrs. W——, 'who never give their wives more than a pound, even though they are earning two. If the women ask for more they are told that lots have to manage with less, and that they are lucky to get what they do.' Such heads of households are not reckoned as 'bad husbands.' They pay the stipulated sum regularly and, though careless and indifferent to the fact that their wives are being worn out in the struggle to make ends meet, are seldom actively unkind. Accustomed to see the women round them become sickly and dejected creatures, they feel no personal responsibility, and their callousness to the physical sufferings of their wives is often startling. Men of this class will not of their own motion increase the housekeeping allowance whatever be the compulsory outgoings of the mothers. They did not give an extra penny when the school age was raised to fourteen, nor would they give it were the age raised to twenty. The third class consists of men—one-third, we are told, of the whole population, but many of whom are not yet married—whose income never exceeds twenty-five shillings a week and is often under a

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pound. Now, recent investigations have conclusively shown that it takes over a guinea a week to keep a town family of even five or six persons supplied with the barest necessaries of life. Every household, however, spends something on such items as stamps, trams, beer, tobacco, relishes and insurance, and is, besides, practically certain to have its weekly average reduced by the illness or unemployment of its head during the year. It therefore follows that unless the income is supplemented by the earnings of the wife or of the children, much less is spent on food and clothing than is necessary for moral self-respect or for physical efficiency. When there is no extra source of revenue the pound-a-week budgets obtained by Mrs. Pember Reeves in Lambeth show that without making any allowance for irregularity of employment or for the inevitable 'extras,' the sum available per head for the food of mother and children varies from a penny three farthings to threepence a day, the latter sum being only reached when the family was very small, or the rent very low.

The advocates of raising the school age object to wage-earning on the part of either mother or children, and are prepared to restrict or abolish both by legislation, and it therefore remains for them to state clearly what they propose to do. Do they intend to secure a State grant of at least 12*l.* a year for every child remaining at school after the age of fourteen, or do they intend passing a law compelling both the fathers of Class II. who are able, and the fathers of Class III. who are not able (and sometimes not willing) to fulfil their legal and nominal obligations? No hint of any such heroic measures reaches the public ear, and it is to be feared that the would-be reformers are, consciously or unconsciously, once more about to throw the burden and the responsibility on the defenceless wives.

It is not disputed that the school age should, at all events in many cases, be raised, but women should unite in demanding that the financial side of the matter, in so far as this affects the homes, should be honestly faced and adequately dealt with.

In the case of infants the authorities are equally determined to hold the mother to her task of making bricks without straw. The newspapers recently reported a case at Nottingham in which the coroner, when sitting on the death of a baby who had died of bronchitis while being carried to a doctor's, declared that the conduct of the mother bordered on criminality, that her action had accelerated the child's demise, and that he hesitated whether or not she ought to be tried for manslaughter. It came out in the evidence that the husband provided sixteen shillings a week to keep a family of six, but the coroner found no words of reproof for him. Yet it was his default which made it impossible for the mother to have the child treated at home.

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It has now been shown that the low legal status of married women, as compared with the mass of male workers, results in a vast amount of suffering to the individual or of injury to the State. It has been shown that the wife has no security for her maintenance other than what public opinion and the goodwill of her husband afford; that she is repeatedly exposed to serious physical violence for which she, alone among British subjects, has practically no redress; that law and administration are continually increasing her liabilities and responsibilities while diminishing her already scanty means of meeting them. It has been shown that the depressed condition of the wife and mother is one of the main causes of low wages; of the reckless propagation of children by men unable or unwilling to support them; of the low moral standard of thousands of homes; of the qualified success attending all efforts of social reform.

Are there any counterbalancing considerations? Do even the men of the country profit? It is a commonplace that the worst evils of slavery are those suffered by the slave-owner, and it is undeniable that even an averagely good man is exposed to a severe moral strain by having always at hand a dependent creature on whom he can, if he chooses, cast most of his family responsibilities, and who is forced to stand between him and the consequences of his incontinence, his intemperance, his extravagance.

Because of the wife's exploited domestic labour the consumer does, indeed, obtain some of his goods at an unfairly cheap rate, but this advantage is nullified many times over by the indirect expenses the system entails on him. Dr. Tredgold states that England possesses an official pauper to every forty-five of the population, one definitely insane person to every 275 normal, and a vast army of the feeble-minded, amounting to at least 300,000 persons. Mr. Lloyd George laments that 50 per cent. of the recruits are annually rejected as physically unfit. Mr. Chiozza Money tells us that, prior to the Old Age Pensions Act, one-fifth of all deaths took place in public institutions, such as workhouses, convalescent homes, hospitals, and lunatic asylums.

An obvious criticism may here be anticipated. It will be pointed out that, in spite of the alleged defects of the marriage laws, innumerable Englishwomen manage to lead dignified and happy lives as wives and mothers, and the question fairly arises why these same laws should work havoc in other cases. Much might be said in explanation. Among the better organised classes of the community the man's social standing is involved in the way in which he maintains his home; the wife is in constant communication with her own relatives, by whom any physical or other ill-treatment of her would be powerfully resented. Even among the very poor this family support is the main safeguard of

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the woman, and this is probably the reason why marital cruelty is less common in the villages than in the large towns. It often casts a lurid light on apparently satisfactory marriages to discover that the real reason why the wives refuse to emigrate, even when such a step would be of immense economic advantage to their families, is that they do not dare to trust themselves to their husbands away from the protection of their own relations. Again, no one whose memory goes back thirty years can fail to be struck by the enormous improvement in the practical position of middle-class wives which has synchronised with the opening up of many careers to fairly-educated women. This has rendered practicable a far more careful selection of mate than is possible for those whose choice often lies between an unsatisfactory husband and the workhouse. As long as there are multitudes of women just on the starvation line, so long will it continue to be true that the worst of men can always find a wife, and this fact is a powerful eugenic reason for providing industrial opportunities for female workers.

Then, too, it must be remembered that in the upper classes of society the courts do, in fact, recognise and enforce the woman's claim to a provision in accordance with her husband's means, and that a sufficiency of pecuniary resources does much in itself to render unions tolerable which would be unmitigatedly wretched lived out in the close contact necessitated by two rooms and twenty shillings a week.

It is freely and fully acknowledged, however, that the real reason why married life in England, taken as a whole, is happy, is because Englishmen, taken as a whole, are a kindly and home-loving race; that they have, as Matthew Arnold pointed out, a strong sense of 'conduct,' and that their feeling of fair play extends into their domestic relationships. Even among the lowest, few men take anything like full advantage of their legal position.

These facts, however, though they have rendered a certain degree of civilisation possible, do not justify the state of the law, which should confirm and strengthen the best instincts of human nature, not pander to the lowest, and which has no more right to provide facilities for cruelty, sensuality and idleness than to furnish opportunity for fraud. Every generation contains a certain number of individuals whose moral sense is weak, and whose will is undeveloped, who are, in short, below the ethical standard of the age, and in all relationships of life other than matrimony infinite pains is taken to guard the community from their ravages. It is on their account, indeed, that the whole penal code and its machinery exists. The wife, however, as has been shown,

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stands, for the most part, outside this protective influence and is delivered over to the basic principles of anarchy.

A vague consciousness that the alarming contrast between the unexampled prosperity of the country and its threatened racial degeneracy is somehow connected with the condition of the married women has resulted in a crop of schemes and proposals as futile as they are well meaning—veritable pills to cure earthquakes. Municipalities issue leaflets of good advice and appoint health visitors; charitable ladies support babies' institutes and arrange for the supply of a few hot dinners to newly-made mothers. Advanced reformers demand free supplies of milk to every home in which a birth has taken place, or even the payment of small money grants. Others are insisting that the married woman shall be prohibited from earning, though they refrain from suggesting any alternative method by which she and her children can be fed and clothed, if her husband fails to support her.

Many base their hopes on the teaching of infant hygiene and of the cutting out of baby clothes in the elementary schools, magnificently disregardful of the facts of infant mortality as stated above. Others stake their faith on the medical inspection of school children, and, without a qualm, hound mothers whose own bodies are literally dropping to pieces into spending hours and hardly-spared pence in taking a child to the hospital for a decayed tooth or a swollen tonsil. As always when the refusal of justice has produced its inevitable crop of weeds, the English public shows itself self-sacrificingly anxious to come to the rescue with doles and palliatives.

Suffragists at least will not believe the case can be met thus. That all this suffering, misery, and wrong has grown up, unnoticed, under the rule of men the vast majority of whom are good husbands and devoted fathers, and who, certainly, never set out to make the lives of women bitter, is but one more proof of the truth of Mr. Lyttelton's words in the House of Commons in January last: 'You cannot entrust one class to the uncontrolled guardianship of another, and you cannot govern wisely without knowledge.' But under the party system there is no inducement for politicians to acquire knowledge concerning those who stand outside the Constitution, and who are therefore unable either to support those who champion their rights, or to punish those who neglect their interests. This, to the ordinary man, is the real significance of the vote. To improve the position of married women will not be easy. A good many hoary legal maxims and mediaeval theological conceptions may have to go, but it is imperative that the failure of a purely male electorate to secure any improvement in the status or condition of the mother-worker at all commensurate with the

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improvement in the general condition of other workers should be frankly recognised and acknowledged.

Not that the bestowal of the vote will work any instantaneous miracle or immediately render all ameliorative efforts unnecessary. Nations, like individuals, must reap the consequences of their past negligences and ignorances, and for many a long year a sorry crop of spoiled lives will still work woe to the commonwealth.

Multitudes of working-class wives are so isolated, so inarticulate, so accustomed to methods of government which, so far as they are concerned, are methods of despotism, that enfranchisement, come when it may, will come too late. It has been painful to witness the abject humility with which they have submitted to the Insurance Act, which has deprived thousands of the little weekly jobs, so insignificant as viewed from the green benches of Westminster but which made just the difference between solvency and insolvency to the women. They showed no more anger or rebellion than if their means of living had been interfered with by a thunderbolt or an earthquake. The crying need of the moment is for leaders able to gain their confidence, who will help them to realise that the largest portion of their troubles arises not from any 'Act of God,' but from the stupidity of Parliaments. They need to be roused to the truth of Mr. Cecil Chapman's words, based on his long experience as a police-court magistrate: 'I have no hesitation in saying that the absence of the woman's point of view is the root cause of the inefficacy and injustice of the laws I have to administer, and owing to natural differences men are incapable of supplying the deficiency.'

It would be premature to dogmatise on any remedy, or set of remedies, for the indefensible condition of the wives and mothers. They themselves are the natural guardians of family life and the only safe judges of the ultimate effect of any proposed measure on their homes, their dearest and most vital interest. There is reason to think, however, that the women would demand, first of all, if they thought that any demand of theirs would have the slightest weight, that their right to maintenance, in return for their services as wives and domestic workers, should be rendered effective and not left, as at present, theoretic and moral.

The term 'maintenance' must therefore in some way be defined. This could be done either by establishing a legal minimum which might vary with the locality, or by a separate contract at each marriage, whereby the wife would be entitled to a definite provision agreed upon between the parties, and which would increase automatically according to the number of the children. Such a change in the legal position of married women

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ought not to be viewed as revolutionary. It would simply level up the condition of all wives to that already attained by the great majority through the force of public opinion and of private affection. But the gain to that 25 per cent. of the female population who, as Professor Karl Pearson tells us, produce 50 per cent. of the births, would be incalculable. The mere fact that his wife and children had enforceable pecuniary rights would be a moral education to many men. The wife's sense of responsibility would also be quickened. Too many now take refuge in fatalism when confronted with the yearly baby for whom its legal parent will never dream of providing an extra shilling. Had she a remedy and refused to use it, she also would be answerable for the unprovided-for life.

The question at once arises, 'What is to happen if the husband fails to supply the money or its equivalent?' The working women best known to the writer make little of the practical difficulty, saying: 'A wife knows within a year or two whether a man is going to support her; if he can't, or if he won't, she should be allowed to leave him. As long as she had only one or two children she could struggle along and work at what she did before marriage.' The definition of maintenance would indeed be as ineffective as the present supposed safeguards of the wife, were she not given the power of withdrawal from cohabitation. The women consulted trouble little regarding the question of divorce as against legal separation, probably because public opinion in mean streets has small condemnation for a 'separated' woman who goes to another man and lives faithfully with him. The judgment of the masses is based, not on theories, but on direct observation of the facts of life around them, and they see little difference between such homes and others more normally constituted.

It is recognised, of course, that any proposal facilitating the 'breaking-up of the home' will appear to many responsible and influential people subversive of the social order, and to be resisted to the uttermost. But is the present system as conducive to the interests of religion, public morality, and of family life as the London Diocesan Conference thinks? Consider the following cases, taken at random from the writer's notebooks, to which every Poor-law officer, or experienced school manager, could supply scores of parallels:

(A) Mother sickly, anaemic, worn out; attendance officer reports her husband has ill-treated her ever since marriage, that she has always had to work to feed herself and children. Five living; youngest, a baby of three months; children all sickly; little girl of five looks like child of three.

(B) Caretaker reported that Mrs. T—— was confined this

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morning; her last is only eleven months; she had not even a cup of tea till Mrs. A—— took pity on her. 'Her husband is no good at all.'

In sober truth, to compel women under such circumstances to live with their husbands and to continue to bring children into the world doomed from birth to cold, hunger and disease is sheer barbarity.

The English public thrilled with horror when it read of Bulgarian babies bayoneted by Turkish soldiers before the eyes of their mothers, but the women in its own great cities suffer no less from outraged and insulted maternity. 'I've lost three beautiful children in two years,' sobbed Mrs. G——, 'and they have been as truly murdered as if their father had shot them.' 'I've put up with his ill-treatment of myself for sixteen years,' declared Mrs. S——, 'but when I see the way his habits are ruining the girls' constitutions I feel as if I could kill him.'

It is evident, however, something more would be necessary than merely enabling the wife to take the children and go. The man could not thus be allowed to escape all responsibility for the lives he had brought into the world. The mother would discharge her share of the liability by her personal care of the children; the father should be obliged to provide them with the necessaries of life. The enforcement of this duty, however, must be laid on the community which, for its own sake, is bound to see that its future citizens are duly nurtured, and not, as at present, on the helpless wife. Were the mother, under all proper safeguards and precautions, allowed to draw on the local authority for the requisite sum, leaving it to recover from the father in any way it thought fit, the ratepayers would soon insist that some way should be found of forcing defaulting fathers to fulfil their legal obligations. The practical certainty of exposure would in itself prove a powerful deterrent; slight though the risk at present is, the worst men fear the off-chance of 'being shown up in the court,' and will make spasmodic efforts to avoid it.

Many, however, who might possibly bring themselves to approve of the release of the wife where there is physical violence, or when the man's failure to maintain is wilful, would hesitate in cases where it is not wilful. But justice demands that in these cases also the wife should have the option of leaving. The man is in the position of a bankrupt; no longer able to meet his commitments, and therefore in no condition to contract others. So strong are the forces binding women to their homes and families that there would be small danger of their making a harsh or unreasonable use of their discretion, or of deserting a mate who had fallen into merely temporary difficulties. But some possible path of moral salvation must be found for the wife

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in cases like one which the writer has watched for years. The husband neither smokes nor drinks, earns his dinners and eighteen shillings a week. This sum he passes over almost intact to his wife, but accepts no further responsibility for the family, saying: 'As long as they all share and share alike they've no call to grumble.' He has, however, never seen any reason why the family should not have its yearly increase. There are now nine children, all of whom have to be fed, booted, sent to school decently clad, out of the eight shillings left after rent and insurance are paid. The strain on the mother has more than once nearly driven her to suicide. 'They all come round me clamouring like young sharks,' she exclaimed one day, 'and I haven't a farthing for anything.' Being of an exceptionally strong character, the woman struggled desperately for years, fed the children on rolled oats and lentils, and on a diet devoid of fats and sugar kept them in good physical condition. 'I never have but two loaves of bread a week,' she said, 'and I daren't spend more than a penny a day on gas and a pennyworth of matches has to last me two months.' She was personally very energetic, and when she could manage to get a day's work charred, as one of her employers expressed it, 'more like a demon than a human being.' But her health broke down again and again, and, finally, her *morale*. She is now an incorrigible begging-letter writer, a liar, and a thief. But on whom does the responsibility for her moral and spiritual ruin rest?

It will be said that under every system hard cases occur, and that society, in order to secure the stability of its institutions, the sanctity of marriage, and the progress of the race, must make up its mind to put up with tragic instances of individual suffering. Setting aside the consideration that these particular instances are numerous enough to render largely abortive every effort to improve social conditions, let us try to see what are the real fears, conscious and unconscious, which lie behind these high-sounding phrases.

Some apprehend that if the State allowed marriages to be dissolved for certain definite additional causes, the fact would react on all marriages and render them less secure. This seems like saying that because a boiler without water bursts, its explosion will cause another, duly supplied, to burst in sympathy. The fact that a man can be evicted for non-payment of rent does not put the solvent tenant in fear of ejection.

Others dread the increase in the number of separations or divorces which would undoubtedly take place were women allowed to leave husbands who did not maintain them and their children. There are always people who think that to keep the injured parties from complaining is much the same thing as to

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abolish their grievances. No doubt the present system does keep hidden within the walls of the homes a vast amount of misery and injustice, but it does not prevent either the individuals affected, or society as a whole, from suffering in consequence. Many also would dread the diminution in the birth-rate which would probably ensue were men made really responsible for the support of their families. The fact that at present a third of the total annual deaths take place under the age of fifteen should allay such apprehensions. The nation could afford to have fewer births were the children who are born given a fairer chance of life. Others, again, point out that even a bad man is the better for the society of his wife and children. This is probably true, but his morality is not the only morality at stake. The wife and children also have souls.

Should, however, the policy of making the father actually responsible for the maintenance of his children appear too harsh to an English public accustomed to see the burden borne by the wife, there are, of course, other possible expedients for all of which something can be said and all of which are open to criticism. Considerations of space, however, forbid a detailed examination here.

A wife could be given a right to draw part of her husband's wages direct from his employer in cases where his neglect to maintain had been proved. The State could endow motherhood, or undertake the entire cost of all children up to the age of fifteen, or it could extend the principle of the minimum wage over the whole field of industry, at the same time giving the wife a legal claim on a certain proportion of her husband's income. Or French precedents could be adapted and extended. From information supplied to the Eugenic Society by Monsieur Michel Huber, statistician to the Statistique Générale of France, we learn that the city of Paris gives to all its workmen earning less than a specified amount and being the fathers of at least four children, fifty francs per annum after the fourth who is under thirteen; the Crédit Lyonnais gives ten francs a month for the second child, fifteen for the third and others following. The Department of the Seine gives fifty francs per annum to all workmen who have four children on their hands.

The question is primarily one for men to settle. They jealously keep all the best-paid industries in their own hands on the express plea that it falls on them to support the wives and children. Whether they choose to fulfil this duty in their capacity as fathers, or as ratepayers, or as taxpayers, does not very much concern women. But every mother in the country has a right to demand that she shall not be compelled to undergo the trials of maternity without some security that the fruit of

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her body shall not perish from want and privation, and that her own indispensable services as home-maker, and therefore as empire-builder, shall no longer go unrecognised and unrequited.

With regard to the second great grievance of the married women of the poor—their liability to personal ill-usage—a word must be said. In the first place, with the improvement in the status of the wives which would come from the knowledge that they, like all other workers, could enforce the fulfilment of their contracts, much careless and contemptuous ill-treatment would cease. A blow or a kick often signifies little more than that the man is in a bad temper, and as his wife is more sensitive than a cat or dog, he prefers to vent his feelings on her rather than on them. 'When he's drunk he breaks up the home, when he's sober he breaks up me,' said Mrs. T——, grimly. Now, to the signatories of the Minority Report of the Divorce Commission it seems a less evil to leave women exposed to a considerable degree of personal violence than to risk the danger of divorce suits being promoted by 'collusion' on trumped-up charges of cruelty. They say—and to the disgrace of the rulers of the country, say truly—that a blow to the wife is not the unforgivable insult in some circles that it is in others. Would the Archbishop of York and his fellow-signatories, however, be willing that dock labourers, for instance, should be afforded no practicable redress for blows and kicks from their employers, provided that these did not actually endanger life or limb? They would indignantly repudiate such a suggestion, and declare that to render the worker liable to physical violence from his employer would be fatal to the dignity of his manhood, and would reduce the free labourer to the condition of a serf. But to live in danger of bodily ill-treatment is quite as derogatory to the self-respect of a woman as to that of a man, and the feminist agitation of the last few years will indeed fall far short of fruition if it does not succeed in establishing this elementary truth.

No nation can with safety permit any portion of itself to live under degrading conditions, lest the gangrene spread and threaten the life of the whole. Until this problem of the status and of the rights of the married woman of the people be honestly faced and solved, not all the proposals of the Eugenics Congress, nor the efforts of philanthropists, nor the labours of Parliament will avail to arrest social decay.

ANNA MARTIN.

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THE PROBLEM OF POVERTY

'THE crime of the poor is their poverty.' To this dogma there has always been a large measure of subscription. We are now called upon to subscribe to a complementary dogma: 'The crime of the wealthy is their wealth.' For years past the platforms of Hyde Park have re-echoed the cry that the first step towards the amelioration of the lot of the poor must be the impoverishment of the rich. The superior person may deem the commonplaces of Socialist oratory unworthy of serious attention. For my own part I have always questioned the wisdom of this attitude, and few, I think, will be prepared to maintain it when one of those commonplaces is adopted as the text of a discussion in this Review; least of all, when the preacher is the Rev. S. A. Barnett, Canon of Westminster. Canon Barnett has earned the right to discuss such problems by many years of devoted labour in the service of the poor of East London. His mere word carries the weight of long experience. No proposition endorsed by him can be carelessly regarded or lightly dismissed. If, therefore, I venture to subject to criticism the main thesis of his contribution to the February number of this Review,[1] it will, I trust, be understood that such criticism is offered with unfeigned diffidence, and mainly out of regard for the high authority of the writer and for the deference naturally conceded to his opinions.

'If,' says Canon Barnett, 'the poor are to become richer the rich must become poorer.' This notion is, as we have seen, by no means peculiar to Canon Barnett; but the point which I am anxious to emphasise is that it has captured the imagination of certain sections of society to an extent which may hardly be credited by those who have not shared the opportunities of the present writer. At the root of much of the prevailing discontent is to be found the idea, sometimes only half formulated and not always articulate, that the wealth of the relatively few is responsible for the poverty of the many.

Has the proposition thus bluntly enunciated any basis of justification either in economic theory or in historical fact? The question is one of admitted significance. In the following pages I attempt an answer.

[1] 'Our Present Discontents.'

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I

Is it true that, as a matter of historical fact, the wealth of the wealthy is the root-cause of the poverty of the poor?

The existing 'capitalistic' system, against which so many hard things are said, is not much more than one hundred years old, and it is during that same period that 'modern' England, with its peculiar problems —social and economic—has come into being. Who has not been captivated by the idyllic pictures of the prae-capitalistic era which Socialist writers are wont to draw: —the picture of the stout English yeoman, hopelessly conservative in his agricultural methods, possessing neither enterprise, nor capital, nor scientific knowledge, but giving to the smiling countryside an aspect of contentment, if not of opulence; of manufacturing industry carried on mainly on the self-sufficing system—for use rather than for profit and exchange: master, journeyman, and apprentice working happily, side by side, at the loom or in the forge, united by bonds of genuine human affection, living the same life, absorbed in the same interests? The picture is in many respects undeniably attractive. But to those who paint it and to those who gaze rapturously upon it, I venture to suggest one or two considerations. That there is another side to all idyllic pictures goes without saying; but it is more to the point to recall the fact that pictures just as idyllic and just as regretful were painted of the fifteenth century by the reformers who witnessed the social dislocation and economic distress incidental to the agrarian revolution of the sixteenth. A study of the writings of Sir Thomas More, Bishop Latimer, and John Hales (if he be indeed the author of the *Discourse of the Commonweal of England*) may be commended to the pessimists of to-day, and to all in any age who are disposed to idealise the immediate past in contrast to the confusion of the present. Periods of rapid economic transition, such as the sixteenth century and the nineteenth, are always apt to seem uncomfortable to contemporaries. There is another point too frequently ignored. The England of the idyllic eighteenth century carried a population less numerous than that of the Greater London of to-day. If England had been content to take rank with Denmark or Sweden or Holland she might undoubtedly have avoided many of the problems by which she is now perplexed. The prestige of a world-empire is not a thing to be bought without price. The 'capitalistic' era has synchronised not only with the marvellous development of commerce and the accumulation of wealth but also with the expansion of Great Britain into Greater Britain. Can the economic system on which it rests be justly charged with responsibility for the poverty of the poor?

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If Canon Barnett's argument is historically sound, he ought to be able to show that the poor have actually become poorer during the last century. Can he do so? It is true that during the last six years (1907-13) there has been a rapid rise in prices, and that the rise has been particularly marked in those commodities which are important ingredients in the diet of the working classes; it is true also that until the last two years wages have shown little disposition to adjust themselves to the increased cost of living; though it is undeniable that since 1911 there has been a noticeable and in some cases a rapid readjustment of wages to prices. Apart, however, from this relatively recent readjustment, it is instructive to recall the wise warning of the present Prime Minister. Less than a year ago Mr. Asquith, in receiving a deputation from the Associated Chambers of Commerce, emphasised the danger of short-sighted generalisations.

> People [he said] do not always extend their view quite far enough backwards or forwards. If you go back, say to the year 1881, you will find that there has been a very substantial diminution in the prices of food and drink. The figure for that year was no less than 139 (as compared with the index number of 100, taking the year 1900 as a basis), while there has been a very substantial increase of wages, for the figure for that year for wages was 84.7, as compared with 100.3 last year (1911) . . . If you are looking at the experience of a generation, therefore, you will find that there has been a diminution in the cost of the necessaries of life and a very substantial increase in the rate of wages.

Mr. Asquith was, of course, quoting from the table of index numbers, familiar to economic students. The significance of the figures when examined in detail is even greater than was suggested by the Prime Minister.

Year	Food and Drink	Wages	Year	Food and Drink	Wages
1880	141.8	83.2	1896	93.3	89.9
1881	139.5	84.7	1897	97.4	90.8
1882	142.1	85.8	1898	102.3	93.3
1883	141.2	85.8	1899	98.1	95.3
1884	124.9	85.0	1900	100.0	100.0
1885	116.5	83.6	1901	100.4	99.0
1886	110.9	82.8	1902	101.7	97.7
1887	107.8	83.0	1903	100.7	97.2
1888	111.9	84.7	1904	101.4	96.6
1889	111.3	87.5	1905	101.2	97.0
1890	109.5	90.2	1906	100.5	98.4
1891	117.0	91.5	1907	105.1	101.7
1892	110.9	90.0	1908	106.6	101.2
1893	109.7	90.1	1909	108.7	99.9
1894	102.9	89.4	1910	109.0	100.2[2]
1895	99.5	89.1			

[2] Quoted by *The Times*, June 1912.

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The point made by the Prime Minister is not, however, as far as I am aware, seriously disputed. The researches of scientific statisticians, like Sir Robert Giffen and Professor A. L. Bowley,[3] have established beyond cavil or dispute the fact that during the 'capitalistic' era the lot of the wage-earning classes has enormously improved, whether regard be paid to money-wages, or, what is infinitely more important, to wages as measured in the price of commodities. Not only has there been a steady rise in money-wages, but until the last few years a virtually continuous fall in prices. Mr. Money, whose authority Canon Barnett will respect, does not dissent from this conclusion. 'Between the increase in money-wages and the increase in the purchasing-power of money, there can be no question that the actual position of the wage-earner has considerably improved in the last forty years.'[4]

It is, however, superfluous to elaborate a point which is not open to contradiction. But apart from the ratio between wages and prices, the condition of the poor has been substantially ameliorated by legislative and administrative effort: shorter hours of labour due to a long series of Factory Acts; healthier and safer conditions; compulsory compensation for accidents; insurance against sickness, and, in some cases, against unemployment; a modest provision for old age; gratuitous education for the children; the provision of public parks, museums, picture-galleries, public libraries, and so forth. All these things, and many more, have added enormously to the amenities of working-class existence, and most of them have been provided at the expense of the wealthier classes of the community. But not all. The charge falls, as a rule, upon the Imperial Exchequer—in some cases upon the local rates. And this suggests a consideration too frequently ignored. Few things can be more certainly relied upon to evoke the enthusiastic plaudits of a certain class of audience than to hold up to execration the owners of urban house property. It is quite true that rent does form an increasing item in the expenditure of the working classes. Rent is frequently an 'intolerable burden' also upon the lower middle class. The difference between the position of the two classes is this. In the case of working-men, 'rent' almost invariably includes 'rates,' and the rise is due, generally speaking, not to the accentuated greed of the urban landlord, but to the multiplying demands of the municipal rate-collector. The improved hygienic condition of our towns, and the provision of public utilities and amenities, are naturally reflected in increased rents.

[3] Cf. Giffen, *Essays in Finance*; Bowley, *Wages in the Nineteenth Century*.
[4] *Riches and Poverty*, p. 311. It is proper to point out that my edition is dated 1908.

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Despite, however, larger expenditure upon rent, or rather upon rates, despite the recent fall in the purchasing-power of money, despite the fact that in some occupations labour is still deplorably underpaid, there can be no question that the statisticians are justified in claiming that their optimistic conclusions find an accurate reflex in the actual conditions of life among the working classes as a whole.

These facts are undeniable. If, then, it is true that during the last hundred years the poor have become richer, have the 'rich,' during the same period, become poorer? It would be affectation to assume any doubt as to the answer to this question; and we may, therefore, pass on to consider the same problem from another standpoint.

II

If Canon Barnett's thesis derives attenuated support from industrial history, does it fare better at the hands of economic theory? What is, in truth, the assumption upon which it rests?

'If the poor are to become richer, the rich must become poorer.' The assertion seems to savour of economic ideas analogous to that of the old wages-fund doctrine, a doctrine which, as originally stated, is now discarded by economic teachers and derided by the more progressive of their disciples. The theory of the wages fund rested upon the notion that all wages were paid out of a fixed and inelastic lump of capital. Consequently, if the wages of one set of labourers were increased it was bound to be at the expense of another set.

Nothing did more to induce the economic theorists to reconsider their position than the successful development of the trade-union movement during the 'fifties and early 'sixties of the last century. Following the famous example of J. S. Mill,[5] who had been a foremost advocate of the wages-fund doctrine, the economists plunged into a perfect orgy of renunciation. Whether the abandoned doctrine deserved all the hard things said of it during the next few years is a question which it is unnecessary to pursue. It is, however, relevant to inquire whether Canon Barnett is content to base his argument upon an hypothesis similarly shifting and uncertain? Is the aggregate wealth of the world a fixed, inelastic, and immutable quantity? If in the distribution of that wealth certain classes get more, must other classes go short? Are we at this time of day to be called upon to revert to the Ricardian theory that 'profits' and 'wages' must necessarily vary in inverse ratio? So long ago as

[5] Mill's recantation appeared, in the first instance, in the form of a review of Thornton's book on Labour, and was subsequently reprinted in his *Dissertations and Discussions*, vol. iv.

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1848 Mill perceived that the Ricardian doctrine demanded some modification in terminology if not in substance. Since Mill's day the whole theory of 'Profits' has undergone profound modification, and modern economists have brought their theory into line with the facts disclosed by commercial experience. 'Profits'—the earnings of business management and the remuneration for enterprise and risk—are no longer confounded with 'Interest,' the fixed remuneration of mere capital; 'profits' are no longer regarded as a deduction from wages nor as an addition to prices. When wages rise, said Ricardo, profits fall; and *vice versa*. Is there any economist, or any man of business, who would now subscribe to this dictum? There are, of course, particular industries of a non-productive character, in regard to which the Ricardian theory still holds. An increase of wages to the servants of a railway company, whose charges are limited by law, may mean a diminution of profits for the shareholders. Even in this case such a result will not necessarily ensue; higher wages may lead to more efficient service, or increased expenditure in one direction may be neutralised by economies in others. Still less must it ensue in a directly productive industry where the consumer can be made to pay both for 'high wages' and 'high profits.'

Not that increased profits necessarily involve enhanced prices. If there is no essential antagonism between the interests of employer and employed, so there is no irreconcilable conflict between producer and consumer. Both propositions may be brought to the test of experience.

There are, I imagine, few readers of this Review who will not recognise the accuracy of the following illustration. Two concerns are working side by side. They are engaged in the production or the distribution of the same commodity for the same market. The commodity is sold by both firms at the same price. The capital of each concern is identical in amount; the rate of wages paid, the conditions under which labour is employed —in both cases dictated by trade-union regulations—are also identical. Concern A pays a dividend of 15 per cent., concern B a dividend of 3 per cent. The divergence is due not to any variation in fixed charges for rent or interest; nor to variation in the remuneration of labour, nor to difference in price, but solely to efficient management in the one case, and the lack of it in the other. It may even be the case that the conditions of employment are better in the more prosperous concern.

If this be true, and I appeal confidently both to theory and to experience to confirm the accuracy of my analysis, what becomes of Canon Barnett's contention that 'if the poor are to become richer the rich must become poorer'? With his further

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statement nobody will quarrel: 'Increase of production followed by an increased national income has under the present laws—as has been shown in the booming trade of recent years—meant that the rich have become richer.' Does Canon Barnett suggest that the poor have therefore and simultaneously become poorer?

If this is not the intended inference, what is the conclusion to which the argument leads? It is, in truth, rather difficult to avoid the suspicion that it is nothing more than an elaborate reiteration of the incitement to confiscatory legislation and taxation with which we are painfully familiar in less responsible quarters.

III

As to the efficacy of such legislation and taxation a word may be said. No one doubts that it is possible, by the employment of such methods, to make the rich poorer. Unquestionably you can diminish both the income and the accumulated wealth of the classes which are relatively rich. But the really important question—for all serious-minded inquirers—is whether the employment of these weapons will diminish the poverty or increase the prosperity of the relatively poor. If not, the whole movement would seem to assume a somewhat sinister aspect. It would seem to be inspired less by benevolence for the have-nots than by spite against the 'haves.' I do not for an instant suggest that such is the motive of the highly placed ecclesiastics who countenance and encourage this movement. Their record forbids the idea. I am concerned not with the motives, but with the results of their teaching. Have they sufficiently considered either the ethical or the economical results which are likely to accrue from the persistent propagation of such doctrines as those to which Canon Barnett lends his high authority? On the ethical aspect of the question, it may be more discreet for a layman to keep silence. But to those who share my doubts, still more to those who are convinced of my wrong-headedness (to use no harsher word), I would venture respectfully to commend the wise words of the Dean of St. Paul's, contained in a modest volume lately given to the world.[6] To the economic aspect I revert.

It is not difficult by taxation to diminish the wealth of the rich—particularly of certain classes among the rich. You can hit very hard the professional man, the pensioner, the *rentier*—all, in fact, who are not directly engaged in productive industry; but it will demand much ingenuity to prevent the producers, however wealthy, from passing on the increased burden of taxa-

[6] *The Church and the Age*, Longmans, Green and Co., 1912. Cf. especially pp. 22-23.

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tion to the consumers, and among those consumers the majority, of course, are the poor. There is another point worth consideration. So long as taxation is imposed with a single eye to the collection of revenue it will, generally speaking, be paid, if not cheerfully, at least honestly. Once let it be understood, however, that the motive behind it is vindictive, and evasion will be regarded as legitimate, if not positively praiseworthy. Chancellors of the Exchequer, like other people, must 'play the game.' If they depart from the unwritten rules, they must not be surprised if other people try to evade those which are written. And evasion is much easier for the very rich, handling capital which is extraordinarily mobile, than for the middle classes. So far there has been no serious revolt against the burden of taxation on the part of the wealthy classes as a whole. Of course there has been grumbling, and no doubt, in isolated cases, means have been taken to counteract the effect of imposts which are regarded as excessive and unfair. But the spirit of revolt has not spread widely. Is the danger of such a revolt entirely illusory and remote?

Apart, however, from any question of revolt or evasion, it passes the wit of man to devise a system of taxation the effects of which can be so circumscribed as to fall exclusively upon the actual payers of the tax. 'The burden of taxation,' as Lord Morley of Blackburn once said, 'however spread, however disguised, at last falls heaviest upon the shoulders of the industrial community.' The warning words of such an authority cannot be carelessly regarded. Without, however, entering upon a discussion of the precise point raised by Lord Morley's words, this much will be generally admitted: the incidence of any given impost involves calculations of the utmost nicety, and the result is, at the best, uncertain. In the case of indirect taxation the precise incidence is a matter of notorious uncertainty. It is not really much more certain in the case of direct taxation. At first sight it seems tolerably obvious that an income tax or death duties will be actually paid by the persons upon whom they are levied. A closer examination dispels the initial simplicity. Suppose, for example, that a property tax of 2*s.* 6*d.* in the pound is levied on an income of 5000*l.* a year. Such an income can well afford, it is said, to pay tribute to the Government to the extent of 625*l.* a year. Be it so. But the essential point under discussion is this: will such taxation ameliorate the condition of the poor? In order to answer that question we must pursue the matter a little further. The demand of the State for 625*l.* can be met only from one of three sources: either by a deduction from current expenditure; or out of current savings, *i.e.* potential

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capital; or out of accumulated savings, *i.e.* actual capital. Can any one of these deductions or subtractions be made without injury to those who live by labour? From the point of view of 'labour' the least objectionable alternative would be to meet the fiscal demand by a deduction from current expenditure. If the taxpayer were living 'up to his income' the enhanced taxation would be paid for by a curtailment of expenditure upon luxuries. In this case little if any harm would ensue. A certain amount of labour engaged in the production of luxuries would be thrown out of employment; but the State would have as much more to spend as the individual had less, and the net result as regards the employment of labour would be *nil*. If, indeed, the State were to invest its tax-revenue in productive undertakings the result of the process would, in the case supposed, be a net gain to labour. But such a result would be, in the last degree, improbable. Government expenditure is very rarely 'productive' in the economic sense. The ordinary effect of taxation is to withdraw money from productive and apply it to unproductive purposes. 'When the State takes from the earnings of the community money which it needs for national purposes, however vital, it withdraws that money from the healthy fructification of industry, it diminishes the consuming and productive energies of the people, and it rests with the State to prove at every moment that the employment of the money which it raises conduces to a greater commercial profit than if it had been left to private persons to use, or else that the money is needed for purposes which have to be justified on grounds of necessity quite apart from economic ones.' The quotation is from an address by Mr. Winston Churchill,[7] and it would be difficult to put the point more clearly or more concisely.

I have thus far assumed that the fiscal demands of the State are met by a deduction from current expenditure. They may, on the other hand, be met by inroads upon savings, potential or actual. It requires no demonstration to prove that in that case the effect upon labour-employment would be still more deplorable, though there are politicians who would appear to regard the matter with indifference. 'My proposals resolve themselves into this—that the rich should have less to hoard up or to squander on riotous living, whilst the poor should have more wherewith to purchase the common necessaries of life.' The words form the conclusion of an article on *A Labour Budget* from the pen of Mr. Keir Hardie.[8] With his aspiration that the 'poor may have more to spend' everyone will sympathise. This eminently desirable end is to be attained, be it observed, *either by*

[7] To the Financial Reform Association at Liverpool in 1908.

[8] *Popular Financial Booklets*, viii. p. 14.

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a deduction from the 'hoards' of the wealthy, *or* from the amount squandered upon riotous living. Whether the money is derived from the one source or the other would seem to Mr. Hardie to be a matter of indifference. And yet, as we have seen, the distinction is one of vital importance to the wage-earning class. Deduct the money destined for the poor from the amount 'squandered upon riotous living,' and you will do no permanent harm to anybody. You may, indeed, inflict some inconvenience, or even hardship, upon the producers and purveyors of luxuries, and upon those who, in their several ways, minister to the riotous livers; but the hardship may be temporary, while the advantages may be enduring. If, on the contrary, you deduct it from the 'hoards of the wealthy,' the result will be very different. 'Hoarding' is a word of ugly and ill-omened connotation. It conjures up a vision of some wicked medieval baron piling up ill-gotten booty in the strong room of his ancestral castle, or of a modern miser hugging his bags of gold. And yet I take it to be nothing else than a synonym for commonplace capital.

> My proposals [says Mr. Hardie with refreshing ingenuousness] would not tax savings or in any way penalise thrift. They would, however, prevent the accumulation of very large fortunes. . . . A person of average intelligence does not require to be a Socialist to understand that if a disproportionate share of the wealth which is yearly produced by the industry of the nation is allowed to accumulate in the hands of families *to an extent far beyond their capacity to spend*, trade must suffer to that extent.[9]

It may be thought that I owe an apology to the readers of this Review for quoting a sentence so transparently fallacious. I make no apology, for I believe that these words are extraordinarily representative of a confusion of thought which is not peculiar to Mr. Hardie and his immediate associates. How he would propose to avoid the taxation of 'savings,' and at the same time discourage and dissipate the 'hoarding' of the rich, I leave it to him to explain. But I invite attention to the words which I have italicised. What is the idea connoted by them? Is it not that of wealth withdrawn by some malignant and mysterious process from 'circulation'? If families 'accumulate' wealth 'beyond their capacity to spend,' they must, we are to assume, put it away in an old stocking! But I do Mr. Hardie an injustice: there is another alternative; they may put it out to 'usury'! 'Trade,' says Mr. Hardie, 'is dependent upon the circulation of commodities, and when large sums are yearly extracted from the national income and put out to usury either at home or abroad, just to that extent is the spending power of the people crippled.' There would be something pathetic in the confusion of thought revealed by such language, were it not

[9] *Op. cit.* p. 14.

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employed by one who is sufficiently confident of his financial skill to formulate a cut and dried *Labour Budget*. But the real significance of such sentiments lies not in the fact that they are enunciated by Mr. Hardie, but that they are to-day accepted as economic gospel by hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens. One point may be gladly conceded to Mr. Hardie. We should all prefer to see ten thousand men each in possession of 1000*l*. of capital than one man in possession of 10,000,000*l*. But the essential point, in the interest of the community, is that whether in the hands of one individual or of ten thousand, it should exist as 'capital' or 'hoard,' and not be expended as revenue. This is a truth which is unfortunately hidden from many people besides Mr. Hardie. It is fortunate that his ingenuousness allows him to reveal a fallacy which lurks unsuspected in many more elaborate and sophisticated arguments. This brings us back to Canon Barnett.

IV

Canon Barnett's article raises an issue even wider than those which I have, thus far, discussed. 'Poverty,' in his view, 'is at the root of our present discontent, not the poverty which the Poor Law and Charity are to relieve, but the poverty of the great mass of the workers.' Is he right?

The existence of 'poverty' cannot be denied. The term itself is a relative one, but it is an undeniable and deplorable fact that a considerable section of the population—not 'the great mass of the workers'—live habitually on the border line of subsistence. No one doubts that it would be an immense gain, ethical, political, and economic, if this section could be permanently lifted well above that line. Incidentally, I would remark that the significance of much statistical argument is discounted by a common and very natural error. In such statistics it is assumed that the economic unit is the individual wage-earner. Anyone who is personally familiar with the conditions of life among the wage-earners knows that in many parts of England the real economic unit is the family. That is more particularly the case in the great districts where textile manufactures form the staple industry. At the opening of the present Session, Mr. Snowden greatly impressed the House of Commons by pointing out that 'even in the greatest of manufacturing industries, the cotton trade, where trade unionism had become a tradition, 21 per cent. of the adult men for full time earned less than 1*l*. a week, and 48 per cent. of the adult men received for full time less than 25*s*. per week.' The argument was singularly infelicitous as urged in support of a demand for a legal minimum wage. For everyone who is acquainted with

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Lancashire knows that there is not, in the whole world, a more highly organised industry than the Lancashire cotton trade, that in no trade are profits cut more fine, and that nowhere is the earning of the individual a less accurate index to the income of the economic unit. But this is an incidental point.

Canon Barnett argues that poverty is the root cause of discontent, and that poverty is due to unsatisfactory legislation. 'Law' (he writes), 'which has determined the lines which the present distribution of the national income follows, might determine others which would make the poor richer and the rich poorer.' Does he really suppose that the existing distribution of the national income depends upon the enactments of the Legislature? If so, what are the laws to which he more particularly refers? It is true that the law recognises, within certain limits, the right of testamentary disposition and the right of inheritance. Is it seriously suggested that these laws are responsible for wealth on the one side and poverty on the other? Has he never heard of the Lancashire aphorism: 'Clogs to clogs in three generations'? And it is not only in Lancashire that a fool and his money are soon parted. 'Clogs to clogs' implies more than this. It means that there is no caste system in trade. Of course the inheritor of capital gets some advantage in the race; but he is frequently handicapped in other directions. It would surprise a great many people to learn how many of the successful men of business have started at the bottom, still more, how many of their grandchildren or great-grandchildren sink again to the same level. There is still in trade a career open to talent, if not absolute equality of opportunity. What Canon Barnett seems to be aiming at is a further restriction of the right of inheritance—or, in plain words, an increase in the 'death' duties. Such duties have doubtless taken a permanent place in our financial system, but it is not impertinent to ask how the manual workers are to be benefited by a transformation of capital into revenue? All classes of the community are vitally interested in the abundance of cheap capital: most of all the classes who live by manual labour. But how will capital be cheapened by treating large lumps of it as revenue? If the revenue derived from the death duties were consistently applied to the extinction of debt, there would be nothing to be said against them on economic grounds. To treat accumulated capital as income can only lead, in the long run, to financial confusion, if not disaster. The value of capital has appreciated to the extent of something like 25 per cent. in the last fifteen years, and that in spite of a rapid increase in its aggregate amount. Many explanations of this appreciation have been suggested. Has sufficient account been taken of the gradual

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but continuous attrition of capital by contemporary methods of taxation?

I have ventured to question the accuracy of Canon Barnett's assertion that 'the great mass of the workers' are living in a condition of poverty. But poverty is a relative term, and I admit that it is as difficult to disprove as to prove the statement. Even were it proved, however, I should nevertheless dispute the force of the argument which is founded upon it. Is it true to say that it is 'the poverty of the great multitude of work-people .... which is the chief source of the present discontent'? To those who hold that it is I venture to submit the following questions:

Is it not the case that discontent is most noticeable to-day in the best-paid occupations, and among workers who are admittedly well above the poverty-line? I do not, of course, suggest that during the last few years 'unrest' has been confined to these classes. The phenomenon has been well-nigh universal in the ranks of 'labour.' But no one who has any intimate knowledge of those ranks can doubt that the discontent has been and is most deep-rooted among the comparatively well-to-do: the miner, the railway-worker, and the highly skilled artisan.

How is this to be explained? Not so much, I believe, by poverty, as by a sense of incongruity between the industrial status of the manual worker on the one hand, and, on the other, his political status and intellectual outlook. Thanks to the provision of educational facilities, the intellectual horizon of the manual worker has been, to an amazing extent, widened during the last thirty years. Politically, also, he has attained to the full stature of manhood. Industrially, however, he is still under authority, bound to take his orders from men who are his political equals, and in educational attainment not markedly his superiors. Between the ordinary 'private' in the ranks of labour and his immediate superior, the non-commissioned officer—the over-looker or foreman, there exists a very great deal of friction. Nor is the fault all on one side. To the fully enfranchised citizen the sense of industrial discipline becomes increasingly irksome, while the foreman finds his subordinates increasingly 'awkward,' suspicious, and sensitive. Further, the manual worker has another complaint against 'authority.' It is not merely harsh and overbearing, but in some cases grossly incompetent. When that is the case, the worker sees his economic position jeopardised by causes over which he has no sort of control. It is partly this sense of impotence to avert industrial disaster which has given strength to the Syndicalist movement. The Syndicalist is no doubt primarily concerned to transfer the employer's profits to his own pockets; but a secondary motive is

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a desire to obtain industrial control: to get rid of the 'boss'; to make the manager or *entrepreneur* his nominee instead of his master. The Syndicalist sees no reason why labour should not in future hire 'directors,' just as at present directors hire labour. Nor, indeed, is there any reason. If the Syndicalist will go a step further and hire not only brains but land and capital as well, he may make as many experiments as he chooses, and most people will, with all sincerity, wish him success.

The meaning and aim of Syndicalism I have, however, recently discussed in some detail in the pages of this Review.[10] My immediate purpose is a different one. It is to express a very serious doubt as to the accuracy of Canon Barnett's diagnosis of the social diseases of our day, and still more seriously to question the efficacy of the remedy which he prescribes. That the poverty of certain sections of the labouring population is one of the contributory causes of the prevailing unrest I do not for a moment deny; but I submit that to describe 'the great multitude of the working people as steeped in poverty' is a palpable exaggeration; that conditions in this respect are not deteriorating but improving, though less rapidly than one could wish; that it is not the wealth of the wealthy which can be held responsible for poverty; and, finally, that of all possible prescriptions for the extinction of poverty the most preposterous and the least efficacious is an attack upon accumulated wealth. It would be affectation to deny that the spoliator may get some fun out of the fruits of plunder; but his merriment will be shortlived. The game is not one which can be frequently repeated, still less can it be played indefinitely. Is it worth while to play it at all? Still more: is it wise or right for men in authority to incite to such profitless and ephemeral amusement?

J. A. R. Marriott.

[10] 'Syndicalism and Socialism,' November 1912.

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AN ITALIAN BOOK OF ETIQUETTE IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY

THE social conventions of Italy in the latter half of the sixteenth century are naturally a subject of considerable interest to Shakespearian students, when it is remembered that no young Englishman of the upper classes at that time was looked on as completely educated or properly equipped for life without having spent a year at least in the southern peninsula. Elizabethan literature generally is so full of allusions to the prevailing custom of making such visits to Italy that it is unnecessary to quote even extracts from English writers of that period for the purpose of demonstrating the fact. Many of Shakespeare's dramatic characters are, as we all know, Italians; and in quite a goodly number of his plays the scene is actually laid in Italy—facts that have led some of his commentators to maintain that he must himself have visited that country, though there is no record of his having done so. Had such of his commentators as take this view been aware that there was in existence in Shakespeare's day an admirable English version of one of the best treatises on Italian etiquette that was ever penned, they would possibly have found it easier to believe that he acquired any Italian atmosphere which is to be met with in his dramas from this very volume than to assume that its acquisition must have been the result of his own personal observation when a traveller in Italy. The adoption of this more reasonable view would, I think, have been further facilitated had they known that the volume in question was one with which Shakespeare has in many instances shown an extensive and unmistakable familiarity.[1]

The short title of the book I refer to is *The Civile Conversation of M. Steven Guazzo, written first in Italian and now translated out of French by George Pettie.* Black Letter, London, 1581. It was originally published in Italian at Brescia in 1574; next, in 1579, rendered into French in two distinct forms by F. Belleforest and by G. Chappuys; and turned almost immediately after into English. In its English form it was evidently popular from

[1] See 'A Forgotten Volume in Shakespeare's Library,' by the present writer, *The Nineteenth Century and After*, February 1904.

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the start, for another edition was issued in 1586. Since then it has never been reprinted.

Yet *The Civile Conversation* was by no means the only work of its kind then available for English readers interested in the social life of Italy in the late sixteenth century. Not to mention many others, there were two extremely well-known works of a more or less similar character in circulation at the time—Sir Thomas Hoby's *Courtyer*, translated from Count Baldassar Castiglione's *Il Libro del Cortegiano*, 1561; and Robert Peterson's version of *Il Galateo*, an Italian work of Della Casa, Bishop of Benevento, published in 1576.

The Book of the Courtier has long been considered the most important work of its kind known in Shakespeare's day or before it. Roger Ascham praised it; and tells us that the work 'advisedly read and diligently followed but one year at home in England, would do a young gentleman more good . . . than three years' travel abroad spent in Italy.' Florio too has a word of commendation for it; Dr. Johnson says it is the best book that ever was written upon good breeding; while, as will be seen later on, Guazzo himself allows it a pre-eminence of an unrivalled kind, though in a restricted field.

Making an immediate conquest of Europe, it ran into very many editions; but for all its popularity in England Shakespeare seems to have let it go by almost unnoticed. Professor Sir Walter Raleigh, in his admirable introduction to the 'Tudor Translations' edition, suggests that the advice of Polonius to his son is in some points very close to the teaching of Castiglione, particularly in the matter of dress; and that portions of Shakespeare's praise of music recall to some extent what is to be found in the earlier work. These echoes are, however, so very faint that, standing almost alone, little reliance can be put upon them.

Many other similar works of an earlier date will be found fully described and quoted from by William M. Rossetti in his very exhaustive and extremely interesting treatise on *Italian Courtesy Books*, published in the transactions of the Early English Text Society.[2] But though he goes back to the thirteenth century as a starting point, he comes to a stop with Robert Peterson's version of the *Galateo*, published in 1576. Incidentally, however, he shows us how Italy came to occupy her commanding position as *arbiter elegantiarum* amongst the nations of Europe from quite an early period:

> Italy, as is tolerably well known, was, together with Provence, in the forefront of civilisation—or 'civility,' as it might here be more aptly phrased—in the Middle Ages; and I should not be surprised to learn that, in the refinements of life and niceties of method, the Italy of the thirteenth

[2] No. III. 1868. (Extra Series.)

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century, as traceable in her Courtesy-books, was quite on a par with the France or Germany of the fourteenth or the England of the fifteenth, and so progressively on.

The extreme rarity of the first edition of Pettie's *Civile Conversation* may perhaps account for its lack of notice by the writers I have mentioned. Be this as it may, neither Mr. Rossetti nor Professor Raleigh has a word to say of the contents of Guazzo's work; and yet it was just the work which, more than any of the others then procurable, was likely to appeal to Shakespeare, being at once distinguishable from its more famous rival *The Courtyer* of Sir Thomas Hoby, in that it deals with society of every rank; while Hoby's volume has to do mainly with the manners and practices of much higher social circles and is quite unlike Peterson's *Galateo*, which contains, in the main, instruction for those only who had no pretensions to any manners at all.

Pettie's book is besides full of quiet and delightful humour of an everyday kind. The failings of the people, and not the artificiality of the court, are the main subjects of its deftly veiled satire; and all its teaching is conveyed in so insidious and so pleasant a way that even the veriest offender against the canons of good behaviour would in all probability conclude that he himself was the last person who was intended to be admonished. The first edition of 1581 was quickly used up, for it was followed in 1586 by a second issue containing an additional fourth book, which, though begun by George Pettie, was published as translated by Bartholomew Young. This fourth book, which on the title-page is described as 'the report of a banquet,' comes much nearer to *The Courtyer* than any of the three other books, dealing as it does all through with court society. Probably for this reason Shakespeare did not pay much attention to it. I have found but one passage in it from which he *may* have borrowed:

> That pittifull misfortune, that on a time befell to waxe, which being greatlie troubled to see her selfe soft and melted with heat, perceiving brickes and tiles to be hardened and baked in the fire, cast it self into the hot furnace, where it was melted to nothing in the end.—Book IV. 201a.

It is just possible that the dramatist was thinking of these lines when he makes Hamlet say:

> Rebellious hell,
> If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
> To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
> And melt in her own fire.—III. iv.

If it be so, the words 'her own fire' would carry an additional force, meaning the fire of her own selection, as in the fable referred to.

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Of Guazzo himself, the author of the original, it is unnecessary to say much more than that he moved largely in court circles at his time, was a well-known patron of literature, and was the founder of the Academy De' Illustrati at Saluzzo, in north-western Italy. His work, which takes the form of a dialogue, purports to be the gathering together of discourses which passed between his younger brother, Roberto Guazzo, and Master Anniball Magnocavelli, a famous physician of Saluzzo. Like other works of a conversational form, it was no doubt modelled on the Dialogues of Plato. Infinitely more curious, however, is the Dantesque method adopted in this and other Courtesy Books, of illustrating and settling the society practices of their own time by reference to examples of right or wrong behaviour derived from early Athenian history and the Augustan age of Rome; Plato, Aristotle, and Cato being constantly cited in support of such matters as a Church doctrine of the day, or to emphasise the impropriety of a gentleman's kissing his wife in the presence of their daughter.

On reading the book as a whole one is struck by the amazing, and at times humorous, perception on the part of the speakers of the foibles, the littleness, the arrogance, the banality, the vanity, the boredom, the vulgarity, and the pretentiousness of society, on the one side; and, on the other, by the commendations expressed of social charm, tact, generosity, honesty, and such other qualities with which social unpleasantnesses are best combated, and if possible amended.

It is no less surprising, when we have perused the full contents of the volume, to find that Italian society in the late sixteenth century, as seen through the observant spectacles of Stefano Guazzo, differed not only very little from all we know of Elizabethan ways and manners, but, strange though it may seem to-day, differed still less, where its weak side is put before us, from all that we look down on in the society with which we are surrounded in England of the present time. We find, for instance, amongst the first offenders against the rules of civil conversation according to Guazzo's code, those who 'to bewtifie and set forth their speach' make use of 'blasphemous othes' and 'detestable swearings.' It is comforting, however, to find that all such are included 'in the number of the intollerable'; while tale-bearers and tellers of secrets are condemned in Dante-like fashion as deserving of having their tongues pulled out. 'Ill-tongued biters,' too, are pilloried as persons not to be by any means encouraged—those 'out of whose tongues proceed certain short nips, which pearce our harts more than sharpe arrowes.'

Anniball is, however, for all that, sufficiently sportsmanlike in character to appreciate a well-delivered 'left-hander' by one

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who has been wrongly provoked, and tells us with evident appreciation of an answer which was made to the Emperor Augustus, 'who, meeting by chance with a stranger who resembled him very much in favour, asked him if his mother had any time been at Rome, insinuating thereby in flouting manner, that he might be his father's bastarde sonne. But the stranger answered him no less boldly then merily, my mother was never there, but my father hath.'

'Mockers and flouters' then come in for general castigation. Flatterers of every kind are no less spared, though one of the speakers is of opinion that 'the world is made up of flattery, and at this day it is more in fashion than picked bears and great ruffes,' and so may have its uses.

Another example of deviation from a perhaps too rigid morality in this line, relating as it does to lovers, may or may not be to the point even to-day:

> There remaineth nowe no more but the last example of lovers, who, I am content to confesse unto you, are indeede no better than flatterers. For a greater man then my selfe confesseth as much, writing, that if their beloved bee flat nosed, they tearme her amiable: if hauked, they call her Princely: if shee be browne, they count her manly: if white, heavenly. But this is not to bee marvelled at, seeing lovers are both lawlesse and witlesse, and that in their heartes as our Poet saith:
>
> The senses beare the sway, and reason is subdued.

Taken, however, in an all-round way, flattery is a practice that is strongly condemned, Anniball concluding:

> And therefore it is written, That it is better to bee beaten of ones friende, then kissed of his enimie, to wit, a flatterer: and for the conclusion, to commende that in one which is evill, is the deede of a deceiver, and a very kinde of treason. And therefore the Emperor Sigismund is worthie commendation, who hearing a certaine shamelesse fellowe call him God, up with his fist, and gave him a boxe on the eare, and when hee saide, 'Why doest thou strike mee Emperour?' Hee answered, 'Why doest thou bite mee flatterer?'

Another class of social offenders is well described—the illustration being one which probably would have appealed to Touchstone and other Shakespearian characters.

> *Annib.* I thinke wee may couple with these, some other troublesome fellowes, who offend, not by ignorance, but sharpen their wittes onely to provoke others, who upon every worde will make a Comentarie, and lye in waite to take others in a trippe in that they shall say: This fault is peculiar to certaine schoolemaisters, and other professours of learning, who will oft times shape very newe founde answeres, and nowe and then propose such doubtfull doubtes, that are enough to make a dogge run a myle without looking behinde him. But sometime they meete with mates that dresse them in their kinde, and yeelde them the honour which is due unto them. Like as a poore craftie clowne served his sonne, who about every worde woulde bee arguing with him, for having one day nothing but foure egges

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upon the table for their dinner. The young gentleman (forsooth) to shewe his wit, would needes undertake to proove that there were VII, for that the III is contained in the number of foure, and IIIJ and IIJ make VII. The father to avoyd strife, tooke the IIIJ egges, saying: I wil eate these, and take you ye other IIJ.

Yet another kind of person, also classed with the objectionable, is he who is given to what we would now call 'tall tales'—and it is curious that the example adduced by Guazzo is one derived from the sporting world, which is still to-day the most fertile source of stories of this sort.

Guaz. There are divers which thinke to get the name of pleasant conceited fellowes, by telling some monstrous strange tale, to make the hearers merie, or cause them to marvell, and crave the Poets priviledge, to use the figure Hyperbole at their pleasure. Like as hee, which tolde that going a hunting, hee found a Boore so olde, that hee was become starke blinde, and that another young Boore for very compassion, put his taile into the olde ones mouth, and so lead him out to feede: Now hee shooting at them, cut of the young Boores taile, which hung still in the olde Boores mouth, and running quickly, tooke the taile in his hand, and brought the poore Boore by a long way even unto the Citie, thinking stil that his fellowe had lead him.

Annib. I thinke it troubled him more to tell this tale, then to leade the Boore.

Guaz. These felowes perswade themselves so earnestly to beleeve a lye, that they woulde have you beleeve it too, and if you doe not, they thinke you misuse them.

'The curious,' and 'the ambitious,' as distinguished from the courageous, are treated to some caustic remarks. Amongst the latter are those 'who without any pain, without doing anything meet for a noble mind, and without any foundation of desert, seek in companie to go before others, and to be placed above others.'

Guaz. Those in trueth are to be detested, and I know some of them, who at the entring in at the dore, or at the sitting downe at the table, make haste to set their foote before others, and are verie sorie when others usurpe over them that foolishe pre-eminence: not knowing that the place neither giveth nor taketh away vertue.

Annib. Those which doe so, perceive them selves litle accounted of, and perchaunce knowe verie well that no bodie will say unto them, I pray you sir, goe before . . . But women fall chiefely into this vanitie, and heereupon there often ariseth amongste them the best sport in the worlde, for none of them beeing willing to give place, and everie one of them being ready to take place, they occupie the way and the upper roomes[3] as it were by force: and withall, you shall often heare amongst them one say, my husband is a Doctour, an other, mine is a Gentleman, an other, I am descended from the Troyans, an other maketh vaunt of her dowry and her jewels, wherewith she boasteth her selfe to be able to buy the other out of house and home, in such sorte, that if the husbandes fall to deale in these quarrelles, they will never be decided or determined without blowes.

[3] *I.e.* places.

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In the Second Book, 'wherein,' as the heading tells us,

is discoursed, first of the manner of conversation, meete for all persons, which shall come in any companie, out of their owne houses, and then of the particular points, which ought to bee observed in companie betweene yong men and old, gentlemen, and yomen, Princes and private persons, learned, and unlearned, citizens, and straungers, religious, and secular men, and women,

amongst things excellently treated of are the merits and advantages of silence.

'They shoulde know,' says Anniball, 'that it is no lesse admirable to knowe how to holde ones peace, then to know how to speake. For, as wordes wel uttered, shewe eloquence and learning, so silence well kept, sheweth prudence and gravitie.'

A good deal follows on the subject of speaking, both in public and in private, with some admirable directions as to gesture, action, tone of voice, appositeness, and other matters of the kind—all of which have been largely used by Shakespeare in Hamlet's immortal advice to the Players, beginning 'Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it.'[4]

Here too are some suggestions which even to-day are not very far from the mark.

Annib. I will say that amongste other faultes, there is one common to the most part of men, who by negligence use to repeat some one worde verie often: and some there are, who speaking by the mouth of another, rehearse often this (sayth hee) which is very unseemely. Another at the beginning of every sentence, commeth in with (nowe Syr): and some there are, who when they will not or can not signifie thinges by their proper names, in steede thereof say (what shall I call it).

Guaz. The first faulte of these last rehearsed, is very unseemely for him which speaketh, but much more for him which writeth, and I have noted that many having some speciall affection to some worde, or to some manner of speache, have sowed it in a thousand places. . . . And therefore there are, whiche say, the writinges of Bembo woulde have better grace, if these wordes (*Paventevole, fortunevole,* and suche like) were not so often inserted in them, whiche gave occasion to the Cardinall Farnese to say, jestingly, as hee behelde a house at Bologne, built with many windowes, *Questa casa secundo il Bembo è molto fenestrevole.*[5]

Of other things to be avoided in speaking is pretension to knowledge which one does not possess:

For according to the opinion of a wise man, he that speaketh he knoweth not what, playeth in a manner the parte of a madde man, and falleth into the fault that Alexander the Great did, who reasoning of painting in the house of Appelles, and using speeches impertinent and contrarie to that art, the wise Painter whispered him in the eare, that he shoulde speake no more of that matter, or else that he shoulde speake softly, for that his prentices laught him to scorne.

[4] See *Nineteenth Century and After*, February 1904.

[5] Pettie leaves the sentence untranslated, showing that Italian was pretty well understood in England at the time. It might be rendered: 'This house, as Bembo would put it, is much bewindowed.'

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Old people who 'make themselves younger than they are' are twitted in much the same way as they would be to-day. In this connexion Anniball says to his philosophic friend:

Annib. But you say nothing of those, who not content to yeelde to the course of nature, desire to seeme young, and goe another way to woorke to hide their age, that is by pulling of their white heares, or else seeking to convert their silver heares into golden ones, the simple soules not perceiving that this their transformation or rather deformation is no more seene than a nose in a mans face.

Guaz. There was one olde graybeard, who perceived this well ynough, but too late and with repentance. For having been denied a Suite which hee craved at his princes handes, he went and dyed his bearde and his head, and perswading himselfe he should not be knowne, returned twoo dayes after to the prince, preferring his former suite, who spying his crafte, making as though he perceived it not, answered him, I cannot with mine honour graunt it to you, for that I have alredie denied it to your father, who, two dayes since requested the same thing at my handes.

The question of what a gentleman is, or is not, crops up naturally in such a work as Guazzo's. The various pretenders to the title are diagnosed with humorous discrimination, and in full accord with the usage of writers on Courtesy at the time, such authorities as Galen, Dante, and others of a bygone period are quoted to illustrate the meaning of the real gentleman. It is all too long, however, to be admissible here. One extract dealing with those who, without possessing any of the attributes of gentility, 'in their talke and in their apparel brave it out like gentlemen,' will show the spirit of ridicule in which the more pretentious types amongst the low-born are handled.

Guaz. A goodly matter I promise you when men will goe about (as our *Boccace* sayth) to make an Orange tree of a briry bush. In my minde those which extol themselves in woordes and bragge of their birth, rather disgrace themselves than otherwise. Like the poore drudge brought in in the Comedie, who tolde that his father was a goldsmith, and being asket what worke hee did belonging to that occupation, answered, that hee set stones in morter. Or the mule who being demaunded of his birth, and beeing ashamed to say that hee was an Asses sonne, answered that hee was a horses cosin.

About feasts—or, as we should now term them, dinner parties—there are many useful suggestions. The subjoined extract gives a good picture of correct behaviour as then understood in Italy. The ideal number of guests at such entertainments is, it will be observed, based on the old Roman practice:

Annib. Many excellent writers have set I owne many orders to be observed in feasts, but the chiefe are these, that the feast alwayes ought to begin at the *Graces*, and ende at the *Muses*: that is, that the number of the guests be not under three, nor above nyne: that they be neither too talkative, nor too dumbe; that no man take al the talke to himself, a thing very unseemely, for al ought to bee partakers as well of the talke, as they are of the wine. That the discourse be pleasant, and of such

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matters as men have no leasure to talke of abroade while they are about their businesse; ioyning (if it may be) pleasure with profite. That the talke, specially amongst women, be not doubtful, hard, and intricate: whereby even amongst men, the hearers are made melancholike by beating their braines to understand it. And thereupon it is saide, that a certaine Oratour being requested at a table to speake of eloquence, answered, Those things which are fit for the place and time present, I am ignorant in, and those whiche I know, would be uttered here out of season. Lastly that seeing such meetings are made uppon good will, the guests ought above al thing to avoide not only contentious speech, but also over liberal speech, for it seemeth to come from a head wel warmed with wine.

The third and last book of Pettie's translation is concerned altogether with domestic life. It includes, to quote from the heading,

the orders to be observed in conversation, within doares, betweene the Husband and the Wife, the Father and the sonne, Brother and Brother, the Mayster and the Servaunte.

The great marriage question, and how happy marriages are best to be brought about, naturally fills a considerable space of the discussion; and though it is agreed that a proper dowry with the lady is an essential in such an alliance, it is admitted that there are cases where views of the kind should not be pressed with unreasonable rigour.

I would not [as Anniball puts it] have a man doe as two olde men of this citie did, who treating a mariage betweene the Sonne of the one and the daughter of the other, have stayde this five yeares aboute a matter of a hundreth Crownes before they will conclude it, giving the worlde playnlye to understande, that they sette more by the money then the affinitie. And therefore it were better to keepe a meane, and to marry one neyther too riche nor too poore, for the over poore, bringeth into her husbandes house necessitie, and the over rich servilitie. And as he is termed most unfortunate, who weddeth a poore wife, so it is a common saying, That where entereth in the riche dowrye, there goeth out the free libertye.

Good looks, are, however, a something to be desired as well as the beauty of the mind; for the vulgar too commonly take an ill-favoured face for a token of ill-favoured conditions—as in a case recalled by one of the speakers.

I remember a prety jest of a Gentleman of great countenaunce, marye of a very ill countenaunce, and evill favoured face, who being invited to supper by a Gentleman of his acquaintaunce, went thyther alone somewhat before supper time, but the mistrisse of the house thinking he had been a servaunte sente before by his Mayster, having set her own servauntes about other busynesse, prayed my Gentleman to cleave some woode: whiche he set himselfe about very diligentlye. Now the Gentleman that had invited him, comming in the meane while, asked him what he did. To whom he aunswered with a merry countenaunce, that he bore the payne of his deformitie: Whereby you see how the evil favouredneesse of persons diminisheth their dignitie.

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A humorous instance of discretion on the part of a man who had married a bearded lady is mentioned by the same speaker:

Annib. There was a Gentleman of this Countrey . . . whose happe it was to have a wife of great stature, with a prety long beard on her chinne, and so monstrous a creature every way, that it was doubtfull whether she were a woman or a tyger: . . . Well, she passing along the strete, in the companie of some fine dames, certain Gentlemen straungers stared to view her, laughing and wondering at her: and as her husbande by chaunce passed by, one of them asked him what she was: who poore man shrinking in his neck, sayd he knew her not.

Guaz. He might well say he had more wife then he needed.

Annib. . . . but let us fall from the foule to the fayre.

Guaz. And a man cannot securely keepe them, for everye one will be catching at them. I remember that a Gentleman sente a Paynter to a verye fayre womans house, to drawe her Picture, but her Husbande comming in the meane while, hindred his worke, and drave him foorth of doores, saying that perhaps the Gentleman which sent him, after he had the Copye, would seeke to have the originall also, but in comparison betweene the fayre and foule, I say for my part that it is lesse greefe to be hanged on a fayre payre of gallowes.

Annib. It is yet an ordinary saying, That he that hath a white Horse, and a fayre woman, is never without trouble.

As the discussion proceeds, Guazzo, alarmed at the many dangers associated with marrying a pretty wife, and the unpleasantness of living with an ugly one, exclaims:

If then a man can take neither faire nor foule, without inconvenience, it is best to meddle with none at all.

But the philosophic Anniball counters with: 'The perfection of the body consisteth in the meane'; and yet for all that they should be such that most men may like them—'for thereby their husbands will be stirred up to love them . . . for a man careth not to possesse that thing which no man coveteth to have.'

Guaz. But what thinke you of those which floorish up themselves by art, saying they doe it to please their husbandes?

Annib. But doe you thinke that it is so?

Guaz. I thinke the gorgious apparell they put on when they go abrode, is rather to please those which are abrode, then the husband that is at home.

Varying views are afterward expressed as to the best way of selecting the best kind of wife; and, as so often happens in this and other treatises on social subjects in and about that time, Anniball falls back on classic precedent and quotes with much commendation a saying of the mother of Alexander the Great, 'that women are to be married with the eares, before they are with the eyes'—meaning that they should hear good reports of those who may be their husbands before they have the opportunity of seeing them.

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Eugenics, the last linguistic horror added to the English tongue by the science of our day, cannot be said to have made any surprising advances on what is contained in the sixteenth-century views of Guazzo which follow:

. . . but the greedinesse of the worlde is so great at this day, that men seeke diligently for Asses, Oxen, and Horse, of a good race, but a man careth not though his wife bee ill brought up, and worse borne, so that she be rich ynough: but he that is wise will above all thinges have a speciall regard of the conditions and qualities of his wife, and will note what the life and conversation of her parentes is, and hath bene, remembring the saying, that the Eagle breedeth not the Pigeon, but that Cat will after Kynde.

Then the question comes up as to the age of the lady whom one is to marry. Anniball thinks that though she may have been spoilt at home as a girl the husband 'may easily, like a tender twig, make her straight if she begin to grow crooked, and with grave admonitions reform her wanton mind. . . .' 'Therby,' he continues,

we may gather, that it is better to marry a young gyrle, than a mayde of ripe yeeres, who is hardly brought to leave her old il trickes, if she have taken any.

Guaz. Yet there are some of a contrary opinyon to yours, who holde it better to take a wyfe which is of yeeres of discretion, knowing how to order a house, than of those infants newly come out of the ground, whom you must eyther teache your self, or else appoint them a governour. And truly if any stranger should come to my house, to whom I woulde give good entertainment, I should dye for very shame, if I should be cumbred with one of those simple sottish creatures, which knoweth neither how to aske a question, nor how to make an answeare, nor in discourse to shewe her selfe a wise and gallant wench, and if she be not able to perfourme that, I had rather lock her up, and say she is sick.

There are some interesting bits of information touching the treatment of wives in different parts of Italy at the period.

Annib. Compare the people of *Sienna* and of the *Romanes* together, and consider how the *Seneses* to do the greater honour to straungers in their houses, make their wives present themselves, as the most deere thing they have in the world: contrariwyse the *Romanes* injoyne their wyves to so stricte a life, that they seeme to bee cloistered Nunnes. In this diversity of dealing, I will not give any determinate judgment: for the custome of each countrey is to be obeyed, which is to be observed as inviolably as a law. . . . But . . . a very young wife is easy to be framed to the pleasure of her husbande. And thoughe for some tyme her husbande muste bee fayne to bee her maister. . . . yet it doth him good to see his preceptes redily followed, and he is proude that he hath framed her (as they say) with his owne hande, and to his owne heart. And I thinke it be for nothing else that it is counted a double payne to marry a widdowe, but for that shee muste be firste made to forget the qualityes of her first husband, and then made to daunce after the pipe of the second.

Cocc. Me thinkes these seconde marriages have the taste of Colewortes

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twise sodden: being so much the more hurtefull, if both the parties have been twise maryed: And thereupon it is reported, that the husband and wife falling out as they sate at dinner togither, the wife in spight of the husbande, gave halfe the meate that was upon the Table to a poore body that stoode by, saying, I give it thee for my first husbandes sake: nowe the husbande tooke the other halfe, and gave it him, saying, I give thee this for my firste wyves sake: and so they were fayne to dyne with drye bread.

Annib. There is a worse inconvenience then this, for that this seconde mariage is very prejudiciall to the children of the first mariage, which are put to trie the step-mothers crueltye, who receiving any blow or injury of their husbandes, so soone as their backes are turned, revenge themselves 'upon their children, and beate them most pitiously, that cannot doe withall.

Guaz. He was pretily even with his stepmother, agaynst his will, who throwing a stone at a dog, hit her: saying, it was not flung altogither in vayne.

Then they discuss a father's duty to his daughter in this connexion, and Anniball puts the matter neatly when he says:

Likewise it is requisite for the father whiche loveth his daughter, before he marrye her to sifte thoroughly the qualities, behaviour, and life of his sonne in lawe: for it is a true saying, that hee whiche lygtheth uppon a good sonne in lawe, getteth a good sonne: and he that meeteth with an ill one, casteth away his daughter.

The extent to which wives should be obedient to their husbands is very fully gone into; but the general conclusion is that it is best for the husband to be in every sense lord and master.

It is a thing reasonable and agreeable to nature, that the stronger should commaund over the weaker. Yet some women have the right art to order thinges so wel, that the husbandes should be thought to doe amisse, if they should dispose them otherwise: Whereupon *Cato* was wont to say to the *Romaines*, We commaund over all the worlde, and our wives commaund over us: Neither is there any doubt, but that many Rulers over Cities and countreys, are over ruled by their wives, but as those women knowe howe in time and place, to bee obedient to their husbands, so there are some such restive jades, that they will not at any time be commaunded, and by their importunities, exclamations, scolding and brawling, continually withstande their husbands willes, and make a mock at them, playing with them a thousand shrowed prankes, which caused a certayne King to say, that they were very fooles that would follow their wife, running away from them.

Guaz. You put mee in minde of that husbande, who, his wife having drowned her self in a River, went crying along the river side, seeking her agaynste the streame: and being told that there was no question but that she was gone downward with the streame: Alas, sayth he, I cannot think it, for as in her life tyme she used to doe every thing agaynste the hayre, so now in her death she is surely mounted against the streame.

Anniball is not more complimentary to the women of his day than his friend was to the husband described in the last extract.

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Annib. It is as common a matter for women to shewe themselves vaine and lighte, as for Peacockes to spreade their tayles: wherefore we must not marvaile at that which is sayde by one, When we shall have once taken all vanitye from a woman, a man shall be able to take nothing else from her.

Guaz. . . . it is well known that there is no manne such an asse, but that continuall bobbes and repulses will make him soare away.

The subject of ladies' apparel was hardly to be avoided in a discussion bearing on the choosing of a wife; and, as a matter of fact, what is said about it runs into a good many pages. Out of much that might be quoted, I select a single passage to show the extraordinary lengths to which some women of fashion went at the time in the 'dressing of their heads':

Whereby they make men rather laugh at them, then like of them: like as I saw yesterday, after you went from hence, certain women, whereof one had her tresses crossed, in such sort uppon her head, that they made the likeness of two hartes bound together: from whence, went two braunches of Carnation Silke, in manner of two dartes: about the hartes betweene the tresses were knytte certayne knottes of silke and of hayre, representing the amorous passion: from the crowne of her head hung a certayne labell, whiche shoke wyth every wynd, signifiyng the lightnesse and inconstancye of her brayne: on her forehead the hayres made the fourme of a garland, which was set with pearles and jewels, and naturall and artificiall flowers, in such varietie, that the gardens of *Naples* are not able to yeelde moe sortes. I rehearse not unto you a thousand other trifles, which dimmed and dazeled mine eyes. . . . Now I pray you, is al this adoe made by the Wyves to please their Husbandes?

Annib. To suche a goodly devise, there lacketh but one golden worde.

Guaz. What, I pray you?

Annib. Offence to God, hope to the amorous, destruction to the husbandes.

A little further on there is a laughable interlude in which the fate of a certain shrewish wife is quaintly described by Master Anniball, who is a strong believer in submission being the wisest course when a husband is 'rough and terrible.'

Annib. And therefore if he be rough and terrible, she must overcome him with humilitie, if he chide, shee must hold her peace, for the answere of wise women is scilence: and she must stay to utter her mind unto him, untill he be appeased. If he be obstinate, let not her be overthwart, nor do as she did, to whom her husband brought for their supper two thrushes, but she would needes have it that they were two owsels or blacke birdes: and he replying that they were thrushes, and she holding that they were owsels, he in his chafe, gave her a boxe on the eare: and yet for all that, when the thrushes were served to the table, shee continued in terming them owsels, by reason whereof, the husbande fell to beating her againe: A weeke after, she put him in mind of his owsels againe, and continuing in her obstinacy, he was faine to fall to his old remedy. But this matter ended not thus, for at the yeeres end, she hit him in the teeth,[6] how

[6] A common sixteenth-century phrase for upbraiding.

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he beat her for two owsels: and he sayd it was for two thrushes, but she sayd he was decived: but she was well beaten for it againe.

Guaz. But what do you thinke of those husbandes which will beate their wives?

Annib. Mary as I do of Sacrileagers, and Churche-robbers.

The final portion of the dialogue is largely taken up with the subject of master and servant, and how they should bear themselves to each other. The conclusion that a reader draws from what is here said is that servants generally in those days were extremely like what we know them to be at the present time. Without going into the matter at any length, I shall only mention an illustration of an amusing character which is given as an instance of one of the many imperfections found in Italian servants in the late sixteenth century, which consist in being 'rude, undiscreet, foolishe, negligent, forgetfull, crafty, quarrelous, spitefull, gluttonous, importunate, slouthfull, bragging, and suche like.'

They ought to be borne withal [adds Anniball] if they cannot be reclaymed from them: though for my part I thinke suche servantes better lost then found, and the house the worse that they are in: yet I knowe some honest gentlemen, who so long as their servantes are faythfull and trusty, care not though they be fooles, vaine talkers, or jesters to make them merry.

Guaz. There was a gentleman at Parris, who going foorth of hys Lodging, willed hys servaunt to go to a Butcher named David, to buy him some tripes, but the Butcher having soulde all his tripes, hee retourned to his Mayster, who was at the Church hearing a Sermon, and by chaunce as hee entred in at the Churche, the Preacher (meaning to alleadge some text of Scripture out of the Psalmes of David) sayde, what sayth David? Mary sayth he, that hee hath sold all his tripes. I know not whether that ought to be termed foolishnesse, or pleasantnesse.

Three pages from the close of the book Guazzo reminds his friend of an apparent omission from their discourse.

It now commeth in my head, that we have not ordered our matters as we should have done, for that wee have spoken of the conversation of private maisters with the basest sort of servauntes, whereas wee shoulde fyrst have spoken of the Conversation betweene the Prince and the Courtyer.

But Anniball will not be drawn into any such discussion, and adds:

Besides that it is now late, and that I am called away to other businesse, you know we are eased of this labour by him who with his learned penne hath most perfectly fourmed the Courtier.

This reference to Baldassar Castiglione's well-known work is sufficiently obvious; but the author himself has put the matter beyond any doubt by printing the name in full in a marginal note in the first edition of *La Civil Conversatione*. It looks as if he

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meant to draw attention to the marked difference in character (to which I have already alluded) between his own work and the more famous treatise which had held the field so long before.

The extracts I have quoted from this hitherto little noticed volume, representing as they do but a slight uplifting of the veil, give one at least a genuine, though fragmentary, picture of Italian society at a time when England was learning much from Italy—then one of the favourite Continental finishing schools of the English upper classes. One of the charms about this admirably rendered handbook of good manners is the absence of all that is dogmatic, priggish, or pedantic in its suggestions. No law is here laid down with the cut and dried precision of your modern shilling *Guide to Etiquette*. The two speakers, differing as at times they do on trivial points, merely offer to those who would improve their knowledge of the ways of good society an invitation to follow what is said, and pick up such hints as may have been dropped between them. Their very methods of argumentation on the rare occasions when they are not altogether at one are such as to convince even those who stand most in need of their instruction that both the teachers are speaking with something more than ordinary authority. The classical precedents so often quoted for the purpose of ruling cases of deviation from social standards of more modern times have, for all their antiquity, the great argumentative cogency which comes of humorous illustration. In nearly all these examples from old days someone is being laughed at—laughed at for some *insouciance* of a social kind. And here comes in the cleverness of relying on such old-world precedents. The modern offender may successfully resist direct reproof; but he is well on the way to conversion who gets to know that he, too, may be laughed at if he happens to do what someone else has been laughed at for doing long before his time.

Of Shakespeare's intimacy with the first edition of this work of Guazzo I have already written at some length in an earlier number of this Review. I have therefore in the present avoided as far as possible such passages as furnished in the previous article a connecting-link between the great dramatist of England and one who may well be styled the Theophrastus of Italy. Such quotations as I have set out above will, I think, make it abundantly clear that Guazzo's book would have had a strong attraction for Shakespeare, more particularly when he was engaged on the composition of his Italian plays. He had no doubt, independently of its aid, picked up in conversation from many who had spent their year or more in Italy a considerable store of local knowledge of a kind to help him in the setting of his Venetian or Lombard *mises-en-scène*. But yet such travellers'

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tales would, in the conditions of the time, and having regard to the sources from which they must have come, have had more to do with the aristocratic circles of society than the habits of life followed by a humbler class. The *Civile Conversation*, then, we may fairly assume, fell as a refreshing supplement into Shakespeare's hands, telling so much more of the people than of the patrician, filling the unlit corners of his background with real, breathing natives of a foreign soil, and all pictured for him by a genuine and observant student of humanity, and rendered for his ready comprehension into consummate English by a master of that tongue. The revelation it opened to him must have been a rare surprise—giving him to know, and on authority that none might question, that there was after all but little to choose, in matters of everyday domestic life, between the England he knew so well and the Italy of which he was desirous to know something more. Here, I am persuaded, is to be found Shakespeare's complete justification (if such be wanted) for surrounding Aufidius the Volscian in early Roman times with typically English servingmen; for doing the same in a more modern Italy with Petruchio at his country house near Padua, and for giving such servants as Speed and Launce to the two Gentlemen of Verona; for planting Sir Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek in a region apparently so little suggestive of their essentially British ways as Illyria; for appointing to the city of Messina one Dogberry as Constable and Verges as his assistant 'headborough'; and generally for peopling his scenes abroad with characters who are from head to heel the true-bred and unmistakable products of his own country at his own day.

EDWARD SULLIVAN.

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THE BIBLE AND THE MARVELLOUS

No one who is acquainted with the Old Testament literature, even through that cursory and fugitive acquaintance which comes of hearing such passages as are read in the course of the Liturgy, can fail to be struck with the fact that it is full of records of visions, appearances of superhuman beings, particular revelations in particular places, abnormal and miraculous happenings of different kinds, which—if they are to be accepted as historical at all—belong to a kind of experience that in our present state of civilisation is quite foreign to normal mentality (Gen. xviii., xxxii. 24; Exodus iii. 2; Josh. v. 14; 2 Kings vi. 17; Judges xiii.; Isaiah vi.; Ezekiel viii., ix., x., etc.). And the same may be said, in its degree, of the New Testament; though in this literature the experience, similar in kind, is different in quality, being more concentrated, more purposeful, and, generally speaking, more deliberately used to a particular religious end, than in the Old Testament. And this fact, that the whole Bible more or less, from Genesis to the Apocalypse, is full of records of these abnormal experiences, constitutes a serious difficulty for the modern Christian, or, at least, proposes an awkward question. Just because they are totally outside the range of his own experience they are almost beyond his imagination, for we find a great difficulty in imagining anything of which we have no recollection, of which there is no picture already existing in the mind. The fact that these things have not happened and do not happen to us or anyone we know, that we have no active part or lot in them, makes it exceedingly difficult for us to believe that they have ever really happened to anyone.

But since the Bible is what it is, and since we believe that as a whole and in its collective significance it is unquestionably a Word of God, what is to be our attitude towards it in those parts which, if we are to be frank, we must admit that we find disconcerting? It is obvious that the question it presents may be answered in different ways and by different methods. One way is not by not answering at all; that is, by just accepting the fact that we have got to swallow a certain amount of the marvellous element with the Bible, and where that element gets really too pronounced comforting ourselves with vague and uncertain

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phrases about 'Oriental imagery.' This is sometimes called the answer of faith; of course, it may be that—but it may be nothing of the kind. I should prefer to call it the answer of habit. It may have such mental reservations behind it, it may be dependent on such narrow and rigid notions of what constitutes reality, as to present a serious, if unconscious, impeachment of the value of the Bible for the individual who proffers it. This is one way—a very common way—of answering the question of the Bible. Another way will be to remind oneself that while this literature, being so ancient, is necessarily bound up with the childish beliefs of a pre-scientific state of knowledge as to the visible universe and man's relation to it, the spiritual value of the Bible as a whole is not affected by the allowances we feel obliged to make for what appears to us to be grotesque. There is a certain amount of reason in this answer, but it implies two assumptions—the first, that the beliefs of primitive man as to the constitution of things around him are necessarily childish; the second, that if childish they are necessarily untrue. I am not prepared to give an unqualified assent to either of these assumptions, for reasons that will presently appear.

And there is a third way of answering this question, of dealing with this central Biblical difficulty, which is more abrupt and drastic than either of the former. It boldly normalises and evens out the Bible literature by relegating all that is abnormal to the category of myth or legend—which, by the way, is no answer. Or, with such material as affords the faintest pretext for such a treatment, by accounting for it simply as a poetised and exaggerated account of an event that, in origin, was purely naturalistic. This is the method of what calls itself Liberal and what Catholics call rationalistic Christianity, which, both here and in Germany, plainly declares for a non-transcendental and non-miraculous Bible.

For myself I am not satisfied with any of these answers or methods; and that dissatisfaction supplies the reason for this article, in which I shall approach the subject from another side, and endeavour to clarify matters by the application of that psychological test which is only just beginning to be used in connexion with the problems of religion and religious literature. In particular I am not only dissatisfied with the answer of Liberal Protestantism, but believe it to be plainly impossible. For if you try to face all the evidence and account for all the facts, the endeavour to construct an expurgated, normal, naturalistic Bible which shall have the force and value of the whole seems to me to be utterly futile. I speak, of course, with respect for those who, with much labour, ingenuity and knowledge, have attempted this task; but it does not in any way modify my conviction that they are on the wrong lines. For the abnormal—as

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we say, the marvellous—is not merely an annexe of the Bible, or addition to the original plan, which can be defined and mapped off without injuring the unity of the whole structure. Sinai is as much a part of the whole as the Ten Commandments, the Transfiguration as the Sermon on the Mount. The wonderful, the transcendental, is not merely an element in the Bible which can be isolated and separated out by the reagents of common-sense, it is actually the element in which all its spiritual experiences are presented, the atmosphere through which they are seen. For it must be evident to anyone familiar with the literature that those events, happenings and experiences which present the most difficulty to us are related simply, naturally, easily, without a conscious eye to their effect; that they were accepted by contemporaries as real experiences, having an actual and solid concrete value for thought and conduct. In the Old Testament the visions and revelations of prophets and seers, their communications with unseen beings, formed and modified the policies of kings and shaped the destinies of kingdoms. In the New Testament the visions and revelations of the Apostles caused no disquiet to the faithful, but rather initiated the Church's policy to the world outside Jewry and directed the ultimate lines of its expansion. The career of the most notable of Christ's contemporaries was determined, without question, simply by the substance of his father's vision, while even His own miracles were not opposed by His keen and bitter critics on the ground that they were miracles and therefore 'unhistorical,' but on the quite different ground that His power to perform them was derived from a spiritual connexion of a magical order—evil rather than good.

Now it seems to me that all this has direct bearing on the question before us—the question, I mean, as to how all these events and experiences which constitute for us the marvellous and the difficult were accepted so naturally and unquestioningly, or, as we say, uncritically, by the peoples among whom this Bible literature took its rise, and for whom it was written. If they were uncritical, why were they uncritical? For it is plain that this impact upon their lives of the forces of the unseen world was often as much a cause of alarm and disquiet as of comfort and peaceful confidence. The explanation I venture to offer is that this acquiescent, unprotesting acceptance of what seems to us so improbable as to be almost impossible, suggests a fund of common knowledge, of common experience, of a knowledge and an experience which lingered on in isolated practices or persistent legends until a period well within the beginnings of modern civilisation, but which has now quite ceased to be part of the folk-heritage.

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And if this explanation should seem to be at all valid, then it carries with it the indication that it is to the existence of different states of consciousness that we must look to account both for the former prevalence of a particular form of knowledge, and also for its latter disappearance. For our real stumbling-block in the whole difficulty is our expressed or implied assumption that the form of sense-consciousness now normal with us, through which we receive those selected impressions that constitute our world, is necessarily the only possible form.

Directly we begin to perceive that there have been and are others, then, if we have not a clue to the whole problem, at least a considerable mountain of difficulty is removed from our path.

Now observation of the facts of life seems to show pretty distinctly that there are three phases or degrees of consciousness, and these I will set out as they are defined by that interesting psychologist Edward Carpenter.[1]

There is, first, the stage of simple consciousness, in which the knower, the knowledge, and the thing known are still undiscriminated and undifferentiated. Though we cannot observe this stage directly in ourselves, we seem to be able to discern its existence in children, and plainly enough in animals. In them the thought of self as the knower, and the thought of the object as distinguishable from the knowledge or perception of it, has not arisen. The knowledge and perception of animals, therefore, owing to this non-differentiation of the self and its object, as well as to the absence of certain other causes of dislocation and trouble, is extraordinarily untouched and perfect of its kind. It is from the first a part of nature—of the whole—and has a cosmic quality about it. Their knowledge is, as it were, embedded in the great, living, intelligent whole (of the world), and therefore each special act of knowledge or perception carries with it a kind of *aura*, or diffused consciousness extending far around it. We are aware of this *aura* or 'fringe' of consciousness in ourselves, and modern psychologists have dwelt heavily, perhaps too heavily, upon it.

Seton Thompson, in his *Wild Animals I Have Known*, and in his description of the wild horse which, 'in spite of all reasons to take its usual path,' came along another and so avoided the pitfall set for it, says: 'The angel of wild things was with him, and that incomprehensible warning came.' This daemonic or semi-divine knowledge is almost entirely lost in the second stage of consciousness, but restored again, on a higher plane, in the third.

The second stage or level of consciousness is that on which

[1] *Art of Creation*, p. 45 *seq.*

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the great majority of us are at present. It is the analytical or separative stage in which the differentiation of knower, knowledge, and the thing known has fairly set in; the consciousness of an object external to, over against the Self. Life begins to shape around this self until there comes at last a kind of fatal split between it and the objective side of things. The instinctive belief of primitive peoples in beings similar to themselves moving behind and inspiring natural phenomena fades away, and with it the accompanying sense of community with nature, until the very idea of such a belief becomes a derision and a mockery. The subject and object of knowledge drift farther and farther apart, until the self is left face to face with a purely material and automatic world. With this antagonism between 'self' and 'matter' come all the other antagonisms—between intellect and emotion, the individual and society—which work such disruption in Life. This second form of consciousness is that which we take to be the only real form; but the knowledge arrived at through its characteristic process of thought is in fact largely an illusion.

The third form of consciousness is that which has been called the transcendental, or universal consciousness, in which the self formed in the second stage is carried on and up into a world of new perception. It is a matter of experience; it has been testified to in all parts of the world and in all ages of history. With it comes a strange illumination, a perception and realisation of an infinitely larger and richer world than comes to us through sense-perception. Subject and object are felt to be united and one, or, at least, they are felt to be parts of the same inclusive self.

So writes Richard Jefferies in *The Story of My Heart*: 'I became lost and absorbed into the inner being or existence of the universe, and losing thus my separateness of being, came to seem like a part of the whole.' 'I feel on the margin of a life unknown, very near, almost touching it; on the verge of powers, which, if I could grasp, would give me an immense breadth of existence.' Wordsworth, Tennyson, Walt Whitman, all bear a similar testimony, while the Christian Saint who had grasped that 'immense breadth of existence' which Jefferies somehow missed, speaks in this wise of all the relations between herself and the supreme life and all: 'My name,' said the Saint, 'is Teresa of Jesus'; 'and mine,' answered the Child, 'is Jesus of Teresa.'

I hope that the bearing of the fact of these three forms of consciousness on the problem presented by the character and colour of Biblical literature will be apparent. How do we, in the second or separate stage of consciousness, obtain our know-

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ledge of the external world? We obtain it from what we call the evidence of our senses. From the vibrations received through those senses, which pour in upon us, whether we will or no, we construct that sense-world which is the real and solid world of normal men. That it may be neither real nor solid is a possibility which few people realise acutely, and most would strenuously deny. But it is obvious that the structural peculiarities of the receiving instrument—in this case our senses—will modify the message. That which is conveyed as dash and dot, colour and shape, may have been received in a very different form; there will be fine vibrations which the instrument fails to take up, others which it confuses altogether. So a part of the message is always lost—in other words, there are aspects of the world which in our present form of consciousness we never know. But suppose another form of consciousness other than sense-consciousness in which these missing vibrations are received, or which registers with a changed rhythm, and the self comes in touch with new and more real aspects of the external world.

We have seen that there are such states or forms of consciousness other than ours, and the suggestion is that the world as it was known to the peoples of the Old Testament literature was not merely imaginatively, but actually and literally a different world from ours.

To the ancient Semite, as Robertson-Smith points out, in the first or primitive stage of consciousness his belief in frequent occasions of personal contact between men and superhuman powers may have been entirely justified as founded on actual experiences.

It is quite conceivable that the significance attached to dreams and other familiar psychical phenomena may not have been, for the primitive nature-consciousness, the naïve superstition it appears to the average intelligent reader who takes his cue from modern rationalism, but may have had, for it, a validity truly revealing. It is obvious, for example, that in the history of Jacob's vision, the idea is, not that Jehovah came to Jacob, but that Jacob was unconsciously guided to the place where there was already a ladder set up between earth and heaven, and where, by consequence, the Deity was peculiarly accessible. Precisely similar to this is the Old Hebrew conception of Sinai or Horeb, 'The Mount of God.' It is clear that in Exodus iii. the ground about the burning bush does not become holy because God has appeared to Moses. On the contrary, the theophany takes place there because it is holy ground, Jehovah's habitual dwelling-place.

These incidents may be, as we say, literary conventions, but

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they derive all their force from the fact that they would appeal to an immense and widespread conviction—a conviction by no means confined to the Semitic race—that such communications could and did occur.

So in the New Testament it would appear that the Apostles—perhaps as a result of the spiritual inrush of Pentecost, met by their own concentrated desire and disciplined wills—were able to pass into the third or unitive form of consciousness in which the distinction between subject and object disappeared, so as to leave them in doubt whether it was they themselves who spoke and acted or Christ who dwelt in them. And with regard to the general body of the faithful in Apostolic times it may be that this was the sense of the phrase 'full of the Holy Ghost' applied to so many men and women not otherwise distinguished. If this be so, it is not surprising that Stephen 'Being full of the Holy Ghost'—that is, having passed into an extended form of consciousness—should see a vision.

So also to the Christian saint and mystic, who, by the disciplined act of the will in mortification and contemplation, has sought liberation of the self into the third or unitive form of consciousness, the reality which he or she becomes aware of, and gives to the world in the form of visions and revelations, must be very different in content, meaning, and appearance from anything we know. True, the visions as passed on are but symbols, but they are all we can receive; the reality itself is beyond us. For does not St. Paul speak of a man caught up to paradise, who heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter?

To sum up; the first form of consciousness or nature-consciousness is that belonging to and perhaps shared by primitive man and animals, between whom there may once have been a greater openness of mind than we have allowed for.[2] This form of consciousness would be quite different from ours—in some directions more extended, in others more limited. Quite possibly, or even probably, it might reveal aspects of the world now unseen and unsuspected by us, sometimes entrancing, sometimes terrifying. Perhaps the gradual loss of this form of consciousness, once prevalent, may be symbolised in the Genesis story under the form of the expulsion from the Garden of Eden: the Tower of Babel may be another symbolic allusion of the same order. One explanation of the arts of magic would be that they were attempts to recover or reawaken this primitive form of nature-consciousness, after it had been lost or submerged in the second form of consciousness.

This is the analytical or separative self-consciousness in which

[2] Cf. Gen. ii. 19; Numbers xxii. 28, etc.

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by the differentiation between subject and object, knower, knowledge, and the thing known, consciousness of the universal life is lost. The characteristic process is the analytical method of thought. It is this form of consciousness which is normal with us in our state of civilisation—when self-consciousness becomes almost a disease—and it is obnoxious to what we call the 'marvellous.' We could not be human without it; but having it we are generally deluded into ignorance of our limitations.

The third form of consciousness is the mystical or unitive consciousness, in which the separated self is once more reunited with the All, through the disciplined aspiration of the will transcending the things of sense. Through it are revealed the highest and noblest aspects of the unseen world. To Jesus Christ, liberated from the limits of Self, it was revealed that God, the Absolute, the All, is Love. The Apostles and the Apostolic Church enjoyed something of the same liberation, partly as the result of personal effort, partly through a sharing and communication in the general psychical atmosphere of the Christian society. Just as I have suggested that magic was, and is, an endeavour to recover the state of primitive consciousness once prevalent in the dawn of the world, so I would suggest that the austerities and renunciations of those saints and mystics who tread the hard and difficult way of the Cross are an endeavour to revert to the state of unitive consciousness once prevalent in the dawn of the Church.

The 'marvellous' element in Bible literature propounds a question. There are two methods of answer—the rationalistic and psychical. The former demands too much, assumes too much, excludes too much; the latter, if it also assumes something, at least excludes nothing, and therefore seems to be the better way of accounting for things otherwise unaccountable.

J. A. Beaumont.

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SOBER BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT

'BRANDY! There is no brandy to be had here. The nearest place where there is brandy is fifty kilomètres away.'

There was a touch of grim satisfaction in the woman's voice as she spoke.

It was in rural Finland, at a posting station, where we had just arrived half frozen. For we had had a five hours' drive in an open trap; and, in spite of its being the month of May, a snowstorm was raging; while a wind so keen that it cut even through sheep-skin was tearing straight down from the North Pole, buffeting sorely all that it met. Never were there folk in so miserable a plight: the staunchest of prohibitionists could not have withheld his pity had he seen us standing there, even though one of us was clamouring ill-advisedly for brandy, clamouring in vain. For the station-keeper's wife spoke the simple truth: not a drop of spirit, or wine, or even of beer could be had for love or money in the whole district. He who would drink anything stronger than soda-water must go to the nearest town, must go a good thirty miles, in fact; and there was no railway.

A few days later I chanced to be travelling in a coasting vessel. Now the town from which this boat starts is, as I knew, staunchly 'prohibition,' and so is the town to which it goes: in neither the one nor the other, so the law decrees, may spirit be bought or sold. I took it for granted, therefore, that the same state of things would prevail on the boat.

When the waitress brought me food, however, she brought me also a bottle; and when I declined it, she looked at me in amazement. There was some mistake somewhere, she was sure, as a glance at her face showed: that there should be anyone on board that ship who did not wish for spirit was, evidently, quite beyond alike her comprehension and her belief. And I did not wonder; for most of those who were there were there, it was easy to see, to drink spirit; they had come for no other purpose. Never in my whole life before had I seen such steady-going hard drinking as I saw while travelling between these two prohibition towns. The cabin where the spirit was kept was on the upper deck, near where I was sitting; and not once through that whole long day

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was its door left shut for a single moment. Although it was only a small vessel, there were three waitresses on board; and all the three devoted a good four-fifths of their time just to fetching out bottles.

While in Scandinavia I once stayed at a quite model hotel. The rooms were pretty and clean; the attendance was as good as good could be; while as for the food, the veriest gourmet would have counted his time there well spent, so excellent were the dinners. The place was quiet and orderly too. Evidently they who resorted there all belonged to the eminently respectable class.

Now every day quite a fair number of the guests, as soon as they had finished their dinners, made their way towards a door at the further end of the room. They went so quietly, so unobtrusively, that I should never have noticed their going at all had it not been that, over the door through which they each in turn passed, the words 'Forbjuden Ingång'—or perhaps they were 'Adgang forbudt'—were painted. And even this might, perhaps, have made no impression on me had not almost every man, when he reappeared through the door, looked so well pleased with himself and his fellows, so superlatively innocent too. It was that that first set me a-wondering as to what there could be behind the 'No Entrance' door. I had never a chance of seeing, however, for against me that door was barred; I should never have known, indeed, had not one, against whom it was not barred, played the traitor.

The door opens into a room so small that it is little better than a cupboard, he informed me; he spoke of what he had seen; and all that there is there is a table, on which stand rows of glasses full of spirit!

This hotel has not the right to sell spirit, and its host takes good care that no spirit shall ever be sold there. That cupboard room, by a fiction founded not on a fact but on a wish, forms part of his private dwelling; and the spirit on the table is in theory for his private use. They who drink it do not pay for it, it is not entered in their bills—not as spirit at any rate. When it figures there at all it is always either as tea or as stamps.

With the best will in the world to see only what was good in the ways of the kindly and most intelligent folk among whom I was sojourning, I could not shut my eyes to the fact that this cupboard arrangement was 'tricky.' A Scandinavian friend, with whom I spoke on the subject, applied to it indeed a much harsher term. That this sort of thing should go on was for him a subject of keen regret, of keen anxiety, too: it was demoralising for the whole nation, he maintained. And it does go on throughout both Norway and Sweden, he declared. I should find 'tricky' arrangements everywhere, he warned me; and he

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spoke with authority; for not only is he a distinguished official, but an expert in all that concerns temperance.

I certainly found a 'tricky' arrangement the very first Saturday I was in Christiania. As my travelling little lamp was empty, I went forth in search of *denaturert brændevin*; and in the first shop I entered, the owner, when I asked him for a little bottle, pointed with a lofty gesture to the clock.

'You are too late,' he said. 'You will have to wait until Monday for your methylated spirit.' And he seemed quite glad that I should have to wait.

As goods were being served to other customers, I told him that I could not wait, I must have my methylated spirit at once; whereupon he waxed scornfully indignant.

'Do you not know that it is forbidden by law to sell spirit after seven o'clock on a Saturday?' he demanded. 'Christiania will have no spirit-drinking on Sundays,' he added significantly.

I assured him that I did not wish to drink the methylated spirit, that no one could drink it, as it was poison, that I wished to burn it.

'That is what ladies always say,' he retorted derisively. 'Anyway, you will not get it here to-night, either to burn or to drink!'

I went into another shop, taking care this time to choose one where there were no customers; for it had occurred to me, while in the other shop, that 'playing to the gallery' was perhaps going on. Here again, however, my request was refused. As methylated spirit was a spirit, the man explained, he could not sell it after 7 P.M. Then he paused and scanned me over as if weighing me in the balance. The result was evidently satisfactory, for he added quietly, as if what he was saying was the most natural thing in the world, 'I cannot sell to you methylated spirit, but I should be glad to lend you some, if you would allow me.'

Some friends of mine had a similar experience, and in their case the spirit was not even methylated. On returning home late one Saturday night they found, to their dismay, for they had invited friends to dine with them the following evening, that there was neither wine nor spirit in the house. They sent out a servant to try to buy a few bottles, but all in vain. They then went out themselves; but they, too, would have had to return empty-handed had they not chanced to hear a whisper that, although it was too late to buy, it was never too late to borrow.

Although the sale of spirit is by law prohibited in Christiania from 7 P.M. on Saturday until 8 A.M. on Monday, I have seen men and women sitting on the steps of a public institution drinking out of spirit bottles at one o'clock on a Sunday morning;

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and I once saw there what I never saw in any other capital, a man hopelessly drunk in a tram car in the middle of the afternoon. These facts point to something topsy-turveyish, as well as tricky.

Lapland, too, is a country that is topsy-turveyish in these matters. Nowhere is the sale of spirit quite so strictly prohibited as in Swedish Lapland. None the less Swedish Lapland is the only land where I was ever kept awake for the greater part of a night by the heathenish noise drunken men were making. And I was staying in a railway hotel at the time, in a hotel, therefore, under the special surveillance and control of the State; and the drinking was going on in a building attached to the hotel. The following morning regret was expressed that I should have been disturbed by the noise. It was most unfortunate that I should have arrived on a Saturday; for it was only on a Saturday night, I was assured, that this drinking went on. That it went on every Saturday night, year in year out, was however not denied.

Jämtland, a Swedish province where many Laplanders sojourn during the winter, is, so far as the rural communes are concerned, as staunchly prohibition in theory as Lapland itself. Let me try as I would, I could obtain no proof that a single drop of spirit was ever sold there. This was the more remarkable as a quite startling amount of drinking was going on. In one village, not far from where I was staying, all the men who were not Laplanders, together with all their non-Lappish friends for miles around, were as drunk as drunk could be for nearly two days. The occasion was, oddly enough, a religious ceremony. Once every year all the Lappish folk come streaming down the mountain-sides to this village, and hold a solemn service in the church; and all the other folk come streaming in from the valleys to witness the service. They came that year on the Saturday to be ready for the Sunday; and all the 'other folk' set to work to drink as soon as they came. And they went on drinking until the spirit supply came to an end.

When the minimum quantity of spirit a distiller may sell was raised, first in Norway and later in Sweden, from eight and four-fifths gallons to fifty-five, the enactment was hailed as one that would assuredly make for temperance. It would put a stop once for all to spirit-drinking in rural districts, it was argued. For it was taken for granted that rural folk would never have money enough to buy fifty-five gallons. It was taken for granted ill-advisedly, however; for although no single villager can, perhaps, buy so much, a whole village very often can; and even if it cannot, it can join with other villages and buy it—spirit is cheap in Scandinavia. And this is what is actually done, I was

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told again and again while there; and what I was told was confirmed by what I saw for myself while sojourning in district after district, all through rural Sweden. Of rural Norway I cannot judge, as I do not know it well enough. There are prohibition villages, where every week the men make a collection; and, as soon as they have money enough, they dispatch to the nearest distillery a trustworthy messenger to fetch for them fifty-five gallons of spirit. On his return, life comes practically to a standstill: so long as there is a drop of spirit left, not a man has a thought in his head beyond drinking; and it takes longer to drink fifty-five gallons than eight and four-fifths!

The manager of the Christiania Samlag, an expert in the matter, of course, is strongly of opinion that it is a mistake to force men to buy spirit in large quantities, if they buy it at all.

Nowhere have so many Acts of Parliament been passed for the purpose of making men sober as in Scandinavia; nowhere have so many State, municipal, and communal decrees been issued; nowhere has so much thought been given, so much trouble taken. None the less, curiously enough, nowhere where I have ever stayed have I seen so much drunkenness as there; and I have stayed in Russia—in every country in Europe, in fact, excepting Greece, Portugal and Scotland. I saw so much drunkenness, indeed, while in urban Norway and rural Sweden, that I was tempted sometimes to doubt the evidence of my own eyes and ears, and to think that those who seemed to me drunk were in reality sober. Unfortunately, however, so far as urban Norway is concerned, official statistics are dead against this view of the case. For in Christiania no fewer than 15,115 persons were arrested for drunkenness in 1911; that is 41.4 persons a day on an average, or 62.5 per thousand of the whole population in the year; and one must be drunk indeed to be arrested, although not so drunk in Norway as in England. In Bergen, where spirit is sold only by the bottle, the arrests for drunkenness are about 30 per thousand, while in Stavanger, a prohibition town, they averaged in 1899-1905, 33 per thousand. Now English towns can hardly claim sobriety as one of their special virtues; yet in Christiania there are twenty more arrests for drunkenness per thousand inhabitants than in London town; fifty-four more, than in London County; fifty-six more, than in Birmingham; and forty-nine more, even than in black Liverpool. For the arrests for drunkenness to be in the same ratio to population in Greater London, as they actually were in Christiania in 1911, 1241 persons would have to be arrested every day, on an average.

How rural Sweden compares with England in this matter I do not know, as, while there, I never even heard of anyone's

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being arrested for drunkenness; and, although I tried hard to obtain statistics on the subject, I failed.

What renders the Norwegian statistics the more remarkable is the fact that, while more persons in proportion to the population are arrested for drunkenness in the towns of Norway than in the towns of any other country, the consumption of spirit per head of the population is now actually smaller than in any other country in Northern Europe, with the single exception of Finland. Even in Sweden it is lower than in Denmark, Holland, Germany, Austria, or France, although higher than in eight other countries, including Russia and England. Thus, although legislation has failed to make men sober in Scandinavia, it has undoubtedly succeeded in reducing considerably the amount of alcohol they drink. In 1871 the consumption of spirit per head of the population was in Norway 4.92 litres, and in Sweden in 1875 it was 12.4. In 1909 it was in Norway only 2.94 litres, and in Sweden 5 litres. But whereas, when free trade in spirit prevailed, the average Scandinavian took seven days in which to drink his week's supply, he now often drinks it all at one sitting, with the result that he becomes very drunk. Whether it is better for the community that a man be very drunk one day in seven, or a little drunk every day in the seven, is a point which I should be sorry to be called upon to decide. That it is better for the man himself physically to do all his drinking on one day, a glance at some of the Scandinavian peasants is enough to prove.

If the laws passed in Norway and in Sweden to make men sober have failed, it is, in a great measure, as even those who look on them askance must admit, because they have never had a fair chance of succeeding. It is sheer waste of time, surely, to pass laws unless the authorities are prepared to enforce them; sheer waste of time, too—nay, worse—to issue decrees if the evasion of them is going to be connived at. There is no great gain, so far as I can see, in prohibiting the retail sale of spirit in a district, if it is allowed to be sold there wholesale, and to be bought retail elsewhere and imported there. And there is no gain at all in prohibiting the sale of spirit while allowing the sale not only of beer but of wine, which is more intoxicating than spirit.

For years past prohibition has been in force practically throughout rural Norway and in the greater part of rural Sweden; but almost everywhere, in Norway and Sweden alike, the prohibition applies only to spirit, and only to spirit when sold retail. Even in staunchly prohibition districts a man may buy as much spirit as he can pay for, providing he buys fifty-five gallons at a time; and he is free to give away as much as he chooses of what he buys, and even to do a little bartering with it among

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his friends. He cannot, it is true, buy a single bottle, but a bottle may be borrowed; and he may almost everywhere buy both wine and beer by the glass as well as the bottle. All this he may do in a district where the police as well as the authorities are bent on enforcing the Prohibition Law. And in some districts the police—perhaps, too, the authorities—stand aside with averted eyes while the law is being broken; in others, they connive at the breaking of it; in others, again, if all tales be true, they give the breakers a helping hand. The result is, spirit can be obtained in many prohibition districts as easily as water by those who have money in hand, providing they 'know the ropes'; and although foreign tourists do not know the ropes, the natives of course always do. Thus, whatever be the merits or the defects of prohibition, the fact that drunken men are found in prohibition districts, both in Norway and Sweden, is no reason at all for singing a Tekel over this system, as neither in the one country nor in the other has it ever had a fair trial.

Then in every town in Norway that is not prohibition, there is a Samlag, and in most of the towns in Sweden there is a Bolag, Samlag and Bolag being different names for the same thing. Now a town in which there is a Samlag—or a Bolag—ought to be secure against open drunkenness, and would be secure were the Samlag allowed to do what in theory it is founded to do. For a Samlag is an excellent institution, one which can hardly fail to make for temperance, and many good things besides. It is a joint-stock company formed to work the drink trade on philanthropic lines—*i.e.* for the benefit not of its own shareholders, but of the whole community. It is worked under the surveillance of the local authorities, and a share of its profits goes to them, a larger share, however, to the State. In Stockholm 64 per cent. of the Bolag's profits, after the shareholders' 5 per cent. has been deducted, goes to the State, and 36 per cent. to the municipality. In Christiania 65 per cent. of the Samlag's profits, after 5 per cent. of them have been paid to the shareholders, goes to the State to form an old-age pension fund, 15 per cent. goes to the municipality, 10 per cent. to the surrounding rural communes, and 10 per cent. to 'objects of public utility' which are not chargeable on the rates.

In 1911 the Christiania Samlag, which is admirably organised and worked, paid over to the State 41,119*l.*; to the municipality 9489*l.*; to the surrounding communes 6326*l.*; and to objects of public utility the same sum. It also paid 10,838*l.* in rates and taxes. Thus, from the financial point of view, in Christiania, as elsewhere, the Samlag has scored a great success; has scored it, too, for the community, not for its own shareholders, their portion of its profits being limited to 5 per cent.

The *raison d'être* of a Samlag—or a Bolag—is, however, not

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to make money, but to prevent excessive drinking. Although it sells alcohol, no one connected with it has any inducement to push the sale, as no one derives any benefit from an increase in the sale. A marked increase, indeed, would ruin its manager, as the board of directors would regard it as evidence that he was not doing his business properly. For it is his business to discourage the buying of alcohol, while encouraging that of food and non-alcoholic drinks. He is not allowed to sell more than three glasses of spirit to anyone at one time; he is not allowed to sell even one glass on credit, or to anyone who is under eighteen. Then a Samlag opens its doors late and closes them early. In Christiania its shops are open from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. in summer, and 8 A.M. to 9 P.M. in winter, excepting on Saturdays and the days before holidays, when they are closed earlier. On Sundays, holidays, election days, or days when great public meetings are being held, they are not opened at all; and during a strike they are closed at 1 P.M.

Now these regulations undoubtedly make for temperance; they would render it impossible, indeed, for a man to drink to excess excepting in private houses, were the drink trade entirely in the hands of the Samlag. But that it never is anywhere, either in Norway or Sweden. In Stockholm the Bolag is only one of the many agencies through which spirit may be bought, and it can be bought there as easily as in London. Even in Christiania the Samlag sells hardly half the spirit that is sold, the other half being sold by privileged licence-holders, who are free to push their sales, and whose interest it is to push them. Nor is this all; there are hotels and restaurants, as well as clubs, where spirit is sold for on-consumption, even when the Samlag's own shops are closed; and, what is much worse, there are nearly 300 houses which sell wine and beer under municipal licences, and there even boys of sixteen are served. So long as there are in Christiania privileged licence-holders and wine and beer shops, the Samlag will never succeed in stamping out drunkenness.

Samlags and Bolags alike are doing good work for temperance in spite of the difficulties against which they have to contend. They would, however, do better work still, I feel sure, although it smacks perhaps of cavilling to say so, were they free to devote a fair share of the money they make to providing new pleasures for those whom they are striving to wean from spirit drinking, the one and only pleasure some of them now have. When men begin to drink too much it is as a rule either because they have not good food or because they find life dull. Now both Samlags and Bolags provide food for their customers in most of their on-sale shops; but the food is by no means always either very good or very cheap; and with some few exceptions neither Samlags nor Bolags provide for them recreation. Yet recreation is

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undoubtedly more necessary for most men, if they are to be kept sober, than low rates, more necessary even than 'objects of public utility.' Of this there is ample proof to be found in Finland and Russia.

Even after prohibition was established in the rural communes, and there was a Bolag in every town, the Finns were counted a drunken nation. Recently, however, I spent several weeks in Helsingfors, and then made my way up to Torneo, visiting urban and rural districts as I went. And during the whole time I was there I never saw a drunken Finlander outside Helsingfors, and I could count on my fingers the drunken men whom I saw in that town.

The consumption of spirit per head of the population is now lower in Finland than in any other country in Europe; while as for drunkenness, in rural Finland there practically is none. In 1908 the convictions for drunkenness there were only one per ten thousand inhabitants, and since then they have decreased. In all Finland only five per thousand of the inhabitants were convicted last year, and they were by no means all Finns. What is still more remarkable, less than 1 per cent. of the adult paupers were classed as paupers through drink. 178 of the 200 members of the Finnish Diet are prohibitionists, and some nine out of every ten of the electors. Had the first Parliament elected under universal suffrage had its way, it would now be impossible to obtain alcohol in Finland. As it is, in the rural districts the sale not only of spirit but of wine and beer is prohibited; and, so far as I could judge, comparatively few attempts are made to evade the Prohibition Law. For Finland is now one of the few countries where the masses are against drinking, the only country where the very man in the street has an almost passionate desire to be sober, even though, when he sees spirit, he cannot always resist the temptation to drink it.

The marked reformation with regard to drunkenness which has been brought about in Finland, in these latter days, has been caused partially no doubt by Acts of Parliament, although Acts of Parliament alone would assuredly never have effected it. The Finnish temperance reformers realised from the first that it was useless to try to keep men from drinking unless the desire to drink could be taken away from them. They realised, too, that if men were to be deprived of drink, good food must in fairness be brought within their reach; and that if their only pleasure resort, the drink-shop, were to be closed, some other pleasure resort must be provided for them. They therefore started an active propaganda for the purpose of rendering spirit drinking unpopular, and they very wisely called in patriotism to help them in their work. They travelled from town to town, village to

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village, lecturing on the evils of excessive drinking, declaring that drunkenness was treason to the Fatherland, as a drunkard was too demoralised to serve Finland. In every school temperance was soon a subject taught as systematically as arithmetic, and the children were regularly trained to look on alcoholism much as they look on scarlet fever. Meanwhile, not content with preaching against the misuse of alcohol, the reformers were striving to render abstinence from its use easy. Thanks to their efforts it is through the Bolag alone that spirit can be bought in towns, in its shops alone that it can be bought by the glass, unless the buyer can afford to go to a hotel or high-class restaurant. And the Bolag shops are more like our 'Lyons' than public-houses. Practically they are eating houses, places where men may have a square meal in peace and comfort, may take a rest too, and read the papers. In every shop good cheap food is provided, and he who will not buy food may not buy spirit, although he may buy one bottle of beer. Even with food he may have only one glass of spirit. Thus, were it not for certain beershops there are in the town, it would be extremely difficult for a working man to get drunk.

Nor is that all. In Helsingfors a working man is under less temptation to drink than elsewhere, as however little food he may have, that little is well cooked, even though cooked at home. I know no other town where cooking is taught in the national schools so carefully and practically. Every girl who goes there is not only taught how to cook, but is made to cook; and, so far as in her lies, to cook well. I once saw and tasted a quite dainty little dinner prepared and served by some Helsingfors school girls, who had themselves done the marketing for the ingredients. It was for six persons, and it consisted of very good vegetable soup, fish with sauce piquante and potatoes, everything in plenty, cooked and flavoured to a nicety. And the cost was one penny per person! In English towns year after year hundreds, nay thousands, of men are driven to drink by the lack of decent food, and the lack is due more often than not to their wives being incapable of cooking.

Then in every Finnish town there are rooms where men may resort when they wish for society. In Helsingfors the workers have a quite imposing mansion as a clubhouse, one which they have built for themselves, and work on strict temperance lines. There are rooms there for reading, for resting, for recreation—one room is arranged as a theatre. Lectures are given there regularly, so are concerts, and there is a dance from time to time. What is better still, in almost every village there is a Nuoriso-seuran, and in most villages there is also a Socialists' House; and the one institution, as the other, is a pleasure resort, a place whither the villagers betake themselves when on recreation bent.

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They are always simple little places, cottages perhaps, with the inside walls knocked down. The Nuorisoseuran is as a rule the property of the Authorities; the House, that of the local Socialists. They are open every night, and once a week a grand entertainment is given in one or the other. It may be a dance, a concert, a lecture, a debate, or, what is most popular of all, a play acted by the villagers themselves.

I know English villages where the men have practically no alternative but to drink; for drink they must if they go to the public-house; and if they wish for recreation, go there they must. I have just been staying in a village where practically all the men are drunk every Saturday night; and, had they money enough, they would probably be drunk every other night, too. And little wonder, either, for there is not a room of any sort where they may go excepting the inn parlour; there is not a book to be bought or borrowed in the whole village, nor even a newspaper. Were a Nuorisoseuran opened there drunkenness, I feel fairly sure, would be reduced at one fell swoop by a good half.

In Russia the reformation with regard to drunkenness which followed the introduction of the spirit monopoly is, in its way, even more remarkable than that brought about in Finland. For in Russia, it must be remembered, there is no prohibition in rural districts, no Samlag in any town. Men are still as free as they were before the monopoly was established to buy as much spirit as they can pay for, by the bottle, if not by the glass; and the bottle may be small. They can no longer buy it at every turn, it is true; they must now look about before they find a drink-shop; for everywhere these places were reduced in number when the monopoly was established. In St. Petersburg they were reduced by two out of every three. And when they find a drink-shop it is no longer what it used to be; from a festive resort, where they could while away their time quite merrily, it is changed into what might be a chemist's shop, for any pleasure there is to be had there. Instead of a sympathetic host always eager to oblige them, pushing his own sales the while, a Government official is now installed there, one who gives no credit, and does not care a whit whether they buy or not. He has never a chair to offer and they have no inducement to stand about, as he is forbidden to uncork their bottles for them, or even to lend them a corkscrew. The old Traktir have also been reduced by some two-thirds, and what are left of them have become what in former days they only pretended to be—i.e. eating houses. For they must sell spirits only together with food, and as the Government's agent, the lion's share of the profits going of course to the Government, not the agent.

It was primarily for financial reasons that the spirit monopoly

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was established in Russia: M. de Witte, who was then Finance Minister, was bent on increasing the revenue. He was bent also, however, as he declared emphatically at the time, on diminishing the amount of drunkenness there was in the land. Among the Mujiks there was then much drunkenness; and it was due in a great measure, he maintained, to the fact that the spirit trade was in the hands of private persons, whose interest it was to encourage drinking, as the more drinking there was the richer they became. The spirit monopoly would make for temperance, he argued, if for nothing but that under it the officials who sold the spirit would have no interest in pushing the sale of it.

M. de Witte was alive to the fact, however, that many men drink vodka, not because they are pressed to drink it, but because they are underfed, or because the only pleasure they know comes from drinking it. Before the spirit monopoly was proclaimed in any town—or district—he therefore appointed for that town a Temperance Committee, every member of which was bound to bring well-cooked food within the reach of the Mujiks; was bound, too, to try to provide them with recreation. He impressed on the Committees that what they had to do was to introduce purple patches into the dull leaden lives of the workers, to give them outside interests, wholesome pleasures, all this as a means of weaning them from vodka; and he provided them with the money to do it. In one year, 1900, he gave them out of the profits the State made by selling vodka, no less a sum than 258,144*l.* The Committees of St. Petersburg and Moscow each received an annual grant of 31,250*l.*; and, in addition, that in St. Petersburg received a present of 104,133*l.*, which it spent on the Norodny Dom Nicholas II., the finest popular pleasure resort in Europe. It is a huge palace all aglow with blue, white and gold, and it stands in the midst of a beautiful park. In it there is a restaurant where thoroughly good food can be bought at extraordinarily low prices; a great promenade hall, where a military band plays, a concert hall, and a theatre. This theatre is a source of infinite delight to the workers who flock there now on their holidays, more eagerly even than they used to flock to the vodka shop.

Already in 1898, according to an official report, the Committees had opened 1714 working-class temperance restaurants, 943 reading rooms and libraries, 181 people's theatres; while in the course of the year they had arranged for 455 theatrical representations in other theatres and 654 popular readings. And their labours speedily bore fruit; for the annual consumption of spirit, which in 1889 was 1.43 gallons per head of the population, fell by 1898 to 1.08 gallons, while the consumption of beer was reduced by two-thirds in the course of two years.

When I was in Russia, in 1901, the Committees were doing good work everywhere where I went. In some districts they had

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opened temperance restaurants and reading rooms in quite little villages. In Moscow every member of the Committee was fighting heart and soul in the temperance cause. Already then they had opened twelve large Norodny Doms, and were planning to open eight more. In every Dom there was a restaurant, where good food was so cheap that even casual labourers could afford to buy it. There was a comfortable, well-warmed, well-lighted reading room too, where men might sit the whole day, if they chose, and in one of the Doms there was a labour bureau. Then in different parts of the city there were lending libraries with reading rooms attached, where on Sundays and holidays popular lectures were given. Every night there was someone in the reading rooms to encourage those who went to go again by showing them kindly attentions, recommending them books to read, plays to see. Every week, in one or other of the theatres, an entertainment was given to which working men and women were admitted at nominal prices. The plays given on these occasions were always of the sort to appeal to the Mujiks. What did appeal to them most of all, I found, was something rather sensational and very patriotic. I have seen great strong men sobbing aloud in a Russian people's theatre over the trials of Peter the Great!

Before I went to Russia I was warned that I should be appalled by the number of drunken men I should see there. Far from this being the case, however, although I sought them diligently, and in the poorest districts, I saw fewer while there than I should have seen had I been in England or France, to say nothing of Norway or Sweden. That was in 1901, when M. de Witte was still in power, spending money lavishly through his Committees on making men sober by providing them with wholesome food instead of vodka, providing them with wholesome recreation too. Things may perhaps have changed since he retired from public life, although they cannot have changed very much; for there are still eight countries in Europe where more spirit is drunk per head of the population than in Russia. And even if things had changed, that would not rob of its significance the fact that a great people, notorious for their drunkenness, became almost suddenly quite fairly temperate, simply because spirit ceased to be pressed on them, while good food was brought within their reach, and with it enough pleasure to make life worth living.

The united experiences of Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia go far towards proving, surely, that it is useless to try to make men sober by passing Acts of Parliament, unless people's kitchens be provided, people's theatres too, and even in little villages something in the way of pleasure resorts as rivals to inn-parlours.

EDITH SELLERS.

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THE BALLET

BEFORE we speak of the special questions of the art of the ballet, I think it necessary to establish one fact: in the face of the fundamental exigency of combining the visible movement with the audible art—that is, the plastic with music—the old and the new ballet are equally insolvent, and even the new more so than the old. Let us therefore look at the movement in the ballet in general without aiming at comparative appreciations.

The ballet—the 'real' one, the 'classical' ballet of the good olden times which used to delight the 'ballet maniacs' of those good olden times—has received a blow. In an art which is affected and false, yet in its frozen frames as a whole complete, a new flow made eruption, the flow of 'realism.' A new division arose: 'the old ballet' and 'the new ballet,' each with its army of defenders; one party rejoices that life has invaded stereotyped patterns, and greets the dawn of 'naturalness'; others deplore the disappearing of virtuosity in art, even the disappearing of art itself: everything, they say, becomes too easy, too much 'anyhow,' and that which some call 'life' they call disorder.

In presence of these conflicting opinions one feels as if one ought to express oneself, and yet how difficult! Difficult, because in order to say a decisive word one has to belong either to the new or to the old. But when, on one side, one would like to abandon the old and not join the new, when, on the other, in the old falsehood one feels a principle whereas the new 'truth' lacks principle, when on one side conventionalism becomes unbearable and on the other side 'realism' becomes offensive, what then? Oscar Wilde said that he who sees both sides of the question actually sees nothing. Yet we do not stand in either of the two contesting parties; we stand outside of the contest. Thus it becomes quite indifferent to us which of the two will vanquish; the fact that we see 'both sides' does not in the least darken the clearness of our judgment, for the object of our judgment is not the relative advantage of the one side over the other, but the insolvency of both before the exigencies of the new art that we are longing for. And if we look at it from

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this standpoint, then the apparent contradiction that both in the old and new we find minuses and pluses ought not to disconcert us; in the end, in face of the ideal which we long for, all these pluses and minuses will make a minus. Before we draw that definitive minus, let us speak of a few pluses and minuses of minor importance.

The Old Ballet

'The French ballet is a charming absurdity which has survived the centuries. It is the most deliciously artificial impertinence that ever turned up its nose at Nature.'

Such definition I read in the pages of Gordon Craig's review, *The Mask*.[1] Seldom one meets in a short definition with such an exhausting acknowledgement of positive and negative sides of the question. How easy and pleasant it is to agree with a judgment which is penetrated with such impartiality; we delight, it says, in that which is 'charming,' but we know very well the price of what is 'absurd' and 'against Nature.' Who will not agree with that? And yet I hear indignant voices even from both sides. The partisans of the ballet will say: 'What, absurd you say? You say yourself it is lovely; can a thing be lovely if it is absurd?' And the opponents of the ballet will say: 'What, lovely you say? Did not you say yourself it was against Nature, and now you mean to say it is lovely?' Please, let us not be unlimited either in our enthusiasm or in our blame. Let us draw limits, and we shall easily come to an agreement. Example: Who will not acknowledge that the powdered Marquise is charming, and yet who will not acknowledge that that huge pile of false hair sprinkled with powder is against Nature? And what then? Shall we put ourselves on the standpoint of artificiality and blame those who blame, or shall we put ourselves on the standpoint of naturalness and blame those who admire? No; let us shorten our exigencies from both sides. Do acknowledge, you aesthetic gentlemen, that it is absurd; and do acknowledge, you men of real life, that it is lovely, and do join hands on the acknowledgement that the powdered Marquise is 'a lovely absurdity'; neither your logic will suffer nor your aesthetic feeling be hurt. That is what I would call a struggle of little pluses and minuses within the limits of a big minus. And where is that big minus? Why, in the light of Nature. However lovely and charming the Marquise with the powdered wig, when you remember the peasant-girl in a field of new-mown hay, sunburnt, with the wind playing in her dishevelled hair, or when you remember the tragic heroine, the fright and despair of her falling locks, when you remember what a wonderful

[1] October 1908, G. Balance, 'Kleptomania of the Russian Theatre.'

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instrument of expression, infinite in its variety and depth, man's body represents (the hair alone, think of the whole appearance), when you think of all that, what a small entity in the sense of expressiveness will appear to us the Marquise with the powdered mass of borrowed hair. What an insignificant jabber she will seem compared with the profound eloquence of Nature. But now imagine that people will come who will proclaim the absolute beauty of the powdered wig in comparison with the capriciousness of real hair. What will you say to them? Would you not say 'Off with you, remain in your lie; what I want is truth. Nature calls me; I follow life.' Would you not say so? And this is exactly what I am tempted to say to those who proclaim the absolute value of the ballet as the highest form of plastic art, to those who accept only the positive side of the above-mentioned formula, who not only do not want to accept the minuses of the art of the ballet but endeavour by all sorts of fallacious theories to raise these minuses into aesthetic pluses. I perfectly understand one who would excuse unnaturalness. I understand him who would justify it; but what shall we think of people who legalise, who glorify unnaturalness?

Among the most wonderful examples of such glorifications are the articles of Mr. A. Levinsohn on the ballet which appeared in the pages of the *Apollo*[2] in 1911: it would seem as if there were here a hymn to unnaturalness. Now, gentlemen, let us establish forever that art is expression of life; you agree, do you not? Wagner said that art was a direct immediate act of life. As man is born of Nature, thus art is born of man; as Nature in man, so man in art, expresses the best of his own self. Among all arts, only the scenic art possesses such a material as the living man, and among all forms of this scenic art the dance, more than any other, avails itself of movement; movement—the very essence of life. Consequently, if every art is life, dance is doubly so, because it is life expressed by means of life. We have seen already of what expressiveness such a detail of the human form as the hair is capable; we will not, consequently, elaborate upon the preciousness of the material of which the art of the ballet disposes. But, taking all that into consideration —the preciousness of the material and the unlimitedness of the horizon of life—what will you say to the glorification of an art which confers on man (we say 'man' in the general sense; Mr. Levinsohn, I do not know why, extends his principles only to the female sex and never speaks but of ballerines) an 'imaginary existence,' which throws him out of the normal conditions of reality and not only transplants him into 'a region

[2] *The Apollo*, an art Review edited in Petersburg by S. Malovsky and Baron N. Wrangel.

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of fantastic existence' but even subjects him to 'laws of special equilibrium'? The ballerine, he says, 'rises on the tips of her toes (*pointes*)'; she 'frees herself (of what do you think?) of natural movement' (!) Would it be possible to proclaim such a doctrine against Nature in any art except, I won't say ballet, but balletomania? She frees herself from natural movement! Yes, she does; but can we look at it otherwise than with regret? One would think not, yet we are asked to admire. We will not, however, because rejection of naturalness in movement means rejection of naturalness as a whole, for what other value has movement but that of expression? Movement cannot be an aim in itself; such a movement would be nonsense. What does a dancer express when he imitates a spinning top? What does the ballerine express when with a fascinating smile she regards caressingly her own toe, as she toe-dances over the smooth floor? What does her body express, the human body—the most wonderful instrument of expression on earth—when, carried away by a gymnastic enthusiasm in an acrobatic ecstasy, with panting chest and terror in her open eyes, she crosses the stage diagonally, whirling on one toe, while with the other she executes the famous 'thirty-two fouettes'? 'Gymnastics transform themselves into fantastics!' exclaims Mr. Levinsohn; but I assure you, when in the circus the man-serpent, all dressed in green scales, puts his leg behind his shoulder, this is no less 'fantastics.'

Of the aesthetic value of that gymnastic feat which seems to excite the enthusiasm of the admirers of the old ballet, we will not speak. Let us say a few words about the costume which they so much uphold.

To the ugly conditions of the 'imaginary existence' which obeys the 'laws of special equilibrium,' 'corresponds also a special exterior covering': 'the so-called tunic (the French *tutu*)—a light, short garment of pleated gauze'—has, with Mr. Levinsohn, not only a physical justification from the point of view of comfort but a logical explanation, an aesthetic sanction; it 'lends to the body a seeming stability.' Do you catch this? The perpendicularity of the human figure in our eyes is, so to speak, balanced by the horizontality of the skirt: just the principle of the spinning-top. Now, is it possible to invent a more deplorable formula for transforming man into a machine? Is it possible to give a more definite expression to the principle of eliminating one's ego? Is not art the expression, the manifestation, the blossoming of man? And what, finally, shall we say from the purely aesthetic point of view of that exaltation of a costume which by its umbrella-like stiffness cuts the human body into two? Shall we remain indifferent to the beauty of

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folds, to the obedience of the flowing veils, to the plastic injunctions of living movement?

The theory of the mechanisation of the human body could not but lead to the panegyric of the 'flat-toed' ballet slipper. The simple sad necessity of giving to the ballerine a point of support receives a philosophico-aesthetic interpretation: this slipper 'generalises the contour of the foot' and 'makes the impression of the movement clearer and more finished.' In the name of all—I won't say of all that is sacred—in the name of all that is beautiful, is it possible to say such things? You have never admired a foot; you do not know what it is—a foot that slowly rises from the ground, first with the heel, then with the sole; you do not know the beauty of supple toes; you evidently never saw the foot of the Discobolos, the foot of Botticelli's 'Pallas,' the foot of Houdon's 'Diana.' If it is so valuable to 'generalise' the contour of the foot by the flat-toed slipper, why not, then, 'generalise' the contour of the hand and give to the ballerines boxing-gloves? Art is an exteriorisation of man, a spreading of one's self outside the limits of one's ego, and here we are asked to cut, to shorten, to hide: a principle which is exactly the contrary of art. It was also a 'generalisation' of the human figure when Niobe was being metamorphosed into a rock, but it remains till the end of time the expression of grief: the Greeks have not found a more eloquent myth for the eternalisation of human sorrow than the return of form into that which is not formed. They knew that all process of creation goes from the general to the particular. When the sculptor takes away piece by piece from the block of marble, he goes from the general to the particular. When the musician shapes the musical material accessible to everybody into a particular musical melody, he goes from the general to the particular. If, out of the shapeless mass of the human family, the great types of universal literature could detach themselves and crystallise themselves into definite characters, it is only thanks to their particularities that they conquer and receive their universal value. The direction of the artist is from the shapeless, from the abstract into the concrete; the process of art is a process of individualisation. It is easy to understand, therefore, the instinctive hostility which is provoked in a man who loves art, by all attempts at 'generalisation': it is the infiltration into art of that which is not art, it is that which in the course of centuries has deserved the appellation of 'routine.' This crust of uniformity and impersonality which spreads over art is nothing but an infiltration of the generalising principle into that which is and ought to remain the sacred domain of personality. It is the desert under whose breath fades and withers the beauty of the oasis.

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No wonder that a reaction could but arise against an art which seeks its justification in such theories; the reaction against the stereotyped ballet is a direct act of logic—it is the voice of common sense: it would be impossible that a form of art should live which is in contradiction to the principle of art. When I say 'live,' I do not mean the right of existence; I take the word in its most real sense: to live, that is, to possess the elements of development. In the form into which it has developed the 'classical' ballet lacks these elements—it cannot evolve; as Mr. Svetloff judiciously remarked,[3] if ever ballerines appeared who could execute seventy-five instead of 'thirty-two fouettes,' it would be a greater difficulty overcome, it would not be art developed. Thus I repeat, when I say that such a form of art as the old ballet cannot live, I am not denying its right to exist, but I am indicating the absence of elements of development, the atrophy of the principle of vitality. We don't mean to contest its actual merits, we leave to it as its incontestable property all the charm of the frozen form of coquetry—the powdered Marquise does not in the least lose our courtesy. Yet, just fancy someone saying to her 'Yes, of course you are charming, but we would like just a little more life, real, natural life, a little more vivacity, more passion; couldn't we ruffle your hair a bit, now do drop your fan, don't hold your skirt with the tips of your fingers; be more at ease—run a little bit—enough of affectation!' A very natural desire and very natural demand, to be sure, if made of woman in general, but to a Marquise? What would be left of her if she obeyed?

We understand that the voices of the conservatives are raised in favour of the 'old,' but in no way can we understand when these conservatives declare that the old, which they defend, is the final word, that there remains nothing more to be said. No; the old ballet is no more the last word in that which plastic art is capable of giving, and which we have the right to expect from it, than the powdered Marquise is the last word in female beauty in all the forms of life and through all the degrees of joy and sorrow.

There is but one point of view possible as to the 'classical ballet'; it is the one from which we look at the established forms of old dances. Who will deny the charm of the minuet, of the gavotte, of the pavane? Who ever will attempt to enliven them, to 'freshen them up'? But, on the other hand, who ever will dare to say that this is the final word of plastic art? Miniature painting is a lovely art, is it not? Yet equally wrong are those who would assert that the miniature has expressed all that painting is capable of, and those who would say that miniature 'is all right, but it needs enlarging.' And when we con-

[3] *Contemporary Ballet* (in Russian) 1911.

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sider the ballet from the only possible point of view, from the point of view of crystallised dance, how offensive will appear to us 'gymnastics that transform themselves into fantastics.' On the other hand, we shall not be astonished when we hear the regrets of some French adherents of the old 'dance' in presence of the 'Scythian invasion' on that same stage where the plastic formulas of the Latin race have blossomed; only imagine it—where the gavotte and sarabanda used to reign there now bursts out the tempest of the 'Tartar hordes'!

Let us drop the arguments of the 'conservatives' and pass over to the 'reactionists.'

The New Ballet

The chief value of reaction resides in its negative, destructive element. If, for instance, we had never seen the old ballet, with its stereotypedness, I do not think that the appearance of Isadora Duncan would have called forth such enthusiasm. In Isadora we greeted the deliverance. Yet in order to appreciate liberty we must have felt the chains. This is the first moment; when the value of the new is still in the old, and has not yet affirmed itself. In order to acquire permanency it needs a second moment: the exploitation of liberty. But this second moment is already outside of the proper reaction; it is a new, independent building up, so that when we say 'reaction' we really mean the one destroying moment. This destroying moment, until now, is the chief merit of Isadora. She liberated, and her followers seek to exploit that liberty. To what extent there is a real 'influence' is another question; but the historical sequence is obvious, and there is no book on the topic which, in speaking of the innovations of Fokin, does not mention the first impulse of Duncan. It will not be uninteresting, therefore, to trace in how far the Duncan principle is applicable to such big shows of many dancers as the ballet.

Once asked to define the difference between the system of Isadora Duncan and that of Jaques-Dalcroze, the well-known propagator of musical rhythm expressed in bodily movement, I answered as follows: 'Her dance is a result of personal temperament, his movements are the result of music; she draws from herself, he draws from rhythm; her psychological basis is subjective, his rhythmical basis is objective; and, in order to characterise her in a few words, I may say Isadora is the dancing "ego." It wants another similar ego to repeat her art.' This subjectively psychological basis of Isadora's art I find very clearly emphasised by Mr. Levinsohn's words: 'The images or moods (*Stimmungen*) created in our mind by the rational element

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(music) cannot be identical in everyone, and therefore cannot be compulsory.' Just in that dissimilitude of moods and uncompulsoriness of images resides the best criterion in the appreciation of Isadora Duncan as a founder of a system. Her dance is precisely not a system, cannot found what is called a 'school'; it needs another similar ego to repeat her. And according to this it seems quite incomprehensible that some people, as, for instance, Mr. Levinsohn, should see in Miss Duncan's art 'a possibility for all of us being beautiful.' No, not at all for all of us; for not every temperament, while embodying 'images or moods' called forth by music, will necessarily create something beautiful; one cannot raise the exceptional into rule. In order to be certain of creating something beautiful, no matter whether in the moral or in the aesthetical domain, it is not in ourselves that we shall find the law, but in subjecting ourselves to another principle which lives outside of ourselves. For the Plastic, this principle is Music. It is not our instinct expressing itself under the influence of music (which with every man is different, and only in few chosen natures beautiful in itself), but the rhythm of music (which in every given composition is an unchangeable element), subjecting our obedient 'ego'—this is the basis of the living plastic art. And in this respect Isadora's art satisfies the double exigencies of the visible and audible art as little as the ballet. Her arms are certainly more rhythmical than her legs, but as a whole we cannot call her rhythmical in the strict sense of the word, and this appears especially in the slow movements: her walk, so to speak, 'does not keep step' with music; she often steps on the weak part of the bar and often between the notes. In general it is in the examples of slow tempo that the insufficiency of the principle may be observed. The slower a *tempo* the more she 'mimics,' and the farther, therefore, she strays from the music. If we look at the impression on the spectators we shall see that all the pieces of quick *tempo*, those that most approach to 'dance,' have always the greater success. Why so? Is it because they are 'gayer'? But the sad does not displease us in art. This is certainly not the reason; the reason is that in the quick *tempos* the movement must enter into closer connexion with the music; in cases of very minute divisions of the bar the simple coincidence of the step with the first 'heavy' part already produces a repeated design which makes ear and eye meet in one common perception. If the representatives of that particular kind of dance were to realise this they would endeavour to introduce into slow *tempos* the rhythmical element instead of the mimic, which leads them out of the music and converts the dance into a sort of acting during the music, a sort of plastic melo-declamation.

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It is clear that the principle of personal 'feeling' is too unsteady, too shaky a basis on which to build an art which depends upon the accord of every dancer with music and of all with one another. This is most evident in the case of dancing crowds; applied to the pictures of 'choristic dance,' the individual principle introduces disintegration instead of creation. The individual liberty, precious as it is, must be limited by the 'how' in performing, yet the 'what' must be strictly immoveably pre-established. And it is quite comprehensible that even when a choreographic picture, composed of several different movements, is distributed to different performers, it must nevertheless be penetrated by one leading principle which with all the variety of single groups binds them into one whole. Now this leading principle we may find only in the music by which all these diverse or different movements are determined, or, rather, in the rhythm of that music. Rhythm is the one that penetrates the audible music and the visible dance; only through rhythm does movement pass from sound into plastic. Rhythm, according to Wagner, is the skeleton of sound, and again, according to him, it is the intellect of dance. Rhythm, according to Delsarte, is the form of movement. Rhythm is the limit to the illimitable expansion of sound; it is the limit to the illimitable development of movement; it is the only frame to the moving material of the visuo-audible art. What else except rhythm can unite living men in order to convert them from a chaotically moving crowd into a work of art? No psychology, no 'personification,' no temperament would be of any avail unless they are subjugated to rhythm. This is why we like so much (in spite of their artistic valuelessness) those final ensemble-dances, the so-called 'codas' of good olden times. Not because parading itself along the footlights the ballet corps, as Mr. Levinsohn thinks, gives us the opportunity of grasping the entirety of the movement displayed, but because these famous 'codas' were the greatest blossoming of rhythm of which the old ballet was capable. We can guess to some extent, though confusedly and feebly, what might have been a rhythmically moving crowd; those banal evolutions, that stupid throwing up of rows of naked legs, all that apotheosis of movement deprived of expression, all that triumph of movement for movement—all this gives us a faint idea of what it might have been if this movement, instead of being an aim to itself, had been a means of expression.

This element of collective rhythm has completely disappeared, it has evaporated, from the ballets of Mr. Fokin. And here I wholly agree with Mr. Levinsohn when he says Mr. Fokin's 'codas' are so many cotillons. Their main defect is that they develop independently from music; they are a design by them-

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selves—complicated, interesting, very often pleasing to the eye, yet independent from music. And we have already seen when we spoke of the old codas that the most unpretentious figure, even when banal, becomes inspiring when it coincides with the musical movement, and, on the contrary, the most interesting, 'picturesque' figure loses meaning when it develops in discord with music. Look at some 'dance,' definite, exact, that has crystallised itself within well-established limits; you may look at it even without music, but try to watch a pantomime without music. In the first place, it will be a design without colour, quite an acceptable form; in the second it will be a body without skeleton—something unacceptable.

The main fault of the leaders of the modern ballet is that they put the centre of gravity of the ballet in the plot, in the event, in the story: what in painting is called 'literature.' Whereas the subject of the ballet is not in the plot, the subject is in the music. Any picture which is not dictated by music, any independent movement is synonymous with abandonment of the subject, the essence; it is in the end an interruption of art, an interruption caused by a rupture between the two equivalent elements of the visuo-audible art—sound and movement. This rupture with music is all the more felt the more participants there are in the picture, and the more its tendency towards 'realism.' Only look at them when they represent scenes of disorder, by and by we lose the impression of 'art'; we see real, not represented, disorder; and finally we are turned to the dramatic point of view, and we are called upon to admire the 'acting crowd.' And if you are musical, if you live in the movement of sound, this independent visible movement cannot but appear as a sort of unasked-for interference of some intruder. The acting crowd is not admissible where a rhythmically moving crowd is required. Acting leads the artist out of music and conducts him into the plot; and the subject of ballet, I repeat, is not in the plot, it is in the music; the plot is but the pretext.

Only through the rhythm will the ballet come back to music and accomplish the fusion which has been destroyed by independent acting. Schopenhauer said that music is a melody to which the universe serves as a text; take away the music from the ballet—it will have nothing to say. There is quite a clear parallel here with the vocal art. The musician composes a song; he puts words to music. Imagine a singer coming out and telling us only the words; he will be far from the fulfilment of his task; he will have accomplished but the half of it, the lesser part of it. Just the same with the ballet, the musician composes the ballet, he puts the plot to music. Imagine a dancer coming out and acting the plot alone; he will be far from the fulfilment

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of his task; he will have accomplished but the lesser part of it. For the ballet does not relate how the Sleeping Beauty, for instance, fell asleep and awoke (this is the business of literature, declamation and drama); the ballet relates how music tells it. Music is the only real essence in that which forms the subject of the ballet. All the remaining 'reality,' the real man with his real movement, is nothing but means of expression, nothing but artistic material. It is evident how wrong, how offensive it is (for a musician) when this material of living movement embodies a new moving formula which is not implied in the music. Have you seen those 'processions' of maidens, slaves, priests, etc.? Have you ever been shocked by the discord of their walk with music? Have you noticed that the pace which you see is quite different from the one you hear? Have you ever felt offended on seeing that they step between the notes and thus give you the impression of syncopes which are in no way justified by music? I am afraid you have not. Few are those who realise the importance of the accord of movement and sound, who long for its realisation, and, together with Schiller, desire that 'Music in its ascendant ennoblement shall become Image.'[4]

Music we hear is the subject of the image we see. And in fact the singer sings music, the dancer dances music, and cannot dance anything else; he cannot 'dance' jealousy or grief or fright, but he can and he must dance the music which expresses the feeling of jealousy, grief or fright.[5] And when he has rendered the music he will, by the same means, have rendered its contents, and naturally the silly question will be dropped: 'How is it possible that on the stage people should dance everything, whereas in life only dances are danced, or, at the utmost, joy?' The question is strange, to be sure, yet no less strange are those who forget that the only thing they may dance is music, and think they may dance a 'rôle.' The dramatic principle based upon an arbitrary division of time is directly opposed to the choreographic principle, which is wholly founded on the musical, consequently regulated, division of time. Therefore the introduction of the

[4] All that has been said on the modern ballet does not in the least render the successes of the Russian ballet abroad incomprehensible. First of all the principle of fusion of movement with music is as little understood abroad as it is in Russia; this is the negative soil on which falls the negative seed (minus by minus gives plus). Secondly, there are many positive qualities in the Russian ballet: the wonderful technique, the beautiful spirit of discipline, the sincerity of the Russian temperament, and the personal charm of some of the individuals are quite sufficient qualities to arouse enthusiasm. Yet what a pity that these qualities should develop independently instead of developing in subordination.

[5] Of course, as we read in histories of dancing, dancing was originally the expression of feelings, yet we have no intention of entering into the historical side of the question; we do not speak of what was long ago, we speak of what is now; we do not occupy ourselves with Fijis, Tahitis, and remote anthropology, we speak of the present art of dancing on the contemporary stage.

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element of 'personal feeling,' of individual choice, and even more—all tentative independent elaboration of the psychological situation—destroys the very essence of the choreographic art, and eats away its very texture. I do not speak against the working out of such; I speak against an independent working out—that is, a separate one running a course other than that in which music is the greatest essential. I remember one of our best ballerines contorting herself in wild movements of anguish while the notes of the violin were dying away in one long sound of a trill. She 'acted,' and there is, of course, no harm in this, but she acted according to her ideas, instead of acting according to music. It is just the same sin against art as if a singer were to execute a lyric song with bravado. Would you forgive him? Why, then, do we not forgive a singer, yet forgive a mimic, even admire his 'acting'? Why is it everyone understands that singing must agree with music, and so few, almost nobody, feel the offensiveness of movement which disagrees with music? And yet how sensitive to the observation of the musico-plastic principle are those who are so indifferent to its non-observation. How much they enjoy, though unconsciously, every manifestation of that concordance! We may say with certitude that for the best moments, the moments of greatest satisfaction in the living art—that is, the musico-plastic art combining the visible with the audible—we are indebted to the simultaneous concurrence of the plastic movement with the musical; in other words, to the equality in division of space and time. In an old French treatise on the dance, published in the year 1589, the author says among other advices: 'It is wrong for the foot to say one thing and the instrument the other.' In its naïve conciseness this sentence represents the germ of all that has been said, perhaps with some prolixity, in these pages.

Space and time are the fundamental conditions of all material existence—and for that same reason the inevitable conditions of all material manifestation of man within the limits of his earthly being. If we agree that art is the highest manifestation of order in matter, and order in its essence nothing but division of space and time, we shall understand the fulness of artistic satisfaction which man must feel when both his organs of perception, eye and ear, convey to him not only each a separate enjoyment, but the enjoyment of fusion; when all his aesthetic functions are awakened in him not separately but collectively, in one unique impression: the visible rhythm penetrated by the audible, the audible realised in the visible, and both united in movement. This is the combination of the spacial order with the timely. And when this combination is accomplished, and still more when it is animated with expression, then no chord of the human

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impressionability is left untouched, no category of human existence is neglected; space and time are filled with art, the whole man is but one aesthetic perception.

And, once we have understood all that, how is it possible not to express the wish that the leaders of the art of the ballet should assimilate the principle of concordance of motion and music? Without this there is no art in movement, and all our old 'pointes' and 'fouettes,' all those records of rapidity and difficulties are nothing but words without significance, whereas the new 'choreographical' pictures are but a dramatisation of movement to the sound of an accompanying music. How is it possible not to wish that a last effort—a last, it ought to have been the first—should be made; it is indispensable, for without it there will never be complete art. And, after having done it, you who stand on the summit of technical difficulties, see yourself whether after this the ballet can go on existing. . . . Let us not pre-judge, but if in our strivings for beauty we discover ruins around us let us remember that

Neues Leben blueht aus den Ruinen,

and that without ruins there is no new life. Let us not shrink from blaming that which used to give us moments of enjoyment when we were 'half seeing,' when we were 'deaf and blind'—when we did not know what it meant simultaneously to hear and to see, with all one's being to feel rhythm. He who has felt cannot enjoy the old; he feels intrepid before the new distances which spread out before him, and he believes that only in rhythmical movement—that is, in the unison of plasticity and music, of the visible with the audible, of the spacial with the timely—lies the guarantee of that new art which we so ardently desire and so unsuccessfully seek.

SERGE WOLKONSKY.

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A RAINLESS WHEAT

THE last romance of agriculture, the most daring of its many triumphs, is the Conquest of the Desert. Pictured in the winsome song of the Psalmist, the sonorous prose of the Hebrew prophet, and visioned in the pages of a modern seer, it has remained for the latest science, the deep-set share, and the diligent harrow to complete the ancient prophecy and to produce a harvest of corn from a rainless land.

To understand what has been accomplished, it will be necessary to sketch the rise and progress of this new branch of agricultural science known as dry-farming. In the study of dry-farming we are led at the outset to ask what is the real meaning of the term 'Desert.' The dictionary defines it as 'a barren tract incapable of supporting population, as the vast sand plains of Asia and Africa which are destitute of moisture and vegetation.' Such a definition is apt to mislead us, for what is now a desert region may be transformed in a few years into a country of fertile fields capable of sustaining a large population. The most striking illustration of this fact is to be found in America. Spread out an old map of the United States of less than fifty years ago, and you will see that vast region marked 'The Great American Desert' stretching from the Missouri to the Rockies. What has happened? In the space of a single generation, an army of settlers has invaded this country, and six transcontinental railroads bring the comforts of civilisation to the farmer's door. Next, turning to the British Empire, we note that desert region of Australia so quaintly called the 'Never-Never-Country,' on the fringe of which farmers even now are settling. And, coming to South Africa, we mark out the Kalahari Desert, or, as it is termed in the native tongue, the 'Great Thirst Land.' Even there the white flag of the surveyor can be seen staking out a fifty-thousand-acre farm from the silt-laden waters of the Orange River to the restless crest of a barren, blood-red sand dune. The lesson of all this is plain. In our dry and desert lands we possess a priceless heritage; and if there are any who still think that there are no more good farms to be had in our oversea Dominions you may remind them of that saying of

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Emerson: 'The last lands are the best lands. It needs science and great numbers to cultivate the best lands and in the best manner.'

What is Dry-farming?

At a recent lecture on 'South Africa,' delivered by the writer before the Royal Colonial Institute, the question was asked: 'What is dry-farming?' Dry-farming may be defined as the conservation of soil-moisture during long periods of dry weather by means of tillage, together with the growth of drought-resistant plants. Dry-farming differs from ordinary farming in that the chief object of the dry-farmer is to prepare his lands to receive and retain as much rain as possible. This is accomplished by the use of moisture-saving fallows.

'Dry-farming' is a new term which was first used a few years ago in Western America. In Utah and some other parts of the United States it is called 'arid-farming.' Still another term is 'scientific soil culture.' For the sake of uniformity, all experiment stations, agricultural societies, and the rural Press would do well to speak of dry-farming and dry-land agriculture.

It is sometimes said that dry-farming is a new agricultural practice. But it is not so. Even in America the farmers of Utah have been raising crops on their dry lands with a rainfall of less than fifteen inches for over half a century. More than that, dry-farming has been practised since the dawn of civilisation in Mesopotamia, in Egypt, and in North-western India. And, as Professor Hilgard, of California, remarked to the writer,[1] 'the great depth of soil in arid regions as compared with that of humid climates undoubtedly explains how the ancient agriculturists could remain in the same country for thousands of years without having any knowledge of scientific agriculture.' Most farmers are aware of the fact that the roots of plants go far deeper in dry regions than in damp climates. Now, if the roots of plants can penetrate to great depths, so surely must both moisture and air. It would thus seem as if an all-wise Providence had amply compensated the agriculturist of the arid regions by giving him in many parts of the globe great depth of soil combined with an almost inexhaustible fertility. Such, at least, is the lesson of history.

Summing up, we may say that desert regions are specially adapted to dry-farming, because as a general rule desert lands are deep lands, in which the scanty rainfall can be stored for a long period; and, though arid soils are usually poor in humus, they are much richer in nitrogen than the soils of humid regions. It

[1] See *Dry-Farming: Its Principles and Practice*, by William Macdonald, p. 10. London: T. Werner Laurie.

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has been shown that the nitrogen-fixing germs are actively present in large numbers in dry soils. Finally, desert lands are usually free from malaria, and are thus well suited to colonisation.

The Principles of Dry-Farming

As the writer has elsewhere pointed out,[2] the English agriculturist Jethro Tull is entitled to be called the 'Founder of the Principles of Dry-farming.' It is true that Tull saw as through 'a glass darkly.' To-day we see more clearly. But the principles which we have adopted are merely the amplification, nothing more, of those fundamental methods of tillage so plainly set forth, one hundred and eighty-two years ago, by the genius of Jethro Tull.

In his agricultural classic (1731) entitled *The New Horse-Hoeing Husbandry, or An Essay on the Principles of Tillage and Vegetation*, the inventor of the corn drill wrote: 'For the finer land is made by tillage the richer will it become and the more plants will it maintain.' This axiom has received ample confirmation on the arid lands of the United States and the British Empire, where the deep ploughing of the virgin prairie and the thorough pulverisation of the stubborn veld sets free aeons of fertility.

It was Tull who first enunciated the three great principles of the new farming: (1) Drilling; (2) reduction of seed; (3) absence of weed. And he left a happy epigram which at least is true for the sunlit lands oversea: 'Tillage is Manure.'

The principles which we have adopted in our experiments on the Government Dry-Land Station at Lichtenburg, in the Transvaal, and which are now being extended to the other dry-land stations throughout the Union of South Africa, are eight in number, namely: (1) Deep ploughing; (2) pure seed; (3) thin seeding; (4) drilling; (5) frequent harrowing; (6) weedless lands; (7) few varieties; (8) moisture-saving fallows.

Moisture-fallows and the Soil-Mulch

We believe that our success has been due mainly to the use of moisture-saving fallows, in which the rain is stored up in the soil for the use of subsequent crops. The supreme need of South African agriculture is not fertility but moisture. Consequently, all our cultivation is directed to establishing a moisture-saving fallow which may be maintained for periods of three months, six months, or one year. Such a fallow is deeply ploughed in the first place, and then kept constantly tilled to prevent the formation of a soil-crust which would permit the moisture to evaporate. This treatment results in four things:

[2] *Bulletin No. 103*, Union Department of Agriculture.

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(*a*) Storage of rainfall; (*b*) destruction of weeds which are moisture-robbers; (*c*) admission of sunshine and air; (*d*) encouragement of beneficial soil-germs.

Messrs. Russell and Hutchinson, of Rothamsted, recently demonstrated that intense sunlight destroys those harmful soil organisms which prey on the plant-food making bacteria. The illuminating researches of these scientists enable us more readily to understand the spontaneous and marvellous fertility of the lands of South Africa which are bathed in sunshine.

The germ life of arid lands is a subject worthy of the attention of the Universities of the Empire.

The well-known term soil-mulch is deserving of a brief notice. It may be defined as 'any material which is spread upon the soil to shade the surface from the sun and to break the connexion between the water-bearing subsoil and the exposed surface.' Examples of mulching are familiar to everyone. Turn over a board or stone lying on the ground, and you will find that the soil beneath is moister than the ground around it, since the pores of the earth, or capillary channels, have been closed, and the current of moisture passing upward to the surface has been stopped. In the garden, leaves, straw, and manure are commonly used. But the most practical mulch is made of loose, dry soil. This is done by frequently stirring the surface of the ploughed lands with a harrow or cultivator. The soil-mulch is also termed the soil-blanket.

Now the question arises: 'How deep should the soil-blanket be?' The reply is: From two to six inches, depending on the state of the weather, the soil, and the crop. In orchard cultivation, during a severe drought, the soil-blanket is often made six inches deep, or even more. But for cereals the soil-blanket should seldom be thicker than two to three inches, as they are surface feeders. When sowing, the seed must be drilled into the moist seed-bed below the dry-blanket; otherwise it may fail to germinate.

Summary of Results

It is doubtful if, since the time of Tull, any soil has had a severer test of his profound but forgotten principles than the dry lands of Lichtenburg in the Western Transvaal. Let us summarise what has been accomplished there.

We have shown:

(1) That by our system of tillage we are able to keep the soil seed-bed moist for a whole year. This means that, so far as moisture is concerned, we can plant a crop at any season—a most important matter in South Africa. This result has been attained by the use of moisture-saving fallows, deeply ploughed, constantly harrowed, and kept covered with a dry-soil blanket which checks evaporation.

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(2) That it is possible to grow dry-land winter wheat and to harvest it before the season of rust.

(3) That drilling, as might be expected, is far better than broad-casting; saves seed, places the grain in the moist seed-bed, and gives a more even growth.

(4) That thin seeding, for wheat 30 to 45 pounds per acre, gives larger returns than more lavish sowing. This is due to the fact that each individual plant has more moisture, sunlight, and food if given ample space.

(5) That the durum wheats have given the best results. They are the wheats which have extended the wheat-belt into the most arid regions of Western America.

(6) That the durum wheat—*Apulia*—has been grown under our dry-farming system without a drop of rain falling upon it from seed time until harvest, which proves the efficacy of the moisture-saving fallow, and is a record in modern agriculture.

A German Testimony

A short time ago a fair-haired, blue-eyed Viking was sent from Berlin to Windhuk to grow two blades of grass where but one grew before, in the person of Mr. Walter Richter, the Agricultural Adviser to German South-west Africa. He spent several months in British South Africa investigating our soils and crops with the skill, the patience, and the industry for which his race is so justly renowned. To our question: 'What do you consider the most instructive part of your tour?' Mr. Richter replied without hesitation: 'The Dry-land Experiment Station at Lichtenburg. There I saw durum wheat being harvested which not only had been grown on a poor shallow soil, but actually never had a drop of rain upon it from seed time until harvest. There, also, I saw *dry land* which is never dry the whole year round. I go back to German South-west Africa filled with a new hope, for now I am convinced that dry-farming is destined to revolutionise our agricultural industry. Truly, as the motto of your Congress puts it: "The destiny of South Africa is on the dry lands."'

Every great movement is indissolubly linked up with the personality of a few earnest workers. So it is with dry-farming in South Africa. The signal success which we have achieved is due in large measure to Captain Heinrich du Toit, a brave Boer officer of the former Staats Artillerie who bore a charmed life, as shown by the marks of twenty-two bullets. Captain du Toit returned to the peaceful life of a Cape farmer. When the Government dry-land station was established he was appointed manager—a post which he still holds. He has since become the tireless missionary of the new agriculture amongst the Dutch and the English settlers on the dry lands of the Union.

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Discovery of the Durum Wheats

The most important discovery in connexion with dry-farming is the value of durum wheat for poor soils and in regions of light rainfall. The durum wheats were formerly termed macaroni wheats, because in the past they have been mainly used in the manufacture of macaroni. But the better term is durum, and it should be employed to describe this class of wheat. The term durum comes from the Latin word *durus* (hard). For more than forty years there have been shipments into the United States of these hard, glassy wheats, chiefly from Russia, but also from Algeria and Chili. It is only during the last thirteen years, however, that public attention in America has been directed to them, and this has been due mainly to the publications and efforts of the National Department at Washington. In the year 1900 Mr. M. A. Carleton, United States Cerealist, was sent on a mission to Russia. He travelled through the durum wheat belt and secured a large number of varieties; these were distributed to the farmers and experimental stations in the Great Plains region of Western America, in which the climate and soils are very like those found in Russia and Algeria, where these particular wheats are largely grown. Mr. Carleton wrote on p. 16 of his bulletin on 'Macaroni (Durum) Wheats':

> The normal yearly rainfall of the Great Plains at the one-hundredth meridian—where wheat-growing is at present practically non-existent on account of lack of drought-resistance varieties—is nearly three inches greater than that for the entire semi-arid Volga region, which is one of the principal wheat regions of Russia, and which produces the finest macaroni wheat in the world.

At first these wheats were received with but little favour, in spite of the fact that they gave excellent yields and showed remarkable rust-resistant and drought-enduring qualities. But the macaroni factories of America were then using the ordinary bread wheats, and neither the mills nor the elevators would accept the durum varieties. Happily, this prejudice has died down, and special mills are now being erected with the requisite machinery for grinding this type of wheat.

In blending with the softer varieties, and as a source of semolina, or 'macaroni flour,' durum wheats are now acknowledged to be unrivalled. But for the dry-farmer the drought-resisting quality of the durum wheat is the most important point; and on the arid prairies of Western America they have surpassed all the best-known spring varieties, and are easily pre-eminent in this respect. Their rust-resistance is also noteworthy. This was first shown in a striking manner in America during the season of 1909, when the ravages of rust did so much damage to the common varieties.

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The durum wheats are the best wheats to be grown where the summers are hot and dry; but they do not give satisfactory yields in humid regions. They first became prominent in the commercial world of the United States in the year 1903, when six million bushels were produced. The annual harvest has steadily risen, until to-day the total crop is over fifty million bushels.

Their Value in Bread-making

It was formerly supposed that the durum wheats were adapted solely to the making of macaroni and were not bread wheats at all. This is not so. Indeed, the excellent quality of Russian bread, which has often been praised by tourists and others, is largely made from Kubanka, a well-known variety grown in the Volga region. Furthermore, the French, who are justly renowned for their bread, invariably use a mixture of durum wheat. In Eastern Russia it is customary, for milling purposes, to mix three parts of macaroni wheat with one part of the ordinary red varieties. This proportion gives an excellent flour. It is said that bread made from durum wheat is richer, and remains fresh longer than that made from ordinary wheats. A large quantity of Russian durum wheat finds a ready sale for the macaroni factories of Southern France and Italy. A few years ago the United States Department of Agriculture made an interesting experiment to test the relative value of durum wheat for bread-making. A certain amount of flour from durum wheat and common wheat was set aside, and two sets of loaves were baked from the different flours. These two lots of loaves were marked, and sent out to over two hundred persons for inspection and report, accompanied by a circular letter containing eight questions. The people to whom the loaves were addressed were carefully selected, and included prominent millers, bakers, chemists, and teachers of domestic science. The result of their replies was summed up as follows: 'The general opinion, therefore, of the relative value of the durum-wheat loaf as against that made from other flour is 108 to 74 in favour of the durum-wheat loaf.'

Before me lies a note on the Russian durum wheats by Mr. A. Kovenko, taken from a recent report of the Ministry of Agriculture, and kindly translated and forwarded by the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

Mr. Kovenko writes:

> Numerous as are in Russia the varieties of soft wheats, the chief place among our wheats belongs to hard wheats—*Triticum durum*—the real pride of Russia, a grain containing a considerable amount of nitrogen, 4 to 5 per cent. While Western European varieties of soft wheat contain 6-7

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per cent. of dry gluten,[3] our soft wheat contains 10-11 per cent., and our hard Russian wheats 15 to 17 per cent. Of hard Russian wheats there are numerous varieties which, while completely uniform in the character of translucent, almost ambery grain, vary sometimes in the colour of the ear, and sometimes in the velvetiness of the glume (outside leaflet of each grain). The most important amongst the hard wheats are the Bieloturka and Kubanka. In the south and south-west of Russia there is grown a very valuable wheat named Arnautka, unrivalled for the manufacture of macaroni, and much esteemed in Western Europe.

The Durum Wheat Zone

The chief durum wheat countries are Russia, Turkestan, Italy, and North Africa, and although these types grow in many other parts of the globe, they have one striking feature in common—*viz.* they seem to flourish best in regions of small and irregular rainfall. The durum wheats belong to the botanical group *Triticum durum*, while the common wheats from which bread is usually made come under the heading *Triticum vulgare*.

The principal climatic features which mark out the durum-wheat zone are as follows:

(1) The low annual rainfall, a large percentage of which falls during the growing season. (2) Heavy thunderstorms with but little fog or mist. (3) A clear, dry atmosphere. (4) Hot summers with great extremes of temperature. (5) Typical black loams. The American, Australian, and South African farmer will readily recognise that extensive portions of their respective countries fall under the above category.

Ripe durum wheat in the field looks like barley, and one is apt, on seeing it for the first time, to confuse it with the latter cereal. It is usually fairly tall, with broad, smooth leaves, the heads are heavily bearded, the kernels large and very hard, having less starch than the common types, and varying in colour from a light to a reddish yellow. The grain of the finest durum wheat is large, very hard, whitish, and slightly transparent. Durum wheats are grown both as spring and winter wheats. To ensure success they should be sown on moisture-saving fallows, and the growing wheat should be lightly harrowed to renew the soil-blanket and so retain the soil-moisture until harvest-time. Of the Russian varieties introduced and grown on the Government Dry-Land Station at Lichtenburg, Kubanka has given the best results during the past three years. It has since been surpassed by the rainless durum wheat Apulia, which we introduced from Italy. The word Apulia comes from the Italian Province of that name. The soil of the Province of

[3] Gluten is the principal nitrogenous part of wheat. The higher the gluten-content of flour the more water will the dough absorb; consequently it yields more bread. Hard wheat produces a strong flour, rich in gluten, which makes light bread. Soft wheat produces a more attractive-looking loaf, but it is less nutritious, because it has more starch and less gluten.

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Apulia is heavy and fertile, but the whole district is deemed arid. Nevertheless, it supports a population of over two million inhabitants and produces a wide range of agricultural products. As it is probable that further inquiry may be made regarding the Apulia durum wheats, we would refer our readers to the Royal Italian Consul in London, the Marquis Faá di Bruno, who has most courteously expressed his willingness to furnish the names of the merchants from whom this particular wheat can be obtained.

The durum wheats have stood the test of time. They have proved to be highly resistant to drought, heat, and rust. And so we believe that by the introduction of these varieties into the Union the wheat problem has been solved. For with dry-farming and these cereals we shall be able to extend our agricultural operations to the driest districts, develop an export oversea trade, and establish thriving settlements in the waste places of Africa.

Method of Cultivation

The method of cultivation adopted for wheat is as follows: The virgin velt is well ploughed, varying in depth from eight to fourteen inches. A disk harrow is then used for the two-fold object of pulverising the clods and stirring the soil as deeply as possible. For that purpose we use a 20-inch disk harrow, and it is pleasant to think that the finest implement of this type is made by an English firm, Messrs. J. and F. Howard, of Bedford. A steel-tooth harrow is then passed over the field to form a layer of fine earth on the surface from two to three inches deep. This is the soil mulch or earth blanket. The land is then allowed to rest, but should it begin to get hard and crack on the surface a light harrow is run over it, which prevents the escape of moisture and the drying out of the soil. Also, after every rain, the ground is harrowed, and the dry soil blanket restored. A whole year is devoted to such soil culture, and then in the month of May the wheat is sown. It is not necessary to wait for rain, as the soil is then so moist that the seed can be sown at any time. The seed is sown with an ordinary drill, which deposits it underneath the dry soil blanket. When the young plants are a few inches above the ground a light harrow, called a weeder, is run through them. This treatment, which was at first viewed with much surprise by the farmers of South Africa, has proved most successful. It prevents the evaporation of soil moisture, renews the soil blanket, and restores the vitality of the crop. It may be continued until the wheat is eight to ten inches high or even more. Wheat sown in the winter time—*viz.* during the month of May—is reaped in November, before the season of rust.

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which usually occurs in midsummer, that is to say, December, January, and February. This is, of course, a point of the utmost importance to the wheat-grower. Such was the method by which the Apulia durum wheat was produced on which no rain fell from seed-time till harvest. Side by side with the lands bearing crops are the fallow lands, ploughed and harrowed, waiting for the rain to be absorbed and held for the next planting season. Many farmers in South Africa stand idly waiting for the rains in order to plough and plant their crops. But the dry-farmer, who prepares his land the year before, can plant early in the season without fear of drought or the risk of late frosts. The soil on the Lichtenburg farm is a light, shallow, sandy loam lying on a gravel subsoil. It is a poor soil for dry-farming, but it is a convincing proof of what can be done by thorough and systematic tillage.

Moisture Bank and Humus Bank

Hardly a season passes but we hear of crops that have failed because of lack of rain, and this complaint is not confined to any particular Dominion, but is more or less common to all parts of the Empire. Search the pages of the rural magazines, consult the columns of the daily Press, and, sooner or later, your eye will light on that sombre line: 'The crop has failed this year owing to drought.' And the amazing thing is that no remedy is ever suggested, no preventive is ever proposed. Decade after decade, year in and year out, drought finds the farmer unprepared, watching sadly his withering crop in a sun-scorched waterless soil.

The Alpha and Omega in the fight against drought is the moisture-saving fallow. Without it all effort is useless. With it all soil-drought disappears. Suppose we start with the bare moisture-saving fallow and we conserve six inches of rain out of a 12-inch annual rainfall. We hold the fallow for a year and then sow our wheat in a moist seed-bed. The second season another twelve inches may fall in the field, of which, say, six inches are utilised by the plants, and so, at the end of the second year, instead of one or two possible failures, we reap a 30-bushel[4] (12-inch rainfall) crop of wheat. The establishment of a moisture savings bank to pay cash on demand is the fundamental principle in dealing successfully with recurrent seasonal droughts. This practice is strongly advocated by the foremost Australian

[4] Widtsoe calculates the crop-producing power of rainfall as follows:
One acre inch of water will produce 2½ bushels of wheat.
Ten acres inches of water will produce 25 bushels of wheat.
Twenty acres inches of water will produce 50 bushels of wheat.

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authority on dry-farming, Sutton of New South Wales, who writes:

> In dry districts a proper system of fallowing is therefore an essential of success, and the general adoption of a proper system in our wheat districts is a factor which will do more than any other to remove wheat-growing from the area of speculation and place it on a sound and solid basis. With a proper system in practice, the rainfall of the previous, or a portion of the previous, year can be stored, conserved, and utilised for a subsequent crop.

And he closed an instructive address to an assemblage of farmers with these words: 'Go back home and fallow till harvest-time, and, when the harvest is over, start to work the fallow and keep at it until seed-time.'

It may be said that the practice of growing crops on only half of the arable land and maintaining the other half in clean fallows means a good deal of extra labour. That is so, but it also means a certain crop in seasons of drought. It may be said that the continuous cultivation of the moisture-saving fallows will eventually burn out the vegetable matter in the soil. It may be so; but the remedy is at hand. On worn-out fallows you can always grow green legumes, fill the soil with nitrogen, and so gradually establish a humus bank. These two savings banks—the Moisture Bank and the Humus Bank—will secure the farmer against the severest drought and make possible a permanent fertility on the dry-lands of South Africa.

The Year of Drought

The prospect of a year of drought is the favourite topic of conversation for those lukewarm Laodiceans who, by idle criticism, vainly try to check the progress of dry-farming. Drought to the intelligent dry-farmer is no more than a passing storm to the skilful mariner at sea. Before us lie two authentic records of farms where the year of drought brings no dismay. These records are taken from the admirable work on Dry-farming of the most eminent American authority, Dr. John H. Widtsoe of Utah. The first farm belongs to Senator Barnes of Utah, and is situated in the Salt Lake Valley. The climate is semi-arid, the summers are dry, and the evaporation large. Over a period of nineteen years crop and rainfall records have been most carefully kept. There has been only one crop failure, and that was the first, when the land was not yet properly filled. The heaviest crop of wheat, 28.9 bushels, was harvested in the year 1902, when next to the lowest rainfall occurred, which varied from 10.33 inches to 18.46 inches. Moisture-saving fallows followed every crop.

A second and equally instructive record is furnished by the

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Government Experimental Farm at Indian Head in Saskatchewan, Canada. Here also reliable records have been kept for the same period—viz. nineteen years. Not a single crop failure is recorded. The highest yield was forty-nine bushels to the acre, the lowest seventeen. During this period the rainfall varied from 3.9 to 20.22 inches (snowfall not included—varying from 1.3 inches to 2.3 inches of water). Here also moisture-saving fallows followed every crop.

These experiments clearly show that the year of drought need not be feared when the principles of dry-farming are properly carried out. In the conservation of soil moisture lies the ultimate conquest of drought. And in place of the barren desert, abandoned homes, and dying cattle, we can now paint a new and glowing picture. There, under a serene and cloudless sky, lies a panorama of green and chocolate-brown—mile after mile the growing wheat and the deep-stirred, water-holding fallow. No rain may fall for many a day, but the husbandman is untroubled. For he knows that his seed has fallen upon good ground, and that, from far below, those life-streams are flowing ever upward which will carry his hundredfold corn white unto the harvest.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

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THE ALIENATION AND DESTRUCTION OF CHURCH PLATE

MANY persons yet living can recall the enthusiasm which animated a great part of the Church of England in those early days of the 'Revival,' when turning from doctrinal and liturgical disputes, clergy and laity alike devoted their zeal to the 'restoration' of our old churches from the degraded condition into which they had for the most part fallen, to something like the seemly regularity and dignity that should distinguish buildings set apart for public worship. Mistakes were made and irreparable injury was done under this plausible intention; yet still we cannot withhold from those engaged in the crusade against neglect and deformities the admission that, if mistaken, they were at least sincere and disinterested. Those days of well-meant but misdirected enthusiasm have unfortunately not altogether passed, but we now see, unhappily, in addition, too many of the clergy inspired with a very different spirit; the laws of God and the instincts of not even particularly religious laymen are alike outraged by the display of sacrilegious cupidity in what has come to be an unhappy feature of the time—the constant alienation of the rarest and most valuable objects devoted to the service of the Sanctuary.

Students of the Old Testament do not need to be reminded of the awful veneration with which the sacred vessels of Jehovah were regarded, and the terrible doom which befell the ruler and nation that defiled them. Some persons would maintain that the vessels consecrated by the Church's rites are even more essentially sacred, from their use in connexion with the Sacrament with which they have been so closely associated through the ages. Yet the most beautiful and costly of these priceless objects are at the present time being freely bartered with dealers and multi-millionaires, being considered too precious and valuable for the service of God. Many of the clergy and diocesan authorities are actively engaged in the traffic, and those who have learned by sad experience what to expect, can frequently foretell the object which is next to be disposed of. A very general practice is for the Church authorities concerned to deposit the valuable article at a local bank. After the lapse of some little time, the parishioners who may inquire about it are informed that there were fears of its

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safety from burglars. Finally, the authorities declare that they dare not undertake the responsibility of retaining charge, a faculty is applied for, and very soon the sacred vessel may be found ornamenting the sideboard of some wealthy Jew or American plutocrat. The fears as to safety are exaggerated, as a burglar would with difficulty dispose of an isolated piece of Church plate as a work of art; while its intrinsic value would not be worth the risk to be incurred; although, of course, ordinary care is required, and valuable plate may readily be insured for a comparatively small annual charge. It may here be pointed out that those responsible for such treasures should be careful to impress upon clerks or custodians for the time being the necessity of on no account dwelling upon any supposed fabulous value in exhibiting or giving information about Church goods; but rather of emphasising the fact that the intrinsic value is really but small, it being the association and workmanship that alone make the articles of such value. We have reason to suppose that the individuals who steal Church plate are generally of the most degraded and ignorant class, although even this class has often a certain superstitious reverence.

Another favourite pretext for alienating Church plate is that the vessel to be disposed of was originally an article of merely domestic use, and this is very much dwelt upon by 'experts,' who publish descriptions of Church plate in newspapers or archaeological transactions as a method of cajoling the clergy and other custodians of the Church's treasures into parting with them; and strangely this plea is generally accepted, while consecration by use at the administration of the Sacrament during two or three centuries is apparently considered of little importance. It is to be feared that in many cases these 'experts,' despite the consequence they acquire by their connexion with various learned antiquarian societies, are practically but the agents of wealthy collectors who do not wish to appear personally in such transactions, and who crave for some rare object merely because they are informed it is unique, and because the accumulation of such articles has become a prevalent fashion and a proof of 'taste.' The 'experts,' one may remark, though generally ready to pay hitherto unheard-of sums for their acquisitions, are the direct representatives of those mischievous pseudo-antiquaries who, from the time of Horace Walpole or earlier, pillaged our churches to form their museums—collections usually dispersed and irretrievably lost upon their decease. In those days a few shillings to the parish clerk was the recognised formula for acquisition; now the incumbent, the churchwardens, or even the chancellors have to be bargained with, and the price is appreciably raised, but the mode of procedure is essentially on the same footing—the disposal of

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the donation of some pious person in the past by those entrusted with its charge, for some monetary consideration. As everyone concerned invariably feels more or less ashamed of what they know is a questionable transaction, a good deal of secrecy is maintained and the whole disgraceful affair is hushed up. The proceeds are generally frittered away, and within a little time the church has lost its unique treasure and there is nothing to show for it.

Those who assign as secular pieces every vessel or bowl not manifestly intended for use as a chalice, flagon, or other consecrated vessel should examine the superb sets of Communion Plate bestowed with such princely generosity by the noble Alice Duchess Dudley upon the churches in which she was interested.[1]

The plate given by Duchess Dudley consisted in each case of a complete set of Communion Plate richly embossed and gilt, with the addition of a large covered bowl of a form varying from the chalice, and apparently intended to serve as a ciborium and as a magnificent ornament for the church on great festivals.[2] This shows the use in the Caroline period, and may have been the purpose of the Tong Cup—viz. to afford a qualified form of the Roman exposition of the Sacrament while the service was in progress only.

[1] Duchess Dudley presented plate to the churches of the following twelve parishes: Ashow (1638), Bidford (1664), Kenilworth (1638), Ladbroke, Leke-Wotton, Mancetter, Monks Kirby (1638), and Stoneleigh, all in Warwickshire; Pateshall in Northamptonshire (1664), Acton in Middlesex (1639), St. Peter's Church at St. Albans, Hertfordshire (1667), and St. Giles in the Fields, in London. The plate has disappeared from Mancetter, Stoneleigh, and St. Giles in the Fields. It is believed to be in safe keeping at all the other places named.

[2] *Extract from the parish register of Bidford in Warwickshire.*

'Whereas her Grace the Duchesse Dudley of the Parish of Saint Giles in the Fields in the County of Middlesex owner of lands and tenements in Marl Cliff and Barton within the Parish of Bidford aforesaid hath out of her pious disposition and benevolence towards Bidford Church aforesaid freely given and bestowed thereto the Communion Plate to wit a large flagon a bread bowle and a great challice all three havinge covers belonging to them the said plate being silver ritchly guilt and garnished with pictures and flowers for the use of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to be administered in the same Church as an ornament suitable for the service of that most Sacred Banquet with and upon this condition that the said Plate shall for ever solely remain for the use aforesaid and not be diverted imployed or disposed of to any other use and upon this further condition that if at any time hereafter the Vicar Churchwardens or other Officer or Inhabitant of the said Parish of Bidford for the time being shall presume or endeavour to alienate sell embessell or otherwise dispose of the Plate aforesaid or any part thereof from the use aforesaid that then the Gift above mentioned to become void and frustrate and that then and from thenceforth the propriety and property in and of the Plate aforesaid shall revert and be vested in the said Dutchesse her heirs and assignes who shall and may have lawful right to demand sue for and recover the same or the value thereof from the parties soe alienating selling embessellinge or otherwise disposinge of the plate aforesaid.'

There is also a formal receipt acknowledging the gift of plate signed by the Vicar and Churchwardens and attested by five of the principal inhabitants of the ancient 'Burrough of Bidford.'

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It was formerly a pious custom for persons to give or bequeath to their parish church the finest piece of plate in their possession. Mediaeval wills sufficiently prove that such donations were not unusual in the pre-Reformation period, and they continued long after, becoming rarer in the Georgian era, but perhaps not finally extinct even in the Early Victorian period. At the present time in St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, for instance, there are two fine flagons of the time of James the First, given by the Earl of Oxford to the church when it was founded by him in 1724. Such gifts account largely for the splendid examples labelled as secular articles, though among the choicest possessions of our old parish churches. Surely the piety of the donors and the sacred use to which they have long been devoted might be supposed to atone for any deficiency of sanctity in their origin. We cannot, moreover, invariably assume from its appearance that a Church vessel was originally secular. Quite recently a good example of a tankard of ordinary domestic type was met with, serving as a flagon, and with a dated inscription setting forth its donation to the church. The date-letter in this case showed that the vessel must have been made for its present purpose. The unique stoup which was some years ago unfortunately alienated from the church of West Malling, in Kent, in order to pay some passing church expenses and to inflict a new porch upon the church, was probably originally a domestic vessel consecrated in the same way; and another example was a salver or waiter, used as a paten, though not to be differentiated from the specimens purely domestic we may see every day in any silversmith's window where Georgian plate is exhibited. If all these secular pieces are to be disposed of, our churches' treasuries will afford but a sorry appearance. For the truth is that, excluding the very scanty relics of mediaeval plate and the well-known Elizabethan Communion cups, the finest objects have been almost invariably these gifts of personal piety, the plate strictly made for ecclesiastical use and provided at the charge of the parish being generally of very indifferent character.

There is yet another aspect of this deplorable dispersal of old Church plate. Many of the clergy are dissatisfied with the want of sufficient ecclesiastical symbolism displayed in the sterling and truly beautiful old plate their church may possess; they crave for something that may ape the Middle Ages, and are encouraged in their bad taste by a certain community which is said to be largely engaged in distributing sets of Church plate, shop-made to pattern of the most correct quasi-mediaeval type. The Church authorities to whom these are given are, it is said, required to surrender to this society their old Church plate that it may be destroyed to prevent desecration, and more than one

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silversmith has borne testimony to the fact that churchwardens have actually insisted upon valuable old consecrated vessels being broken up in their presence when new ones have been supplied; forgetting apparently that this silver, when melted down, will reappear in the form of spoons and forks and other domestic articles of plate, and thus their efforts to prevent desecration will eventually be frustrated.

Notwithstanding this craze for sham mediaeval vessels, these same people, when possessing a genuine mediaeval object, do not appreciate it, as was proved but the other day in the unpardonable alienation of the celebrated and unique Alphabet Bowl at Studley. Not only fine examples of secular plate but vessels admittedly of the most sacred character are freely disposed of. The chalice having the longest continuous use of any in England—that of Berwick St. James, in Wiltshire—stands among a miscellaneous collection of curiosities, a pathetic object in the corner of a glass case at the British Museum. It was alienated about the year 1879, when a cup and paten of mediaeval design were presented to the church by Mr. (afterwards Sir) A. W. Franks, F.S.A., of the British Museum, which the Vicar probably appreciated as so much brighter and new-looking than the venerable old vessel that had served the church from at least the early thirteenth century, if not from the Norman period. The 'Acorn Cup,'[3] of Westbury, Wilts, is another notable example of the unauthorised sale of a valuable vessel; and a few years since there was exhibited for sale in the window of a New Oxford Street silversmith an elegant little chalice bearing an inscription showing that it was given to the parish church of Ashley, county Stafford, by one of the then manorial family, about the time of Queen Anne. There was another belonging to Wakes Colne, in Essex, and one belonging to the parish of Seavington, in Somersetshire, both of which, after wandering about for many years, have lately gone back to the parishes to which they belonged; as well as the cup belonging to George Herbert's church at Bemerton, Wilts, which was found by the Rector (Canon Warre) in a cottage in the village and restored to the church of that place. The mediaeval chalice of Leyland, in Lancashire—a rare object indeed in that county—was sold, and now belongs to the Roman Catholic community of that place; and the intended sale of some very rare Cromwellian flagons at East Horsley, in Surrey, is now reported as under contemplation; although it is to be hoped that the Dean and Chapter of

[3] This remarkable cup (date 1585 and presented to the church in 1671) was sold in 1845 by the Rector and Churchwardens of Westbury for a paltry sum. After some twenty years' oblivion it re-appeared in a silversmith's shop in Brighton, whence it passed to a London art dealer, and was eventually sold for something bordering on 2000*l*.

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Canterbury, to whom the living belongs, and others in a position to protest, will not countenance such a sacrilegious proposal.

The Chancellor of the Diocese of Lichfield has lately given judgment against the sale of the exquisite Tong Cup, chiefly owing to the uncertainty of its final disposition if sold, and the Chancellor of the Diocese of Carlisle not long ago gave judgment against the sale of the valuable Steeple Cup given to the church of St. Michael, Appleby, by the famous antiquary Dr. Nicolson, Bishop of Carlisle. This is a step in the right direction, and a set-off against the sale of the Studley Bowl above mentioned, which the Chancellor of the Diocese of Ripon recently allowed to be sold, as he did not consider it otherwise than as a domestic piece of plate, having no connexion with the Church whatever; and nobody in the whole of Yorkshire could be found to oppose the faculty and to keep this precious treasure, admittedly the most remarkable example in that great county, or indeed in England, if not for its own district, at any rate for the Treasury of York Minster or for some County Museum. It is more than probable that this Alphabet Bowl, formerly at Aldfield and lately at Studley, was saved by some Cistercian monk as the most precious article he could lay hands on at the time of the spoliation of Fountains Abbey, which was situated in the old Chapelry of Aldfield. This bowl may possibly have been originally a domestic article of plate used for lay baptism which was allowed under certain circumstances in pre-Reformation days, with the reservation that the article thus used as a font should be devoted to the service of the Church; or it may have been used as a bowl for the unconsecrated bread, or at any rate to serve some sacred purpose. It has not been at all clearly proved that this beautiful object was ever a child's porringer and primer, as has been suggested in order to make it appear that it was a purely secular vessel. It was not uncommon in former days to use the alphabet as representing Holy Writ in services of dedication. It was formerly a common practice in consecrating churches to strew the floor with sand, and to write the alphabet on a cross marked in the sand, probably with the Bishop's crozier; and at the church of Stratford St. Mary, in Suffolk, immediately adjoining the Dedham country, the alphabet is reproduced in Gothic lettering on the exterior walls of the church. The date of this inscription corresponds very much with that of the Studley Bowl. At Great Malvern there is, or was, a large oblong pavement-tile similarly inscribed with the alphabet, no doubt having the same signification.

The Tong Cup must also have been given for the use of the Church by Lady Harries, and, when formerly on loan at South Kensington, was called a ciborium; now apparently the authorities

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have changed their minds on this point, and press for its sale as a secular vessel. Careful inquiry from ecclesiological experts might, it would seem probable, be able to elicit for what use this cup was really intended. It has been said in an offhand manner that it has no religious signification; but possibly very careful investigation has not been made, as there might be less difficulty in parting with it as a domestic piece than as a sacred vessel consecrated to Church uses.

It seems hardly probable that any of these priceless articles would have found a place amongst the Church plate, unless they had been intended to serve some sacred purpose of use or ornament by the pious donors who presented them. But, whatever they were, whether for domestic use, as much Church plate in fact originally was, or whether devoted in the first instance to Church purposes, a much more important question arises—namely, to whom do these treasures belong, and who is empowered to part with them?

Most certainly they are held in trust by the responsible Church authorities for the time being, who have no power of disposing of them, any more than they have of disposing of the Church fabric with its parish registers, monuments, hatchments, and other accessories; although in the possible event of the Disestablishment of the Church with concomitant Disendowment, their sale to the highest bidder might conceivably be justified; and, should this ever come about, it will be a bitter reflexion for certain parishes that they once possessed an object of great value which, had it not been wantonly sold and the proceeds frittered away, might, in their impoverished condition, by justifiable sale, have provided a respectable income for the incumbent.

In order to render the sale of Church goods valid, the Consistory Court of the diocese must be applied to for a faculty;[4] but is it not within the competence of this court to refuse such a request from trustees, and to rule that any article which is too valuable to be kept in a parish church should be deposited for greater safety either in the cathedral church of the diocese or in some local museum *on loan*, or preferably that it be safeguarded in the church to which it belongs by the provision of a fireproof and burglar-proof safe, and at the same time its value covered by insurance? The danger of burglary in these cases is not as great as it appears at first sight, for reasons before-mentioned.

[4] Any sale without a faculty is illegal, and a purchaser who buys without ascertaining that a faculty has been obtained runs the risk of getting a bad title; for, if the sale takes place, no faculty being granted, it can be set aside altogether and the Chancellor could make an order, which the civil authorities would enforce, for the restoration of the object sold, leaving the purchaser to get back his money as best he could.

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It seems to be sacrilegious and repugnant to all right feeling that articles given by pious donors for Church use should be alienated at all from their original intention; but if public opinion—putting aside the opinion of collectors and Church authorities—is strongly in favour of such alienation on various grounds,[5] which may appear from a certain point of view to be justifiable, then surely before such a trust can be abolished, and Church possessions held under trust can be parted with indiscriminately, an Act of Parliament should be passed, empowering Church authorities to dispose of precious articles held in trust by them; with the stipulation that they be sold in the open market, and the highest attainable price realised, and the money devoted, not to useless and tawdry decorations for churches, often executed in the worst possible taste by incompetent architects or amateurs; but to the increasing of the stipend of the incumbent, or as a provision, as before mentioned, for the future support of the Church to which they belong, in the possible event of Disestablishment.

It is a step in the right direction when the authorities do see fit to apply to the Consistory Court and petition for faculty for sale; but there are, unfortunately, numberless instances of Church property having been parted with without any reference to the courts whatever. It is against this action that legislation is more stringently needed. Some of these cases are well known; but they are too numerous to specify in detail, and fresh instances are coming to light every day.

It has been computed with some show of authority that not less than half our old churches have been despoiled of the whole or some important part of their valuable possessions within recent times; and if the disappearance of other objects besides plate are taken into consideration—such as the beautiful font of Pershore Abbey, now in a neighbouring garden, the Bible desk at Rickmansworth which the incumbent refused to accept back when offered to him, the magnificent Uvedale monuments in Wickham Church, Hampshire, and any number of interesting hatchments and other accessories turned out elsewhere—the churches that have not suffered loss are few indeed. It is hardly too much to say that most of the trustees of these precious articles are absolutely ignorant of their true value. The Studley Bowl, for instance, has been sold for very much less than it would doubtless have realised in the open market with connoisseurs competing for a unique vessel where money was no object.

Reference was made to another chalice by Chancellor Sir

[5] Should the system of individual cups be adopted in the administration of the Sacrament, for which there is a great deal to be said on hygienic grounds, there will be still further need for safeguarding the ancient vessels, which, in the event of the general adoption of such a system, would be in danger of disappearing wholesale.

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Charles Chadwyck-Healey in one of his judgments. This cup belonged to the church of Clontarf, in Ireland, to which it was given on the 8th of April 1721 by Charles Melville, senr., Esquire, as the inscription upon the chalice records. It was restored to the parish a few years ago by its public-spirited owner (J. R. West, Esq., of Alscot Park, Stratford-on-Avon), and when it came back to the church it bore the additional inscription: 'Cheltenham, July 18th, 1833, won by "Exile," 5 years old.'[6]

Another Communion cup was, we are assured on good authority, discovered bearing the inscription: 'First prize for Bullocks.'[7]

The sale of the ancient plate formerly at Little Stambridge, in Essex, stands out as another unfortunate example of the sale of sacred vessels, and can be compared with the sale of the splendid flagon used in the Chapel of Dr. Peter Gunning, Bishop of Ely, which he bequeathed by his will (1684) to his native parish of St. Werburgh in Hoo, Kent. It weighed 75 ounces, and was sold by the Rev. Percy George Benson, when newly appointed to that vicarage, because he disliked its weight and shape. The episcopal traditions, the sacredness of such a gift to his native parish from such a man as Bishop Gunning, and its hallowed use during two centuries were all of no avail against the caprice and will of the Vicar, who, with the consent of the Churchwardens, sold the old Bishop's silver flagon, weighing 75 ounces, to Messrs. Hart and Peard, and in its place substituted a flagon of glass and a cruet of glass, 8 inches high, each having a silver band!

On two occasions the authorities of the parish of Heddington, in Wiltshire, have endeavoured to sell a valuable flagon[8] in order to increase the stipend of the Incumbent; but their request has very properly on each occasion been firmly refused by the Chancellor of the Diocese (Chancellor Webb); while in another parish in the same diocese application was made for the sale of a gold chalice in order to pay for the rehanging of the church bells.

[6] An account of this cup is given in *Notes and Queries*, 9th Series, Vol. 8.

[7] Although this information comes from unimpeachable authority, the writer of this article would be glad to have it verified and the exact data given. They would also be glad to receive any criticisms or observations on other points in the article from readers of the *Nineteenth Century*.

[8] This flagon, dated 1602, is by far the finest piece of Church plate in the diocese of Salisbury. It was given to the church by the Rector, the Rev. James Rogers, D.D., in 1830, and a full description of it will be found in Nightingale's *Church Plate for Wiltshire*, p. 142. Underneath the base of the flagon is the following inscription: 'The gift of James Rogers, D.D., Rector of Heddington, co. Wilts, who with his ancestors for many generations have been Patrons and Rectors of this Church. This Sacramental Cup is consigned with pious reverence to the service of the altar for ever as a testimony of his regard to the Parish, with the sincere hope that the said Element it shall inclose may virtually convey to the humble communicants (may they abound) from generation to generation spiritual grace here the sure pledge of eternal happiness hereafter. 24th June 1830, the 30th year of his Incumbency.' To this inscription are added two coats of arms.

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In an Essex parish a Rector applied to the Archdeacon of Essex not long ago for permission to sell the church plate in order to provide a new stop for the organ.

In addition to these instances, a valuable pre-Reformation pewter Communion set was sold some years ago to a passing pedlar; and a cup dated 1574 is now in the possession of a chemist at Cardiff, having been bought by him at an open auction at Tenby some years ago. And many other sales, some with and some without faculty, have taken place at various times.

Quite recently some fine silver candlesticks belonging to the Church of St. George, Hanover Square, were lent to the Chapel of the Ascension in the Bayswater Road, and it is more than doubtful whether they will ever return to the church to which they belong. It is understood that no faculty has been obtained for this alienation.

As instances of carelessness in the safeguarding of precious vessels, it may not be out of place to mention the finding of a set of Elizabethan plate under a churchwarden's bed, while pewter vessels were in use in the church; and the case of the priceless crystal bowl at Yateley, habitually kept in the house of the Parish Clerk, which was broken on a frosty day, when he slipped in carrying it into the church.

Space will not allow of any detailed allusion to all the known instances of precious and artistic objects besides Church plate which have been thrown away or sold during the last half-century, as it is with the improper sale and alienation of Church plate that we are at the present moment principally concerned; but one case may perhaps be mentioned which stands out as an extreme example, to show how churches can be despoiled of their precious possessions, of the value of which the authorities are quite ignorant. The church fittings of Winchester College Chapel, carved by Grinling Gibbons, were removed by the contractors when Mr. Butterfield dealt with this chapel, at a time when he dealt in a similar way with St. Cross and many other Church buildings, and were disposed of in the first instance for 50*l*., and after changing hands three times were recently sold to a private individual for something bordering on 30,000*l*., and now form the distinguishing feature of his residence.

To this instance may be added that of a valuable picture representing the Christ crowned with thorns, by William Hilton, R.A., which had been presented to the Church of St. Peter, Eaton Square, in 1825, and was of late years purchased from the authorities of that church by trustees under the Chantrey Bequest for 1000*l*., and is now in the South Kensington collection; and innumerable other instances of a similar nature where many fine pictures, monuments, chandeliers, pulpits, fonts, panelling, and other artistic decorations in our churches have been deformed

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or thrown away, although stately and magnificent of their kind, simply because the trustees of these precious objects for the time being, and the architects they employ, happen to be devoid of all artistic knowledge and morality, and are allowed thus to mutilate the work of their illustrious predecessors and completely to destroy the history of the buildings they have under their charge; quite regardless of the memory and the expressed wishes of the pious donors, or of the work of incomparable architects and artists.

Another cause for the disappearance of valuable possessions of the Church is the common practice of keeping plate, registers, old parish accounts, and other moveables at the parsonage. It is not unusual to find old plate and pewter displayed in the incumbent's drawing-room, and so intermixed with his own possessions that, in the absence of personal knowledge, they cannot easily be identified. This is all very well, so long as these objects are duly cared for; but upon an incumbent's decease, unless some local authority interests himself in the matter, there is grave risk of their being sold with the household goods or removed by the executors and all trace of them lost. This occurs more frequently than is generally supposed, particularly in the case of lesser objects of interest not frequently used. There are cases where Church plate has been inadvertently mixed up with the domestic plate of the deceased incumbent, the parish registers being carried off with the books in the library; and one even of all the contents of the library, registers included, being burnt in the garden by direction of an executrix. The remedy for these irregularities is a simple one. An inventory of all moveables of any value should be drawn up, and one copy held by the Archdeacon and another by the Rural Dean, who might readily check the inventory upon any voidance of the living. If this rule applied to all cases, there could be no ground for ill-feeling or suspicion.

Church bells are now receiving undue attention from the Church authorities, and many old peals containing interesting bells are being mercilessly melted down and re-cast. This is a subject which needs a specialist on campanology to deal with; but, although there may be instances where, owing to bells being cracked, re-casting is absolutely necessary, the re-casting of sound bells, which can be tuned like any other instrument, seems very much to be deprecated, as they are often very ancient and contain interesting and quaint inscriptions. If this new craze is continued by over-zealous Church authorities under the auspices of irresponsible bell founders, all the mellow silvery tones of our old church bells, as well as their interesting ancient inscriptions, will be lost for ever.

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Surely these multiplied instances of the alienation and destruction of valuable Church goods by persons totally ignorant of their artistic or intrinsic value call for more stringent legislation, with a view to their proper protection; especially when the ecclesiastics of the present day are apt to prefer the common and trumpery productions of the Church furniture shop, provided they have a sham mediaeval appearance, to the works of art which were provided as being the best of their kind at the time they were presented, when such trumpery productions were fortunately unattainable.

The safe keeping of Church plate being under the supervision of the Archdeacons, it is to be hoped that, with so many instances of neglect in the past, they may become more alive to their duties and responsibilities in the future; and that these custodians of Church property held in trust for the various parishes may be unanimously supported by the Bishops, who would do well to put a veto on all sales of Church vessels, and thereby support their Chancellors, and greatly assist the Archdeacons in the performance of their duties.

HARRISON EVANS.
ARTHUR F. G. LEVESON GOWER.

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THE HEBREW KEY TO THE GREEK MYTHOLOGY

PHILO BYBLIUS asserted that the mythology of the Greeks was no more than a feeble replica of that of his native Phoenicia. Modern scholarship dismisses his statement as an idle boast born of an empty patriotism. It is my purpose to adduce evidence that has been overlooked and to demand a retrial of the issue. There is little doubt as to the final verdict.

I tender a preliminary apology for what may seem to many a study in the obvious. The marvel is that the facts to which I shall draw attention should so long have escaped recognition, and I fear lest the reader should cast aside the essay with the impatient exclamation 'Why, this cannot be true, or we must have known it all these three hundred years.' I will not pause to analyse the causes of a phenomenon whose reality I have first to prove. It may perhaps be attributed to the habit of absolute divorce between the study of the classical languages and that of the Semitic, but the speculation must not detain us.

I propose to prove, first, that the Greek language and, in lesser degree, the Latin contain a much larger admixture of Phoenician (*id est* Hebrew) roots than has hitherto been acknowledged, and secondly, that by the use of this Hebrew key some of the classical myths may be shown to be neither childish fairy stories nor symbolisations, hardly less trivial, of celestial or meteoric phenomena, but skilfully designed parables of the most profound significance.

I. PROBABILITIES AND DIFFICULTIES.

Insisting on the obvious, I first invite the reader to consider the overwhelming initial probability of the presence of Phoenician roots in the languages of the northern Mediterranean. From the earliest dawn of history, the central sea of the ancient world was overrun by navigators from the Egyptian and Syrian coasts. Even in prehistoric times, 6000 years before Christ, great sixty-oared galleys ploughed its waters; and, to descend to far later days, the Phoenicians had achieved the nautical exploit of circumnavigating Africa while Solon was a stripling and Pythagoras as yet unborn. They must have known the shores of the Peloponnesus almost as familiarly as

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we know those of the Channel Islands. *A priori*, therefore, it is most unlikely that they should have left no traces of their many centuries of intercourse in the languages of the coasts they frequented. And apart from such general considerations, we have the clamant but strangely disregarded fact that the very nomenclature of the Greek alphabet was borrowed, not from the distant Ganges Valley, but from the neighbouring shores of the Mediterranean. Preconceptions apart, it is surely far more probable that Greek and Latin should have founded themselves on the Hebrew of the familiar Asiatic visitant than on the Sanskrit of the remote and inaccessible Aryan. Classical tradition, whatever its value, ever pointed to the eastern coast of the Mediterranean as the source of all knowledge and all civilisation.

But grave disadvantages attend the present investigation. The Phoenicians spoke a language closely similar to that of their Jewish kinsmen, but the one was a maritime people, the other an inland race, little acquainted with any body of water larger than the Dead Sea. The differences between the speech of the sailor-folk and that of the half-farmer, half-nomad tribes of the hinterland must therefore have been considerable; comparable perhaps to those between the dialect of Deal and that of Warwick several hundred years ago. But while it was from the seafarers that the Greek and the Latin must have derived their Semitic colouring, we depend for our clues entirely upon the language of the countrymen. Nor is this all; for even of that language, as it was at the time with which we are concerned, we possess little knowledge save that which we obtain from the sacred books of the Old Testament. These in their turn were subjected to revision and redaction at a later day, when Hebrew was almost a dead language, and many significant archaisms may have disappeared in the process.[1] Thus, for the student of to-day, Hebrew means little more than the limited vocabulary of the Old Testament, and such extra-Biblical words as he may encounter offer him no sure warrant of their antiquity. Finally, recent discoveries have made it possible or probable that the original Graeco-Phoenician connexion was not direct but proceeded through an intermediate Cretan link, an interruption between the source and the outflow whose effects are altogether incalculable. In circumstances so little promising, therefore, there is room for wonder that any trace of the connexion should be still discernible.

I must next delay the reader with difficulties of another order, those which arise from the peculiarities of the Semitic languages. Entering this region of philology, the student passes beyond the jurisdiction of Grimm's Law, and finds himself in a seemingly anarchic territory where anything philological may happen. Consonants appear and disappear, vowels are lengthened, shortened or interchanged,

[1] The reader hardly needs to be reminded that Hebrew had practically ceased to be a spoken language before the *Agamemnon* was written.

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aspirates are dropped or added, in a manner to which he is quite unaccustomed. What classically nurtured scholar would suspect, for example, that *mēshâ'* and *t'shū'áh* are both nouns formed from the verb *yásha'*? But these are ordinary puzzles such as bewilder the learner at every turn. Besides this, the Semitic alphabets are designed on principles so entirely different from the Roman that transliteration from the one into the other is always unsatisfactory. There are no real vowels in the Semitic. *Aleph* and *ain* are vocalisations rather than vowels, and are very imperfectly represented by the Greek breathings; while *he*, *vau* and *yod* are semi-consonants whose value depends upon the diacritical signs accompanying them. There are five sibilants, four gutturals, and three dentals (or five if the aspirated forms be included), and other similar difficulties which I need not particularise.[2] But I may take this opportunity of saying that in my transliterations I shall follow the older and clearer method of reproducing *cheth* by *ch*[3] instead of by the dotted *ḥ* that a mistaken pedantry has recently affected.

II. Hebrew Roots in Greek and Latin.

According to present belief, the only Phoenician words to be found in Greek are those which became familiar to the Hellenes in the course of commerce: such as *βύσσος* (flax), *ὀθόνη* (linen), *μύρρα* (myrrh), *μνᾶ* (mina), *φῦκος* (rouge), *πάλλακις* (harlot), and *βαίτυλος* (betyl stone). More important—and highly significant—instances are *χρῦσος* (gold), which is *chárūtz* חָרוּץ, and *οἶνος* (wine), *yayin* יַיִן. If to these we add the words for frankincense, balsam, camel, and a few more of Asiatic connotation, we have exhausted the list approved by orthodoxy.[4]

The reader shall judge how far the catalogue may fairly be extended; and in the instances which I shall now cite, I beg him to bear in mind that no alternative derivation has been suggested, except such as I notice in the text.[5] I will commence with words almost or quite identical. Γῆ, earth, and גַּי *gi*, valley; of course, a mere 'coincidence.' Very well. Ἔλαφος, deer, and אֶלֶף *áleph*, bull; another coincidence, for ἔλαφος is clearly far more similar to the Sanskrit

[2] As an example of the complexities which these peculiarities entail, take a simple syllable such as *κήρ*. In Hebrew, this can be spelt in at least *eight* different ways, the different sounds represented offering no material distinction to our ears. Kyr or *κηθ* would present sixteen alternatives! Thus in searching for the original of a suspected word, one has to allow for a wearisome variety of possible spellings, before phonetic changes, with an even greater multiplicity of forms, can be considered.

[3] The *ch* of *loch*, *ochone*, etc.

[4] *Enc. Brit.* xxi. 454. Several of these words are of Homeric antiquity, and like *χρῦσος* appear in a shape which shows that they had long ceased to be foreign. Thus *ὀθόνη* is *'ethun*, and *χίτων k'tóneh*, the latter transformed almost out of recognition into the Latin *tunica*. *Οἶνος* and *yayin*, whether borrowed from Phoenicia by Greece or adopted by both from a common unknown source, illustrate a noteworthy peculiarity in the change of the Semitic *yod* into the Greek *digamma*. Now Hebrew dislikes the *vau*, especially as an initial letter; while the Greeks, as we know discarded the *digamma* altogether. Coincidence!

[5] I take Liddell and Scott, 8th edition, as the standard authority.

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word for bull, *rishibha*! We find another truly surprising agreement in *ἀνία*, grief, distress, and אֲנִיָּה *aníyyáh*, wailing, moaning, from the verb *ánáh*, to moan. That in Homer the *iota* of the word is a long vowel, which later poets shortened, why, this can be no more than an added accident! Take another Homeric instance. For that mysterious bird, the *ἀνοπαῖα* of *Od.* i. 320, we may choose between the derivations *ἀνὰ ὀπήν*, qu. through the chimney, and *ἀνὰ ὀπτόμαι* unseen (save the mark!); but we must not think of identifying it with the unclean fowl of Lev. xi. 19 and Deut. xiv. 18, אֲנָפָה *anáphah*.[6] Quitting sarcasm, in Greek we have *νόσος*, in Latin *noceo*; in Hebrew, נוּשׁ *nūsh* and נָסַס *násas*, both meaning, to be ill. Ἡδονή, pleasure; will the reader accept עָדַן *'ádan*, to refresh oneself, with its derivative *'eden*, joy (whence the famous Garden), or must he close his eyes and cling to the Sanskritic *svad*? Μάχαιρα, a sword, 'evidently' derived from *μάχομαι*. But what of the identical *m'khérá* מְכֵרָה, also a sword, which has nothing to do with *μάχομαι*, but comes from *kūr*, to pierce? Not that *μάχομαι* need perplex us. We have *máchá* מָחָא, as well as *nákháh* נָכָה, both signifying to smite, the second with the derivative *makkah*, a wound. Again, *θάλλω*, to be luxuriant; *táláh*, טָלָה, to be young, blooming. The root ΔΑΛ of Daedalus means, we are told, to work cunningly; *dáláh*, דָּלָה, is to move to and fro, and its noun *daláh*, needlework. *Tōr*, תּוֹר, an ox, the Aramaic form of *shōr*; Greek *ταῦρος*. *Shém*, שֵׁם, a name; *σῆμα*, *σημεῖον*. *Pára'*, פָּרָא to rove, be wild; Latin *ferus*. *Kárar*, כָּרַר, to run; *curro*. *'Íl*, אִיל, turning, rolling, whence *ayil*, oak (qu. something round and strong); Greek *ἴλλω*, *εἰλέω*, and Latin *ilex*, the common oak of the Mediterranean. More important matter awaits attention, and I must not weary the reader by prolonging these identifications. If he be still unconvinced, will he reflect upon *isthmus*, and choose between the orthodox *ἰθμα*, a step, and יִתְמָה, *ithmáh*, a noun from the verb *yátham*, to be lonely, or possibly *yáthan*, to stretch, extend. Which of the two is the more appropriate to a narrow neck of land, stretching forth in isolation with the sea on its either hand?[7]

III. Names in Greek and Latin Mythology.

Names such as Athena, Artemis, Apollo, Hera, Hermes, says Dr. Farnell, have no discovered affinities with Aryan speech groups.[8] Naturally enough, for they all happen to be Semitic. But I would fain walk delicately here. I will assume that the preceding section has begotten no more than an incredulous admiration of a futile in-

[6] A.V. 'heron.' It may be anything from a parrot to a snipe.

[7] Not to burden the page with uncouth lettering, I will merely enumerate *βασιλεύς*, *τύραννος*, *θάνατος*, *κήρ*, *ζόφος*, *σοφός*, *σφαγή*, *καθαρός*, *παλαιός*, *ἔρχομαι*, *φαίνω*, *ἁρπάζω* with *castus*, *lateo* and *turtur*, as among the words for which simple Hebrew originals can be assigned. I have more at my disposal, and research will hereafter extend the list indefinitely.

[8] *Enc. Brit.* xii. 528.

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genuity, and will strive to lay the foundations afresh. Taking what advantage I may, I will first profit by the admitted Semiticism of Kadmus, Kabeiri (*gebher*, man of might), and Adonis. It is not hypercriticism that prompts me to remark that the Hebrew spelling of the last name is not Adoni but Adhoni.[9] The importance of this will presently appear. Next, I must record the confession that the old equations Ouranos = Varuna, Hermes = Sarameyas, Athena = Ahana, were uncritically made and must be abandoned.[10] So much for exordium. Three names of the Greek mythology are of acknowledged Hebrew derivation; three others, to which a Sanskrit origin was confidently assigned twenty years ago, are once more cast into the arena of speculation.

Take now the inexplicable miserable field mouse, who is thought to have bestowed a nickname on the glorious Apollo. *Sminthos*, a field mouse; thence Apollo Smintheus,—but how or why, ingenuity itself has been powerless to conjecture. Turn to Hebrew, and we find שְׁמִינִית *shmīnīth*, a lyre! *Cadit quaestio*. No doubt, in their bewilderment the later Greeks invoked the tiny fortuitous rodent, but until with them we derive *θεὸς* from *θέειν*, we need not seriously regard their etymology. Then for Ares, with all the *ari*-words, *ἀρετή*, *ἄριστος*, etc., אָרָא *árá*, to be strong, courageous, should offer a sufficient explanation. Erebus, the place of darkness; *'erebh*, עֶרֶב, is the Hebrew for sunset, evening; and with or without good cause, Gesenius opportunely assigns a separate verb *'arabh*, to be black, to account for *'orebh*, raven. This surely places the derivation of Erebus beyond the possibility of question. Orcus, the abode of the Latin dead, may plausibly be attributed to *yarkah*, יַרְכָּה, the remote country. Themis is *támīm*, תָּמִים (root *tam*), perfection, integrity—the Egyptian Thmei. For Hermes, *'áram*, *háram*, אָרַם, הָרַם, to be exalted, do not seem inappropriate. Helios is not far removed from *'alīyáh*, עֲלִיָּה, the upper heaven; nor does *t'shū'ah* תְּשׁוּעָה, salvation, deliverance, appear too fanciful a derivation for Theseus.

Hera and Herakles may be treated jointly. In the accepted view, the Queen of Heaven is dismissed with a helpless query, while the hero whom she pursued with such relentless malignity is explained, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, as her 'glory.' *Chīrá*, חִירָה, nobility, may be ventured as the source of Hera's name;[11] and Herakles is *Chayil chira* plus *chayil*[12] חַיִל valour; *Chīra-Chayil*, Nobility-Valour. *Chayil* again, with the *aleph* preformative, may be suggested as the key to Achilles; but this needs a brief explanation. The *aleph* preformative is fairly common in Hebrew words. It is added sometimes as an intensive, sometimes for the sake of euphony. Now there are six consonants in the alphabet, B, G, D, K (*kaph*), P and T (*tau*), which are

[9] The *daleth* has no *dagesh*.

[10] *Enc. Brit. loc. cit.*

[11] *He* and *cheth*, which closely resemble each other in form, constantly interchange.

[12] The *a* is very short.

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generally aspirated when they stand in the body of a word, but drop the aspirate when they form its initial letter. Bearing these two peculiarities in mind, the reader may revert to the name Adoni, spelt in Hebrew Adhoni. If, as some suppose, this word is formed from *dūn* (judgment) by the addition of the *aleph* intensive and the aspiration of the *daleth*, it would mean the Very Just. Similarly, Achilles would mean the Very Brave. And now for Athena. Most persons have heard of the *tanaim*, the learned Rabbis who received their sobriquet from *tánah*, תָּנָה, to study. Prefix the intensive and aspirate the *tau*, and we get A-thana, Athena, the Very Wise. What is her favourite epithet? Γλαυκῶπις, the Clear-eyed. In γλαυκός we see *gálach*, גָּלָה, to reveal.[13] The Most Wise Goddess of the Revealing Eyes!

I trench on dangerous ground. What happens if we intensify Baal? Not Abhaal, as it chances, for Baal is an exception to a by no means universal rule, and remains without the aspirate in all its compounds. Therefore—I speak in trepidation—if the old suggestion should after all prove right and Apollo be the Graecised Baal, we should not expect to see the aspirate in his first consonant. Adhoni could not be exactly reproduced, for Greek knows no *dh*; but for the other, there was nothing to prevent Aphollo, if the aspirate had been needed. The point is a small one, but not without its value.[14]

Artemis must be reserved for a future occasion, with Aphrodite, Bacchus and others. Before concluding this section, however, I may advert to Zeus, whom our philologists unite in deriving from the Sanskrit *div*, bright. I do not doubt the ultimate correctness of this theory; but why omit the direct source of the name, זִיו, *zīv*, splendour, brightness?[15] *Dies* too of course; and as for Jupiter, now that the Dyauspitar of our schooldays has fallen into neglect, may we not consider Ziv-peter (פֶּטֶר that which first opens), Opener of the Golden Light?[16]

The following section will deal with other mythological names in a fashion which scepticism itself will find it hard to criticise.

IV. The Reading of the Myths.

Bellerophon, slayer of the Belleros!

Who or what was the Belleros? The late Max Müller laboured his way through pages of sterile erudition to trace the creature to its lair in the Sanskrit *varvara*, whence he inferred a fearsome forest monster, shaggy and uncouth.[17] We, his wiser pupils, have ceased to speculate about these frivolous fairy stories. Bellerophon was a man who killed

[13] Whence too, I suspect, Sir Galahad.

[14] Baal is spelt ByL, and the phonetic value of the *aín* is still the subject of speculation.

[15] Especially, says Bresslau, of the yellow colour. From the same root we have *zahab*, gold, golden light.

[16] Or, Firstborn of the Golden Light. It must ever be borne in mind that these names are not spontaneous growths, but elaborate manufactures. The Mar names, from Mars and Mercury down to Marduk and Maria, might be added here. The root is *mare*, to be stout, robust, strong.

[17] *Chips*, ii. 172.

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a wolf, belike; or the sun dispersing a thunder-cloud, or haply the lightning cleaving a tree. No doubt but we are the people and wisdom shall die with us!

There never was a Belleros, save perhaps in the crafty intention of the mythopoet, who loved to baffle the uninitiated by clothing his parables in a deep disguise. He did his work only too cleverly. There never was a Belleros. *Ráphá*, רָפָא, means to heal; *ráphō*, a physician; and Bellerophon is Baal-Rapho, Apollo-Raphael, God the Healer, one of the many brethren of the divine Aesculapius.

Naturally, he is the son of Glaucus, the Revealer, and Eurymede, Reverent Knowledge. In the latter name, -mede is *maddá'*, מַדָּע, knowledge, science; from *yáda'* to know (*ϝοῖδα*). Eury- I attribute to יִרְאָה *ir'áh*,[18] reverence, though the obvious 'broad' would do nearly as well. The reader must understand that we are dealing, not with an unconscious language evolution, but with deliberate and skilful myth manufacture; and the *paronomasia* or pun has ever been in high favour in the religious terminology of the Orient. This is a consideration of the highest importance, and mythologists are wasting their time until they appreciate and allow for it.[19] Thus the *double entente* of *εὐρύς* and *ir'áh* is not false etymology, but intentional word-play. Glaucus' own myth will become intelligible when we have done with Bellerophon.

In his encounter with the dread Chimaera, Bellerophon bestrides the spirited Pegasus, a steed bestowed upon him by Athena. Does the symbolism of the horse require elucidation? The reader is aware that the Horse—even in modern convention the friend of man—is ever the *vehan* of the promised Saviour, from the Hindu Kalki and the Persian Sosiosh down to the Conqueror of the Apocalypse.[20] Macaulay's schoolboy will tell us that throughout mythology the animal is associated with two natural objects, Water and the Sun. Who has not heard of the Horses whom the kings of Judah dedicated to the Sun?[21] In the Vedas, the Sun is addressed as a horse, and Surya, like Phoebus, drives a horsed chariot. Among the Romans, the horse was sacred to the celestial Mars, and even in Scandinavia he was worshipped as a symbol of Odin.[22] As for water, Poseidon produced the first horse by striking the earth with his trident: a courtesy reciprocated by Pegasus, who created the spring Hippocrene with a blow of his hoof. Poseidon Hippios, Neptune Equestris—and so forth down to the white sea-horses of Kingsley.[23]

[18] In Hebrew, *yod* and *vau* interchange freely.

[19] There are several instances of *paronomasia* in the Gospels as yet undetected. The Peter-Rock example is familiar, but its true intricacy has never been explained. It is quadri- or even quinquepartite.

[20] Siddhartha rode a magic horse when he fled from Kapila. When he reached Gaya, it ascended to heaven and became a divinity.

[21] 2 Kings xxiii. 11.

[22] Horse-worship appears to be implied in the Phoenician name עבדסס *Ebed. Ba.* 2116.

[23] Even etymologically, *ἵππος, ἵκκος, equus, aqua* (!), Iauk, the Arabian horse god. Iacchus, Bacchus the rain god, &c. (Dunlap).

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Now it is a well-established scientific fact that we receive light from the sun, while, as a matter of common domestic knowledge, water is our chief cleansing agent. From physical light and physical cleansing to interior illumination and interior purification is too short a step to baulk even the most timid. Let us not therefore be dismayed with any amazement when we discover that Pegasus, the gift of Divine Wisdom, is neither πηγή, spring, nor πηγός, stout,[24] but *peqách* פְּקַח, the Beholding of God![25] *Blessed are the* PURE *in heart, for they shall* SEE *God.*

So the Divine Healer, mounted on Purity-Enlightenment, fares forth to do battle with the Chimaera, the enemy of miserable mankind:

> A monster sent from heaven, not human-born,
> With head of lion and a serpent's tail,
> And body of a goat; and from her mouth
> There issued flames of fiercely burning fire.[26]

Of all the strange tricks that fate has played upon ignorance, none surely is more marvellous than that which has transformed one of the grimmest realities of human life into a synonym for an illusionary impossibility. For the Chimaera takes her name from *chamar* חָמַר, to burn, glow, with its derivative or relative, *chemdah*, lust. And in her triple constitution are plainly symbolised the lion-like strength and cruelty and the dragon-like fieriness and ferocity of goatish Concupiscence.[27]

Does this convince, or must we heap Pelion on Ossa? Come then; Bellerophon's encounter with the Chimaera is preceded by a passage with Queen Antaea, who tempts him as Potiphar's wife tempted Joseph, and with equal ill success. Antaea is Anahita, the Babylonian Aphrodite, whom the Jews called *chemdath nashim*, Lust of Women; the Chimaera thus re-appearing in her Hebrew nickname. She is also called Stheneboea,—*satan*, hostile, σθένος, strength, and *ba'u*, vehement desire. That this is more than speculation, we can demonstrate by turning to her masculine syzygy Antaeus, the giant whom Herakles slew. The hero had lost his Horses, and in his search for them wandered into the country of Hylaea—ὕλη, Matter—where he found them in the possession of no less a personage than the Echidna herself, the mother of the Chimaera. Echidna, *achidhá* אַחִידָה, that which is knotted together, a riddle; the involution of spirit in matter.[28] After

[24] Not that either pun is accidental. They probably suggested the name, though they do not disclose its meaning. The fertility and resource of the mythopoets were extraordinary.

[25] Bresslau's Dictionary. *Páqách*, to open the eyes (of the blind, etc.), is the verb used in Gen. iii. 5, 7: 'Your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as *gods*'; and again in xxi. 19: 'God opened her eyes, and she saw—a Well of Water.' Thus Pegasus is a development of Glaucus. He is necessarily the gift of Athena, for in Oriental doctrine sin is error, and ignorance is its ultimate source.

[26] *Iliad* vi. 211 ff. Lord Derby's translation.

[27] Perseus, when he kills the Medusa, is not mounted; Bellerophon has the advantage of a winged steed (note the wings) when he attacks the Chimaera. For this and for every other detail there are good and sufficient reasons.

[28] She stands in a similar relation to the Sphinx (her daughter) to that which Glaucus bears to Pegasus. The Sphinx's own true secret may now be partly discerned.

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rendering her due service, *scil.* after subjection to the discipline of material incarnation, Herakles recovers his steeds. Thereafter he meets Antaeus, who dwelt in the land of Libya,—*lébh* לֵב, the heart as the seat of passion; *lib-ido*.[29] All who passed through his territory were forced to wrestle with him. Herakles found that he redoubled his strength every time that he touched his Mother Earth, and that he could conquer him only by holding him aloft in the air. Must I insult the reader's intelligence with the exegesis? Indulgence does not lessen but reduplicates the power of lust, and to overcome it we must do as Herakles did and elevate the passion! The bones of those whom the giant slew were strewn about the plain, and of their skulls he built an altar to his father Poseidon. Even in its base physical expression, Love claims a divine parentage. All must wrestle with its terrible earthly reflect, but those whom it masters are sacrificed, and their remains furnish forth a mournful monument to Purity.

Return now to Glaucus, and read how he despised the power of Aphrodite and refused to allow his horses to breed. He fed them on human flesh, to make them spirited and warlike; but the Goddess caused them to drink of Water from a sacred well, and, seized with madness, they turned upon their master and tore him to pieces. The reader may decipher the legend for himself, though it contains a deeper meaning than he may even now suspect.

However distasteful my conclusions to preconceived opinion, however abhorrent their implications to the comparative mythology of the day, I submit that their substantial correctness is beyond the possibility of cavil. That all my Hebrew derivations are right, I do not assert; but unless we deny all cumulative effect to evidence and forthwith enthrone Coincidentia Furens as the presiding deity of science, they cannot all be wrong. As for the interpretation of the myths, if the reader will consider the accurate dovetailing of every name, Athena, Glaucus, Eurymede, Bellerophon, Pegasus, Chimaera, Echidna, Antaea, Stheneboea, Antaeus, Herakles, Hylaea, Libya, as well as the exact application of every circumstance, from the donor of Pegasus and the tripartite composition of the monster down to the earth-redoubled strength of the giant and the vengeance of Aphrodite on Glaucus, he will hardly hesitate to tender the long overdue apology to Byblian Philo.

RAY KNIGHT.

[29] The Chimaera dwelt in Lycia; *luach*, the tablets of the heart? Let me be quite explicit. I do not suggest that these are the derivations of the geographical names, but that the mythopoet selected those names because they lent themselves to his design.

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THE EMPRESS FREDERICK IN THE LIGHT OF TRUTH

GUSTAV FREYTAG is one of the greatest novelists and poets of the middle decades of the last century. He is distinguished alike as dramatist, novelist, and poet; but in addition he is in himself a most striking figure in literary history. He was born in the year 1816, so that he hopes in three years' time, on the 13th of July 1916, to celebrate his hundredth birthday. This date will be a great festival in Germany, for Freytag has many claims to commemoration, besides his ripe and full years.

His literary career began early; in 1846 he published his first play, *Die Valentine*, and, passing by his other plays, in 1853 the famous comedy *Die Journalisten* appeared, and in 1859 a collected edition of his dramatic works.

From 1847 to 1870 he was the acting editor of the *Grenzboten*, the 'Blackwood' of Germany; but soon after this date his direct connexion with the journalistic world seems to have ceased.

He has taken part in public life, and was a deputy in the North German Reichstag. He proved his patriotism in the Franco-German War.

In this country he is best known for his two great novels *Soll und Haben* and *Die verlorene Handschrift*. But he has made himself a name in many other fields besides that of the long novel. All through his life he has been keenly interested in historical study, and has written many critical papers, as well as historical sketches and plays. The complete edition of his works fills twenty-two volumes.

Such a notable figure would surely be the friend of princes. Yet the incidental references to the Emperor Frederick and his Consort contained in his love-letters astounded the reading public of Germany.

Freytag's novels do predominantly deal with the German city patriciate of the provinces, with whom he evidently feels most sympathy. Whether he has ever been the intimate friend of Royalty or simply repeats popular aspersions on the Princess Royal, it is premature to judge.

The Empress was English to the core, and a propagandist of English ideas. It was thought she had no proper appreciation of her German home, and her influence on her son was therefore thought to be detrimental. All of this was common tattle; the new feature was to find it apparently confirmed by such a well-known representa-

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tive of German thought, such a veteran of literature as Gustav Freytag.

Professor G. A. Leinhaas contributed an article to the German review *Nord und Süd*, in order to repudiate these attacks on the Empress, with whom he was on intimate terms, being even entrusted with the drawing of her will. It is a debt due to the Empress personally to rehabilitate her in the eyes of the two countries that owed her allegiance. Whilst she lived, it was her longing to unite the best in England and Germany that made her unpopular in the eyes of her adoptive countrymen; now that she has passed away, her memory should at the least not awaken any more rancour; and, in the interests of Anglo-German friendship, it has been thought well to reproduce Professor Leinhaas' article for English readers.

S. Stein.

When the Empress Frederick in 1893 took up her permanent residence in her newly built castle, Friedrichshof, I was asked to help her in re-arranging her art collections and books. This commission soon developed into an honorary confidential post, which took me up to the date of the Empress's death almost daily into Friedrichshof, when I used to work in collaboration with her Majesty for such time as was necessary. I had had former relations with her and Emperor Frederick in my previous position on the staff of the Königliches Kunstgewerbe Museum at Berlin, which had emanated from them; and in 1883 Emperor Frederick had honoured me with an invitation to travel in his suite from Spain to Genoa.

This almost daily occupation at Friedrichshof gave me the opportunity of discussing events as they arose. As I was not an official, but absolutely independent, her Majesty the Empress used to discuss matters in conversation which lay outside my proper duties at the Castle. The confidence which she placed in me, and proved—amongst other evidences—by dictating her last will to me, was well founded, for to the present day I have kept silent; although the proofs were in my hands, that most of the virulent accusations and slanders, all the vehement prejudice against our Emperor's mother had no basis, save in the unrestrained exaggerations of certain hostile circles. My many years of nearly daily intercourse and work with the Empress afforded me material for study of her real character, which was so utterly different from what current opinion represented it. It may be suggested that I am panegyrizing those who gave me my bread and butter. That is quite untrue; I never got a penny from my honorary position, never sought any thanks for it in any shape, and after the Empress's death, retired, and had no ambitions to

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serve. But circumstances may arise in which reticence is a crime. They have arisen.

Lately I received a book entitled *Gustav Freytag: Letters to his Wife*. I pass by the six hundred pages of love letters from this septuagenarian. I only want to pillory the extraordinary aversion in which Gustav Freytag holds all the German rulers and their consorts referred to in his letters. No Socialist could be more denunciatory or vituperative.

But the repeated abuse of the Empress Frederick, drawn like a crimson thread through all the letters of the years 1887 and 1888, transgresses every limit. Noteworthy, even great poets and journalists may still cherish unreasonable prejudices. Princes regard it as a part of their duties to bestow honours and marks of favour on men and women whose works give them a claim to general recognition, and invite them to Court, grant orders and titles, or write autograph letters at celebrations or jubilees, &c. Also princes very much enjoy meeting witty people, or having expert opinion on events of great import. It is also true that the Crown Prince Frederick William permitted Gustav Freytag the journalist to see his private diaries, and thus gradually a confidential friendship was created between them. If therefore a man, honoured by the Crown Prince and his Consort, and loaded with honours (which, by themselves, contributed largely to enhance the fame that Gustav Freytag's writings earned in Germany and abroad), represents himself as a devoted friend of one party, and for the other expresses nothing but loathing and contempt—*securus iudicat orbis*.

Apparently, it is the vocation of the divinely graced poet to exalt our popular idols—as happened with Queen Luise. Emperor Frederick, the beloved of Germany, the victorious general, the cultured and artistic Prince—and afterwards the wearer of the martyr's laurels—surely had some claim to homage from our intellectual giants, amongst whom, no doubt, Gustav Freytag is ranked. We Germans, idealists and enthusiasts, require such ideal figures even on earth, and inspire ourselves by them. But what does Gustav Freytag say in his letters? We find a caricature of 'Unser Fritz'; he is represented as an armchair hero, a weakling, not even capable of judging for himself. We read in one letter: 'Emperor Frederick had a petty, Old-Franconian churchiness; he was a romantic character, and, under the sway of a devotee, might have become a fanatic. This flabbiness often exhausted the irreligious Victoria's patience, and exposed him to mistreatment.'

Again, speaking of the death of Normann, the Court marshal, 'The loss most affected poor Emperor Frederick, to whom the Crown Princess had attached him for the sake of somebody

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else. . . . For with Normann perished the confidant of this poor gentleman, who pined away after that date.'

I will now consider some of Gustav Freytag's most savage imputations on the Empress Frederick. This was an easy game to play, for many others had for long taken up their cudgels against the 'Englishwoman.'

Gustav Freytag shall speak for himself in his own words, so that my readers may form their own estimates of this 'patriot' and 'intellectual leader.' I will then add some remarks as to what the real incidents were; of these he received reports circuitously from Stosch, Normann and others, and was not a direct witness.

No doubt the first impulse to his vilifications, especially of Empress Frederick, is to be sought in the poet's wounded vanity. He felt that the Empress's keen eye had seen through him, and he was not happy when she was near. He was also piqued that she no longer wrote to him directly, but through her chamberlain. Hence Gustav Freytag was unwilling for the Dowager Empress to come to Wiesbaden (where he lived), for fear he would no longer receive the same respect from her. This is what he says:

> The idea struck me—ought I to send Mme. Victoria a condolence card? I felt disinclined, for I was very dissatisfied with her. It is not absolutely essential. What I have to say of the dead man I owe the public, rather than the widow; and lately she has only written to me through Seckendorff. Lastly, I can find a selfish reason for the more convenient course of silence. If I once again play an *obbligato* motif of subservience and devotion she might, possibly, recollect in her isolation and grief that in better days I was also one of her chosen friends. The result might be an inconvenient summons, or an interview at Wiesbaden on her way to Switzerland. So I will follow the counsel of idleness, and not exercise my style.

This is the attitude of this good friend of the Imperial pair. Better is yet to come:

> One of my congratulatory telegrams was from Friedrichskron, from Widow Victoria. Rather anxious and unwelcome. It means that the Empress is currying favour with me again; that she is going to stay in Germany, and will go to Wiesbaden. Evidently she has embezzled my last letter to Emperor Frederick.

Anyone, seeing this, must shake his head and ponder: Is this the man who once gave us such notable books? It might be assumed that this septuagenarian verse-writer had, through his chronic eroticism, become weak in the head; there is only one other explanation. To gain the favour of his adored 'Ilse,' he played the part of the man who could discredit the great on earth at will. An Empress Frederick, the Princess Royal

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of England, had but one desire, to coquet with the septuagenarian writer Gustav Freytag, 'the phrase-maker and twaddler,' as he dubs himself in his own letters. The ignorance of the man may be gauged by his speaking of the Empress Frederick's 'isolation'; considering the lively intercourse that illustrious lady had with her many relatives and countless men of position. How often were the rooms in that roomy castle packed with guests up to the very attics! Old acquaintances who frequented the Imperial Court, ecclesiastics, diplomats, scholars, artists—all lodged at the castle. Daily, almost, guests—princes and others—came and went. That was her 'isolation'! This is proof manifest that Gustav Freytag had no authentic information of what went on at Empress Frederick's court, but only acted on second-hand gossip.

Even the grant of a noble order, probably obtained through the Empress Frederick, on the day before the Emperor's death, when the relations between her and the poet were still unstrained, only earns this casual comment on her: 'I am very much afraid the widow is again playing a doubtful hand.'

And, on another page, we read that the Empress has commissioned him, through Baroness Stockmar, to be so kind as to set down in writing his memories of the dear late Emperor, his personal relations with him, his opinion and estimate of him, and send it to the poor widow. He says:

> In the same way her mother, the Queen of England, when Prince Albert was hunted to death, made an ancestral cult out of him, and tried to glorify him in black and white, publishing book after book. Her daughter has her own reasons for retaining the expressions of homage under her own control. The request is very tedious and disturbing and unpleasant. I cannot do this task twice over, nor quite as the widow wishes it; so I will get help, and send a part in the shape of a letter of condolence to the Empress. But this letter will bring her to Wiesbaden for the winter. And that would be very tedious. Always keep aloof from our lords. . . .

This letter makes it clear that the Empress wanted to collect the memories of Emperor Frederick's former good friends, amongst whom, no doubt, Gustav Freytag ranked, but, personally, to have nothing to do with him. So she sent her offer, indirectly, through Baroness Stockmar.

In all these extracts from Freytag's letters his anxiety is evident lest the Empress might stay one winter in Wiesbaden, where he lived, and possibly treat him, the vaunted poet, as a negligible quantity. Elsewhere he thus expresses this dread: 'The letter to the Empress is still on my nerves. I should not like her to come to Wiesbaden,' &c. This is how the former 'confidant' and 'friend' of the Imperial pair writes! Does it

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not sound purely sardonic when at the end of the editor's preface to the letters we read:

> In three years Gustav Freytag, a man very much alive, celebrates his hundredth birthday. Monuments will be put up to him, and, probably, his memory, his effigy, will be haloed with a pageant of homages, which he himself could well ward off. When we understand him aright, the citizens of Germany should first examine themselves, whether they are justified and can stand in the clear blue eyes of their best champion.

Anyone who wishes to judge the Empress Frederick fairly must always keep in view that she was an Englishwoman, if not by her parents, still by her training and all her impressions from her cradle onwards. The English never lose their nationality, and conserve their English minds into old age; national pride requires this. Germans are very different in this respect, and easily ape any other nationality. It would be wrong to deny to an English princess what we presume as obvious in our German princesses; on a foreign throne they are expected to remain absolutely German. As an instance, suppose the present Empress of Russia, a Hessian princess, did in her new country, at the Russian Court, insist on German surroundings, manners and speech; we, in Germany, should think this was quite right, and praise her for it. Why should we then be so hostile to an English princess? Surely, enough German princesses have sat on foreign thrones, and still do; also English princesses on German thrones. The Empress Frederick was English, and remained such to her death. I must, however, expressly insist on this—that she loved her new country with a full heart, and always strove to work for it. I admit at once that in Germany she often gave an impression of preferring England to her new home, but those who stood nearer knew that this idea was false. The contradiction is explained by the fact—and I lay great weight on the point and insist on it—that the Empress in conversation was always on the side of persons or parties absent. In Germany she had not words enough in laudation of England; in England she exalted everything German in every way, and as a model for all things. Her great innate feeling for justice, coupled with contradictoriness, gave the key to her peculiar manner of calling for justice to the absent, and often exaggeratedly defending them; and this implied a rare nobility of heart and mind.

The Empress Frederick, as Queen Victoria's eldest child, was not merely an English princess, but had the title of the Princess Royal, with special privileges; and she felt she was the first princess of a mighty Empire with an ancient history; this pride never left her. When the Princess Royal of England married the heir to the Prussian throne, in some departments England was

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more advanced than Prussia—*e.g.* in public health and prosperity, in the women's question, and, especially, in industrial art; and the one aim of the Crown Princess, as she then was, was to introduce into Germany all that was good and excellent in her own home. Her hurry to lade the older and higher English culture, with which she was impregnated, on to the German people often put her in a false light.

Proof of this incentive is afforded by the numberless charitable institutes bearing her name for the improvement and raising of the standard of women. She had under her sway forty-two charitable institutes, most of which she founded and regularly subsidized. And, in the realm of hospital work in the broadest sense, the Empress Frederick was more experienced than most women.

The work she did and incited in these departments in Prussia alone should, at all events, receive its meed of gratitude. Possibly some qualified and brave pen may be found to do justice by these deserts: for courage is needed to stem such a flood of unjust prejudice.

The Empress Frederick was also the model of a good mother, and splendid manager. It should not be forgotten that she supervised the education of her children in a noteworthy way, and with enlightenment, it might be said, good *bourgeois* sense. And how she, as the mistress, understood cooking; how everything glinted cleanliness and order in the remotest corners of her castle. Her plain, simple dress proved her freedom from personal ostentation. From early morn to late at night she was indefatigably busy; she was astonishingly fresh and of iron energy, never allotting herself one moment's rest. Only Gustav Freytag opines otherwise. He writes 'She lacked, talented as she was, just the qualities that lend a woman value in a difficult position—steadfastness and strength.' Mere spitefulness.

In every field of human knowledge she was at home—theology, philosophy, history, literature, archaeology, art, ethnology, economy, and sanitation. Seldom had a princess such world-wide knowledge as she. She had even read carefully through heavy economic literature. She was her own architect and gardener. Her creation, Friedrichshof, shows she was at home in the broad domain of art pure and applied. Kronberg, the old castle she restored, and the civic church there also prove her pious insight into the older style of building. Her talent for painting and sculpture might also be mentioned. These multiple gifts enabled the Empress Frederick to incite and further enterprise in every direction.

It is said and written that she was a dreaded, heartless woman. Such a statement makes anyone who knew her inti-

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mately smile. Her face might sometimes, when she had reason for irritation, take on sharp, sour lines; but, in her heart, she was always kindly and gentle. She spoke out her mind quite bluntly if she differed, but listened very patiently when divergent views were expressed. Often I freely gave vent to my own opposite opinions, yet there was never the least tacit strife between us during all the long years of my work at Friedrichshof.

During the severe conflicts which raged in the year of the three Emperors inside the Imperial camp of the Crown Prince (later the Emperor), it was no wonder that the Empress Frederick had to lay aside the ideals of her youth, and her own happy time as Crown Princess, whilst she was wrestling with her heavy trials and engaged in carrying out her newly inherited duties.

When in her stately dowager home she had recovered philosophic calm and *otium cum dignitate*, her frame of mind was once again as merry and flexible as in the happy days of her life. She condoned the frailties and errors of men when she could, and always managed to turn to view their good sides. She would never allow anything derogatory to be said of anyone in her presence. As she grew older her construing of men and things became ever milder. Naturally enough, life brought with it its kicks and rebuffs; still, such incidents only temporarily damped her spirits. She possessed a humane kindliness. In the whole region of the Taunus (where the castle was situated) hardly a man was to be found who had not felt the charm of her gentleness, if only in the manner of her greeting. She had a warm heart, too, for the poor and simple: 'I wish that hundreds of thousands of poor folk were infinitely better off than they are,' she once said.

Life in the castle was animated by a noble, loving, lofty tone; and the Empress was on this same footing with her attendants. Everyone had plenty to do, as the mistress gave many orders; but the manner of command had a compelling sweetness which made the work a pleasure.

Inapplicable, too, as so much else, are the censures on the Empress Frederick as being too thrifty. Her property and her annual income have been considerably overstated, and the demands on her purse from all quarters were boundless. The inheritance of the Duchess of Galliera was very much less than was generally thought, and was used to build the castle. All day long begging-letters filtered in from all parts of the German Empire. If a father of a family died, or illness set in, a plea for help was posted to this illustrious lady. It was hard to make a selection. Then, too, the imperial state of the Court and castle, the constant visiting, made further inroads. There were also large grants for donations and appliances for the

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numerous charitable and educative institutes under the protectorate of the Empress, the outlay for formal gifts to the regiments of which she was a nominal colonel, for churches, for sudden claims of poverty, travel, and so forth. It required real talent to keep pace with all these requisitions. And all of this concerned merely the administration of the palace and the treasurer who was responsible for the sufficiency of the annual income. Then the Empress regarded it as a duty sometimes to set the example of an economical life.

In politics the Empress Frederick had one wish at heart, and worked ceaselessly to fulfil it—to bring England and Germany into the closest touch, the very problem on which the great statesmen of both countries are now at work. To her deep regret, all her efforts were in vain.

In the so-called revelations of Gustav Freytag I find hints at bad blood between our present Emperor and his mother. This requires some elucidation. If ever they were seriously at cross-purposes, it was naturally when the present Emperor ascended the throne. After the death of Emperor Frederick the Empress had, at one blow, to abandon all her projects, hopes and wishes; her life-work up to that date, her preparation for Imperial duties had all gone frustrate. With her Imperial crown she lost all the power of it; and this, together with the death of a loved husband, was a severe test for so ambitious a princess.

But it was in the nature of things that all the power of the Imperial and Royal house should at once pass to her eldest son, so that she seemed to become his subject, like anyone else. If, for instance, the Empress Frederick merely wished to take over the patronage of an exhibition she had to ask leave of the head of the house. It is easy to understand that acquiescence in circumstances so utterly changed took some time. Still, gradually, a kind of philosophic judgment won the upper hand, and the friction lessened yearly, so that it can be asserted that in the latter years of the Empress the hearty sympathy between mother and son was renewed. There are countless proofs of this, and even more eye-witnesses. The Emperor has availed himself of every possible opportunity of doing honour to his Imperial mother, to distinguish her and fulfil her many wishes.

Even her love of her husband, the Emperor Frederick, has sometimes been impugned, quite unjustly. In the home of the Crown Prince (as he then was) there always reigned an atmosphere of true affectionate family life. The sunny, joyous kindliness of 'Unser Fritz' in the circle of his nearest always worked for happy domesticity. His wife tended the sickbed and sacrificed herself day and night for over a year; and this is testi-

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mony enough to her faithful attitude. How often has the Empress reminded me of the happy days by her husband's side! Every article that ever belonged to Emperor Frederick, or that he used, every line he wrote, even pencil-notes in his handwriting, or a date, was dear to her.

Compare with this literal account (as known to most of us older men) of the relations between Crown Prince Frederick William and his 'Vicky' the manner in which Gustav Freytag, out of unfriendliness, distorts these true family feelings. He takes hold of some petty misunderstanding or passing irritation at Emperor Frederick's sickbed, swells it out into a dramatic scene, only, of course, in order to point some malice at the Empress.

But it is not only because the Englishwoman was hated in the Empress Frederick that she is grossly libelled even after her death; there is also this strong motive—that she is not forgiven for the English doctor, Mackenzie. The painful incidents at Emperor Frederick's sickbed preceded by some years the beginning of my long occupation at Friedrichshof. I will therefore deal with them briefly. The truth is that the Empress Frederick had a high esteem for the merit of German doctors, with whom she collaborated in so many affairs. But she one day observed 'Mackenzie had such a charming manner with invalids, and puts heart into them; and this did the poor Emperor so much good that he would not give him up.' She had no great expectations from the operation; and even Gustav Freytag in his letters admits that the operation was a matter of life and death: at the best the voice would have been permanently lost. Mackenzie recognised very well that in any event the Crown Prince longed to ascend the throne (Gustav Freytag speaks of this wish, with his trick of insinuating his own motives, as 'the morbid craving for the splendour of majesty'), and so Mackenzie conducted his treatment so as to avoid the dangerous operation. The blame for those regrettable events in the sickroom of the Martyr-Emperor (magnified out of all proportion) cannot fairly and properly be laid on the Empress Frederick. Imagine the attendant facts without preconceptions. An Emperor sick to death on the bed of pain, without the use of his voice, only capable weakly and laboriously of handing hurriedly scrawled notes to those who surround him. Such a situation in itself gave rise to countless misunderstandings and difficulties which excited the patient. Thus it came about that the circle at the bedside, harassed by incessant anxiety, long watches, overworked and otherwise ruffled, might well now and then have differences of opinion, as in similar cases would happen in any family; they need not be taken seriously. Then think of the superhuman load of work cast on the Empress

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Frederick at this wretched time. Outside the door of the illustrious invalid might be heard the impatience of those who, directly or indirectly, hoped to exert influence on the wearer of the Imperial Crown. Then the administration of the unavoidable duties of State, a coming and going of men in high rank—statesmen, military officers, doctors, and crowds of others. Once the Empress told me, talking of this dreadful time, 'I nearly went mad then.'

Thus the Empress Frederick during her lifetime—like so many great princesses—had to suffer from many false judgments and wicked whispers, all utterly baseless. Now and then she expressed a wish that I might write an article to refute these injurious and untrue allegations; but the apprehension of provoking reprisals and a sensation in the Press always made her recall the desire.

There is some satisfaction in that, when time enough has gone by, the Empress Frederick will be estimated more justly than she now is. Possibly, of the generation of the Emperor and Empress Frederick some few survive who have remained faithful to the luckless Imperial Consorts, and are valiant enough to storm the wall of prejudice and to reinstate for public acknowledgment and admission their many good and noble qualities and services.

Amongst the many straws, however, which blow the way of a better understanding between Englishmen and Germans, this consideration counts: that there should be an end of the besmirching, even beyond the grave, of the Princess Royal whom England honours. And be it not forgotten that behind the Empress Frederick there stands the people of England, who accept the insults levied against her as against themselves.

And to us Germans the Crown Prince and Crown Princess in healthier days were a symbol of freer thinking and the spirit of progress; and hence gave hope to all their friends of a growth of freedom.

It should be remembered that the Empress Frederick died of the same incalculable disease (only in another form) as her illustrious husband. She endured like a martyr, with rare magnanimity and self-repression. Never did a cry of pain pass her lips; she suffered fearful torment with the greatest patience and resignation. For two whole years this dreadful fight with the horrible illness lasted. So let this Queen rest at last, after a life full of activity, replete with good; a life of toil and work, of cruel blows from fate and bitter disappointment. The great things that she willed to do in her station are her desert, unaffected by their failure or success.

G. A. LEINHAAS.

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LIBERALISM AND NATIONAL MILITARY SERVICE

At this time, when Liberalism is seen to be preparing to mobilise its forces to resist the adoption by this country of any form of national military service, it may be well to examine some of the arguments used to justify its position.

The *Westminster Gazette*, being conducted with an appearance of moderation, is believed by sanguine members of the Liberal Party to exercise a considerable influence with those who are opposed, in a general way, to the Liberal creed. It professes to deal with the questions of the day in a spirit of sweet reasonableness, and to substitute for appeals to passion and prejudice an unbiased consideration of the facts. I have therefore selected for criticism a pamphlet entitled *The Foundations of British Policy*, written by Mr. J. A. Spender, and reprinted from that paper.

I hope to show, by means of quotation and comment, how far the general treatment of his subject is calculated to inspire confidence in the judgment of the writer, and, by dealing with the arguments as they arise, to indicate what value should be placed upon his opinions by those who preserve an open mind on the subject of national military service.

The propositions which Mr. Spender seeks to establish are, firstly, that we cannot afford national military service; and, secondly, that we do not want it.

It is obvious that if the first proposition could be shown to be literally true, no discussion of the second would be necessary. But we are all in the habit of saying that 'we can't afford it' when claims for money are pressed upon us; doubtless, a man in the hands of robbers would feel that he 'can't afford' to hand over his cash, but, when confronted with a pistol, he very soon finds that he can. It is, in fact, useless for him to plead, as Mr. Spender does, that the money is badly wanted for the parish pump. The 'can't afford it' plea, then, put forward as it is in the usual perfunctory way, and later implicitly withdrawn, may fairly be dismissed from our consideration.

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The first few pages are given to a brief examination of our relations to other European Powers at the present time. The fact that certain nations are linked to one another by alliances, while we are bound by understandings, which, if definite, are only vaguely understood by people in general, enables Mr. Spender to discuss a proposal of a very delicate nature. It is nothing less than that there should be a *détente* between England and Germany.[1]

Mr. Spender observes that 'a frank discussion of the possibility can imply no suspicion of disloyalty to the French agreement.' How a discussion can, in this connexion, 'imply a suspicion' I do not know, but it is presumably intended to say that a frank discussion could not be a cause for suspicion on the part of France. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that any attempt to enter into an agreement with Germany—an agreement which could not but exclude France—would be viewed with something more than suspicion by our friend. 'Years ago,' continues Mr. Spender, 'Prince Bülow laid down the principle that the division of the Powers into groups for particular purposes did not preclude the most cordial relations between Powers in the different groups.' But who now cares for any principle which Prince von Bülow may have laid down 'years ago,' or indeed at any other time? And, after all, what is there in the principle when you come to examine it? Considered as a principle, let it be laid down by whom it may, we cheerfully exclaim, in the words of Sarah Gamp, 'Who deniges of it?' Contending troops can, and often do, exchange civilities between their battles —when convenient.

'That is the doctrine which, with rare exceptions, Germany has consistently practised towards Russia.' Germany, you will observe, has 'consistently' practised this doctrine towards Russia 'with rare exceptions.' It is as delightful as it is true.

'The question we may fairly ask is whether there is anything inherent in the present situation which precludes at least the same amount of civility and forbearance between Germany and England.' There is this inherent in the present situation, that, England not being Russia, cases which require Germany's exceptional treatment will arise more often. One may say then, without being suspected of levity, that the relations of England and Germany, as compared with the relations of Germany and Russia, will be, in the words of the old song, 'similar, but not quite the same.'

The next subsection is headed 'Questions without Answers,' and, as such, need not detain us. That under 'Good Hope for

[1] The *détente*, see page 32 of the pamphlet, is to be political.

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the Future' conveys rather the pious opinion of a credulous optimist than a considered forecast founded on reasonable grounds. If anyone can rest more easily in his bed because of the following pronouncement, he must be of a singularly confiding disposition: 'Yet recent experience also affords us some ground for hoping that there are permanent forces at work which will tend to keep the peace, if we can find our way through certain immediate difficulties.' The example of the permanent forces given is the deterrent effect on the statesman of considering the condition of his country when millions of men are withdrawn from their ordinary work. The value of this deterrent may be easily estimated by those who have seen the whole manhood of the Balkan States under arms.

And again: 'There are also, one fain would hope, moral forces at work which will direct the minds and energies of serious people from external rivalries and ambitions to the solutions of the social problem.' This sentence has the right Tabernacle twang, and is doubtless addressed very especially to the 'serious people' who are the exclusive proprietors of the Nonconformist conscience.

Mr. Spender, not being a fool, is probably well aware of the practical imbecility of his aspiration, for he proceeds: 'In a brief consideration of immediate international problems it is not possible to enlarge on these permanent aspects of the question, and the survey must necessarily, in the main, be limited to material and physical forces.' It must, indeed, and I may add that anyone who enlarged, in this connexion, on the permanent forces above mentioned, would be as usefully employed as a monkey who enlarged on the 'permanent force' which was 'tending' to turn him into a man.

Chapter II., First Section, is historical, dealing with the Triple Alliance, Germany, Austria, and Italy, and the Dual Alliance between France and Russia.

After noting that Italy is obviously the weak partner in her group—her interests being in some cases antagonistic to those of her allies—Mr. Spender hints—not obscurely—that she may drop out. The only comment on this is that the Triple Alliance has been renewed, and has stood the strain imposed by a period of acute international disturbance.

In dealing with the forces controlled by these combinations, the observation is made that 'the nightmare from which France has suffered that she must inevitably be extinguished by the greater population of Germany is probably much exaggerated'; the reason given being that Germany would be unlikely to reap any advantage proportionate to the numerical superiority she possesses because, from the transport difficulty and the difficulty of handling vast masses of men, she could not bring her numeri-

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cal superiority to bear. It would seem, then, that Germany trains these vast masses of men for fun, or at best with the view of imposing on a credulous and simple-minded people like the French!

The subsection on page 9 of the pamphlet ends thus:

> If there are moments when the problems of the British Empire seem beyond the solution of human brains, we may comfort ourselves by the thought that there is no nation in Europe which is not equally perplexed, which cannot vex itself with questions to which there is no answer, or imagine emergencies to which no force at its disposal would be equal.

The writer may possibly comfort himself with this reflexion, but, for myself, I draw no consolation from the fact that other nations have their troubles too, and find it a singularly poor reason for sitting down and doing nothing.

After administering this very moderate dose of encouragement to the readers of the *Westminster Gazette*, Mr. Spender concludes Chapter II. by passing lightly over the last ten years during which we moved from Isolation to Complication. Though this passage, being non-contentious, calls for no notice, we may pause to pay a humble tribute to the penetration of a journalist who, while modestly disclaiming any knowledge of what was in M. Delcassé's mind when the *entente* was concluded, is yet able to 'say with absolute certainty what was in the minds of our own statesmen'—Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne.

In Chapter III., which has for its subject the British view of the German contention and the German view of their own contention, a remarkable change is observable in the spirit of our author. It may be that he has just dined in the company of a Colonial statesman, or it may be that he is honestly, for the moment, of his own motion, sick of the language of flummery and cant; I do not know; but the undoubted fact remains, that in these two subsections his language is that of a man to men, not that of a pastor to his beloved brethren.

The case on both sides is fairly and clearly stated, and Germany is frankly told that if she does not like our consistent support of France within our agreement, she may lump it. The *ipsissima verba* are these: 'For good or evil we hold ourselves bound by our obligations to France under the *entente*. We do not think they ought to have been a cause of offence to Germany; but if they are, we can do no other.' The admission that we really are bound by what we have put our name to may seem to the unsophisticated to be nothing to make a fuss about; but to those familiar with the tortuosities of the philosophical-Liberal intellect, it is nothing less than startling.

Further brave words follow:

> Whenever a case arises in which we are pledged to act with France we shall be true to our pledge, and if France is threatened with penalties

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because of her friendly relations with us we shall do our best to support her against those who threaten her on that ground. If we should be involved in war on this ground we should of course make war with all forces, naval and military, in whatever way seemed most likely to us to lead to a successful conclusion.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain could say no more.

But alas! After this unexampled effort Mr. Spender collapses, and, before the vision of the horrified countenance of the 'regular supporter,' proceeds as follows: 'But we cannot believe that any of these consequences will or can follow from the part which we have played. We have no design whatever to plunge into the politics of Europe or to deprive Germany of any advantage she may rightly enjoy by virtue of her power and numbers.' Is it not pathetic? Can any sane man maintain that our intervention on the side of France would not be with the object of depriving Germany of the advantage which, from her point of view, 'she rightly enjoys by virtue of her power and numbers'?

Further we read: 'We have no army for any continental adventure.' In this we agree with Mr. Spender, and wish, seeing that we are pledged in certain circumstances to undertake a very considerable adventure in Belgium,[2] to have this state of things remedied; we wish to see that, when and if our obligations fall due, we shall be able to meet them.

Mr. Spender continues, as part of the last sentence quoted, '. . . and we are aware that if we plunged into the military competition, it would follow exactly the same course as the naval competition, and lead to the piling up of new forces in other countries without changing the balance of power.'

Merely noting that to put ourselves in a position to meet our existing obligations and secure ourselves against attack is not to plunge into military competition, we would ask what 'new forces' in other countries could be piled up. We are already confronted with the forces of earth, water, and air, expanding, as we believe, as fast as they can; then what 'new forces'?

Again:

> To maintain our navy at its necessary strength, as well as the expeditionary force that we need for oversea purposes, is likely to tax all our resources, without the addition of a larger army, which, if it were to have any decisive effect upon European politics, would have to be maintained and financed upon the European scale.

In addition to the 'can't afford it' argument, which need not detain us, there is in the sentence either a remarkable confusion of thought or a desire to mislead the unwary reader.

[2] Apart altogether from any undertaking to assist France in a land campaign against Germany, we have joined in guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium.

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Might not 200,000 men sent to Belgium instead of the present Expeditionary Force have 'a decisive effect upon European politics'? And as to their having to be maintained and financed on the European scale, of course they would have to be fed, clothed, and paid on the European, and not on the Asiatic scale. But I greatly fear that the insinuation is this, that to be of any use we must set up a conscript army on the European model.

Before leaving this chapter there is one sentence I would fain rescue, as far as I can, from oblivion: 'If we aspired to play any part in Europe it would be solely that of a moderator.' In the first place we do not aspire to play any part in Europe in time of war, which, I presume, is meant: we may be forced to do so by our commitments; in the second, we can only play a part of armed intervention, in which case, whether we call ourselves 'moderators' or not, we shall, in fact, be simply one of the combatants, actual or potential.

In Chapter IV. Mr. Spender pulls himself together again, and states the British doctrine of sea power and the foreign objection to it with force and precision. In dealing with the British answer to the foreign objection he speaks thus: 'An Englishman must be willing to part with the shirt off his back before he loses his naval supremacy.' And so say all of us. 'Can't afford it' has gone by the board with a vengeance, and no mistake. Our argument is largely based on this, that the Navy, with a nation properly prepared for war, will be infinitely more able to perform its duties than it is at present.

Still, says Mr. Spender, though these are the facts, and 'we cannot remove the theoretical objection to one Power exercising the command of the sea, we can do something to prevent its being a practical grievance.' And this is how he proposes to do it: 'But to make this definite, let us try to get closer to the facts, as we may by asking a very simple question. What would an intelligent Foreign Secretary say to an Ambassador who came frankly to him to put the foreigner's case against the sea power of Great Britain? Two things, I think:

(1) 'That we have no army which could seriously menace any foreign Power. None of them need fear invasion from us, as we should have to fear invasion from them if we lost command of the sea.'

Of this we venture to say that if the intelligent Foreign Secretary and the Ambassador were members of the same college debating society, it might be a fair point for the intelligent Foreign Secretary. But if anyone can believe in a real Foreign Secretary guilty of the *bêtise* of making this remark to a real Ambassador, he must have developed the imaginative organ at the expense of his common sense. To tender such an ancient

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truism to an Ambassador as new and valuable information would be to imply that he was either a congenital idiot or totally ignorant of his business—in short, to insult him.

(2) 'That as far as possible we share the commercial advantages that our naval power gives us with all the world through our policy of Free Trade and the Open Door. If we break fresh territory in any part of the world, all our neighbours can go in on the same terms as we do, save for the small exception of the Colonial preferences. We do this not from any Quixotic motive, but because we believe it to be in our own interest. But we are entitled to get the benefit of an enlightened selfishness which is of advantage to our neighbours.'

If a Foreign Secretary could be found to give utterance to such balderdash—we really can use no politer word—the Ambassador, if one could be found to listen to it with patience, would reply, or, being a diplomatist, at any rate think, 'On your own showing then, thank you for nothing.'

The next subsection, headed 'Conscription, Protection, and Sea Power,' should be read with especial care, because, lurking under the shadow of the valiant phrases and noble sentiments, is to be discerned the real explanation of the Liberal attitude—fear. Fear of the people, fear of losing a political advantage by supporting a patriotic policy, fear of what other Powers may think and do. Read Mr. Spender's own words. To the supposed question, Would he allow the foreigner to dictate what kind of trade policy we shall have? he replies: 'My answer is simply that I would not have the foreigner dictate, and that if I thought either a conscript army or a tariff to be in the interests of this country I would have them, and tell the foreigner to go hang. But at the same time, as a sensible man, I should consider the consequences, and reckon among them the extreme probability that either change would give a new sharpness to the naval competition, and supply a fresh motive for challenging our command of the sea.' One had thought that the good and sufficient 'fresh motive' was provided by the lowering of our ship-building programme by a Radical Government. With this betrayal of the country in his memory, Mr. Spender has the effrontery to add: 'And this, let us not disguise from ourselves, has been the effect of both the tariff and the militarist propagandas of recent years.'

While admitting under 'A Dangerous Heresy' that whether we gain or lose on balance under a considerable change in fiscal policy is a matter of speculation, Mr. Spender proceeds 'It cannot be supposed that other nations will as easily acquiesce in the claim of a Protectionist as of a Free-Trade Power to command the sea.'

In regard to this, I may say that one group of nations does

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not, at the present time, acquiesce, easily or otherwise, in our command of the sea. Is it Mr. Spender's suggestion that our friends would join the hostile group because we adopted a fiscal system similar to their own?

Further:

> The other question—the question relating to military policy—has already, in my opinion, been tested by experience, and we may take it as an established formula of British policy that any considerable increase in our power of acting with an army in Europe will require simultaneously a corresponding increase in our naval force. The rule of the relativity of armaments applies to armies exactly as it does to navies.

On this, as I have shown, we join issue directly with Mr. Spender, and say that if it is 'an established formula of British policy' the sooner it is disestablished the better. And as to 'the rule of the relativity of armaments,' we would ask if it is only a phrase implying that there is a natural tendency for nations to adjust themselves to new conditions? If so, we shall merely be obeying the instinct of self-preservation by increasing, or reorganising on a new basis, such forces as we possess, according to our new necessities.

If, however, Mr. Spender means that there is a rule regarding armaments of an accurate, scientific kind—as one might speak of the rule of periodicity in certain diseases—causing armaments to increase or decrease proportionably in different countries, I say there is no such rule, otherwise we should have been engaged for many years past in endeavouring to create an army as large as that of Germany. In fine, if one reads this ambiguous rule either way I can see nothing in it which need deter us from taking such steps as may seem suitable for our own defence.

In Chapter V., 'Compulsory Service and the Balance of Power,' Mr. Spender notes that 'his argument against compulsory military service is founded not on anti-militarist grounds, but on general political and financial considerations.' That he is perfectly satisfied with the stability of the foundation and the cogency of the argument is only to be expected; but whether the reader is equally satisfied is another question.

So little of an anti-militarist is Mr. Spender that he declares that he

> is wholly in sympathy with the moral and military side of the case for military training, and he looks forward to the day when the military and educational propagandists will join hands to get the lads of this country into continuation schools up to the age of seventeen, and agree upon a fair apportionment of time to the military instructor with all due safeguards to the conscientiously objecting parent.

That, Mr. Spender is quite right in thinking, would not satisfy Lord Roberts at all, but he is wrong in assuming that there is

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no other alternative but the creation of an immense conscript army on the Continental model.

Having confined himself to 'general considerations' Mr. Spender is content, for the rest, to rely on Sir Ian Hamilton, who, he considers, has entirely settled the question from the technical point of view. He says regarding the controversy which arose over the publication of *Compulsory Service*: 'A huge defensive army, it was admitted, could do nothing to retrieve the situation or mitigate the state of siege which would be produced without invasion if the command of the sea was lost.' It is not my intention to put the case for national military service, a task which is occupying far more competent pens than mine, but I may venture to make these comments on the above statement:

To say that if the command of the sea is *permanently* lost nothing can save us is simply to assert that if you are dead you are dead. But all will not be over at the first naval defeat if we have an army capable of defending these shores; time will be given us to gather in our scattered naval forces and call upon our allies.

For we shall not immediately starve.

A very able Parliamentary paper written by Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles has convinced most people who have studied the subject that, for a considerable time after the loss of the command of the sea, food will continue to come in in considerable quantities—but it will be dear.

Imagine the horrors of food riots among masses of unorganised men in the big towns—riots which would rapidly lead to an irresistible demand for peace at any price. But with the manhood of the nation mobilised the Government will be able to deal with the situation. By buying the food, no matter at what price, it will ration the men, and thus the distribution of the means of subsistence for the remainder of the population will be simplified for the local authorities.

Under present conditions, troops already too few and too ill-trained will be diverted from the proper duty of defence by being called on to assist the civil power in the preservation of order.

In Chapter VI. Mr. Spender ascends into the pulpit and delivers an address on how we may best arrive at an understanding with Germany. I will quote a few sentences, assuring the anxious reader that what has had to be omitted for reasons of space is in every respect 'well up to sample.'

'If we are to get permanently on better terms with Germany we must clean forget some things and carefully remember other things which have been a cause of controversy during the last six years.' An operation of great simplicity, no doubt, to the

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average Radical, who is always able to forget any inconvenient fact at the shortest possible notice.

'We must cease to think of ourselves as charged with a mission to redress the balance of power in Europe.' This—dare we surmise?—is a sly hit at the Radical Members of Parliament (whom he does not care to reproach more directly) who call meetings, pass resolutions, and write insulting letters to the Press, whenever a foreign country does not conduct its affairs to their liking.

'We must not talk at large as if we were meditating Continental warfare on a large scale, and organising ourselves to this end.' I much suspect that the family name of these abandoned persons, admonished as 'we,' is Harris.

'Then always there remains the possibility of agreements between England and Germany for mutual relief in competitive shipbuilding.' That Mr. Spender is not altogether lost to the sense of shame, as one feels shame for the blunders of one's party, whatever may have become of his sense of humour, appears from the following sentence: 'We cannot press these, for experience has shown us they are liable to grave misunderstanding when proposed by the Power with the strongest navy to the Power possessing an inferior navy.' 'A naval *détente*, however, if it comes at all, will almost certainly follow, and not precede, a political *détente*.' As if one should say that 'a cart, if it comes at all, will almost certainly follow, not precede, a horse.'

And so the sermon drones on for a space, with not one helpful word which I have been able to discover.

There is, however, towards the end of the recital of the German grievances against England, the following admission: 'Always in the long run the complaint comes back to British sea power—that intangible, mysterious, far-reaching influence which enables England to have her hand on everything, to keep her neighbours from their place in the sun, to interfere unwarrantably in affairs not her own.' There we have it, stated without any equivocation, the simple fact that the cause of German irritation exists *now* and always has existed since our sea power was dominant. It is not, indeed, intangible nor mysterious, but a solid reality which has often obstructed the realisation of German ambitions in recent years; and will continue to stand in the way of those ambitions until German energy and determination, aided by our folly, have swept it away for ever.

The cause has been there, and it is no especial perversity on the part of Germany, but the inevitable pressure of circumstances which has increased the irritation to the point of downright

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exasperation that it has now reached. Germany has come to feel that something has to be *done*, and with splendid courage and perseverance she is preparing to do it.

It is our sea power which is the offence, and it is the merest cant to ascribe the present condition of affairs to any proposals of ours regarding Tariff Reform or military organisation. Germany has no concern with them, except in so far as they may tend to make her appointed task more difficult. She will make them a cause of complaint, no doubt, and her friends in this country, conscious and unconscious, will echo her outcry; but Germany's path is marked out and, whether we make it easy or difficult, she will follow it, to disaster if we are wise, to success if we are false to ourselves.

'Shipbuilding,' continues Mr. Spender after the valuable sentence last quoted, 'is an expression of policy, and it will rise or fall automatically according as our relations are good or bad.' Shipbuilding may be an expression of policy, but, our policy being governed by the policy of other nations, it depends in a very minor degree, if at all, on our 'relations.' The nation which wants more of the sunshine at our expense, in fact, calls the tune to which we have to dance.

With that nation Mr. Spender appears at last to recognise, though he has instructed us in some detail as to our behaviour, soft words are of no avail, and his proposed method for deflecting her from her course is this. The conviction has to be produced that we do not intend to use our fleet against Germany, 'by the cessation of diplomatic friction and by the gradual building up of an experience, through the efforts of both Powers, which will convince their publics that they are not endeavouring to trip each other up.'

The suggestion that diplomatic bodies should promptly cease from exercising the functions for which they exist has raised the suspicion, more than once struggling to assert itself, but instantly repelled, that Mr. Spender is really a humorous writer. For how can anyone seriously put forward the proposition that diplomats should not try to make the best possible bargain for the countries they represent? Surely he does not mean to imply that the diplomatists of England and Germany resort to illegitimate means to 'trip each other up'!

The next proposal for conciliating Germany is that we should occasionally allow her 'to gain a port or strip of seaboard which might conceivably, though not probably, harbour a German cruiser in time of war, or serve as a coaling station for German warships,' and this on the ground that 'it is more dangerous to us in the long run that legitimate German ambitions should be thwarted' than that they should be realised. It does not seem

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to occur to Mr. Spender that there may be differences of opinion as to what ambitions are 'legitimate.' Germany doubtless thought that she had 'legitimate ambitions' connected with Morocco, but we and France thought otherwise.

This amazing proposition is supported by the following sentence: 'One of the main causes of war, or at least of competition in armaments, is the extreme anxiety of strategists to secure their position in case of war.' This may be so, but failure to secure their position is a certain cause of defeat.

So that there may be no mistake about it, Mr. Spender repeats 'By all means in our power, and even occasionally at the sacrifice of purely strategical considerations, we should avoid the imputation of deliberately blocking Germany's expansion.'

I will not follow Mr. Spender in his dissertations on such different subjects as 'The Cement of Empire,' and 'Balkan and Mediterranean Problems,' which occupy his remaining pages, not only for the reason that the space and patience at the disposal of an editor are limited, but because I find nothing—in view of previous criticism—which calls for remark. The general method employed is the same as that with which we are now familiar, and no new arguments are brought forward to support the ultimate conclusion—which is what of course we expect—that the land forces we now possess are precisely those which we require.

There are those who hold that doctrines such as those with which we have been engaged are best left without notice. I have, however, reason to know that their enunciation by a leader of Liberal thought has, in fact, a very evil influence on many enthusiastic young men of moderate intelligence. Misdirected enthusiasm being very often a danger to the State, it has seemed worth while to attempt an exposure of some of the sophistries which masquerade as arguments in Liberal circles. That the task has been fairly easy is due to this, that even Mr. Spender's ingenuity has found that facts, to quote once more that powerful and lucid thinker, Mrs. Gamp, are 'stubborn and not easy drove.'

ARCHIBALD J. CAMPBELL.

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THE TERRITORIAL FORCE FIASCO

THE problem of home defence is now being considered afresh.[1] A few years ago there seemed some lack of co-ordination in the detail of National Defence between the Admiralty and the Army Council. When the Admiralty took over charge of our submarine defences, which had been brought at great cost to a pitch of elaborate perfection by the Royal Engineers, they destroyed them all,[2] because, from the naval point of view of national defence, they were useless. Then at our naval bases, such as Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, the landward forts were maintained by the Army Council for the purpose of defending our great dockyards from attacks coming overland; but, in deference to the Admiralty view, these forts were dismantled of their permanent armament. In the end we saw the Army Council allotting on mobilisation half-trained units of the Territorial Force to garrison forts from which the fixed armament had been removed, in order to resist attacks which, according to the Admiralty, were impossible.

Now an inquiry is to be held. The Prime Minister has defined its object to be: 'To discover whether any new factors have arisen which necessitate a reconsideration; and, if so, in what respect, of the conclusions on the question of oversea attack on the British Isles, arrived at by the Committee of Imperial Defence in 1908.'[3] In other words, an investigation is to be held into the effect produced on our scheme of national defence by the great increase in the naval and military armaments of Continental Powers, by the recent developments of wireless telegraphy, and by the advent of ships which swim under the sea and fly above us in the air.

Whatever may be the result of the proposed inquiry, it is important to form an accurate estimate of the value of the Territorial Force as a Field Army for the defence of Great Britain and Ireland. The Territorial Force was raised and is being administered and trained on the Ministerial declaration expressed

[1] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 19, 1913, p. 1083.
[2] *General Annual Report on the British Army*, published in 1908, p. 11, para. 31.
[3] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 7, 1913, p. 804.

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by Lord Haldane in his Memorandum of the 25th of February 1907:

> That complete readiness for war at all times cannot be looked for in a citizen force raised on voluntary lines, and it is an essential feature of the scheme that a period of embodiment for training after mobilisation will be necessary before the Territorial Force can be regarded as fit to meet a highly trained and organised enemy.[4]

A year later, in July 1908, Lord Haldane endorsed on the platform the view he had placed before Parliament in his written Memorandum. When speaking at Workington, he is thus reported:

> It was said that they were only preparing their force to become operative after six months of the enemy's invasion. No; they had arranged to keep command of the sea in the early days of the war, and they would not allow the Regulars to leave these shores until the Territorials were hardened sufficiently to resist any force.

But if, on the outbreak of hostilities, we are to keep the Regular Army, including the Expeditionary Force, at home until the Territorial Force is hardened sufficiently to be sure to beat Continental invaders, we lose indefinitely the power of vigorous offensive action on the part of the Regular Army. Again, if the Regular Army should be sent overseas before the country has absolute confidence in the hardness of the Territorial Force, then the sphere of action of the Fleet must be limited by its retention in home waters as a coastguard.

Our military history furnishes a notable instance of the unexpected need for an Expeditionary Force for service on the Continent. Peace came to Europe in 1814. It was followed by the return from Elba in March 1815, the reign of 100 days, and the Battle of Waterloo. That battle was fought by an Army with a strong Militia element, because it had been thought perfectly safe, war in Europe being regarded as impossible, to send a great part of the Regular Army to America. Lord Haldane has destroyed our second line, the Militia, which, however inferior to the Regular Army, did not, 100 years ago, require, like his Territorial Force of to-day, six months of embodied training before it was fit to take the field. The period of 100 days is suggestive. The whole foundation for Lord Haldane's scheme of Imperial defence was that six months, that is 180 days, must be allowed to elapse before the Territorial Army is fit for the defence of the United Kingdom, and consequently before the Regular Army can be set free for service abroad. For the success of Lord Haldane's great plan it soon became evident that this close time of 180 days after the declaration of war, which is an essential feature of his new model army, and necessary to make the men ready for the field, must be made to vanish. It has vanished.

Four years elapse, and Lord Haldane, on the 10th of

[4] Cd. 3297, February 25, 1907, para. 27.

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February 1913, said: 'I have been quoted over and over again as having said that the Territorial Force must have six months' training before they could be used against an enemy. I need not remark that I never said anything of the kind.'[5] It would be easier to catch a will of the wisp in a butterfly net and pin it out as a specimen than to pin Lord Haldane down to a written or spoken word or figure. Now Lord Haldane's successor, Colonel Seely, assures the House of Commons, in the presence of the Prime Minister, that if strategical considerations required it, the whole Expeditionary Force could be sent abroad, and the defence of the United Kingdom entrusted to the Territorial Army.[6] It is generally supposed that the fate of Europe will not be decided in the North Sea, nor yet in the Mediterranean, but in the plains of Belgium. It was Waterloo which ended the Napoleonic wars and not Trafalgar. A strategy which looks beyond its nose might possibly consider it wiser to defend London on the Continent of Europe next year, rather than a year or so later in the Eastern Counties of England. Meantime, what has happened to enable Colonel Seely to dispense with the six months of preliminary training insisted upon by Lord Haldane as 'an essential feature of the scheme'? Is the change due to an increase in numbers in the Territorial Army, or an increase in efficiency, or, best of all, a combination of the two factors? As a matter of fact, the establishment of the Territorial Army,[7] which is at present 302,056 non-commissioned officers and men,[8] was determined not by the sufficiency of that number to defend Great Britain and Ireland in the absence abroad of the Regular Army, but because the old Volunteer Force numbered upwards of 300,000.[9] When the Secretary of State had suggested to the Sovereign that His Majesty should name the new home defence force the Imperial Army of the second line, when its praises had been sung throughout the land by Lord Haldane touring the country with the Army Council as chorus, when the most extraordinary and fantastic methods of recruiting had been resorted to, when nearly twice as much money had been spent on the new force as upon the old Volunteer Force, it was thought that the result could not be fewer officers and men. Yet, after all, that has proved to be the actual result.[10] During five years after 1907 Parliament and country listened to the soothing hum of the same speech from Lord Haldane, always assuring us that for the first time

[5] *Official Report, House of Lords*, February 10, 1913, p. 937.
[6] Statement, Colonel Seely, House of Commons, April 11, 1913, p. 1578.
[7] Clause VI., Territorial and Reserve Forces Act, 1907, 'consisting of such number of men as may from time to time be provided by Parliament.'
[8] *General Annual Report on British Army*, published in 1913, p. 119.
[9] Cd. 3297, dated 25 Feb. 1907, para 16: 'We have existing material to the extent of about 300,000 officers and men.'
[10] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 8, 1913, p. 393.

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we had a sound and clearly thought out plan for home and Imperial defence, firmly based upon the unqualified success which had been attained by his new model Army.

So long as peace prevailed in Europe and we fondly imagined that international disputes would in future be settled by arbitration and not by war, we thought the Territorial Army a famous force. But the moment that we realised that there was the remotest possibility of being compelled to rely on the Territorial Army in reality we became uneasy. We began to think that the French, who speak with experience in these matters, were right when they said that it is not well to play the ass with war. The pretty paper organisation of our new model Army ceased to reconcile us to the obvious deficiencies in officers, N.C.O.s, men, and training.

County Associations are responsible for the numbers of the Territorial Army, but they are not in any way responsible for its training and for its field efficiency. These are subjects about which County Associations are supposed to know nothing, but to believe everything the Secretary of State for War is pleased to tell them. This is the theory. In practice it does not work. The members of County Associations use their own common sense, and form opinions independent of the Army Council. Moreover, they will not say 'All is well' when they know that all is not well. County Associations realised that times were critical and that the Territorial Force was a dwindling force. Try as they might they could not check its decline, a fact the consequences of which many of them represented in the strongest terms to the Secretary of State for War. However, Colonel Seely hastened to allay such silly fears by informing us on the 12th of February in the House of Commons that

during the last four months the Territorial Force has shown a continued increase in recruiting. It is constantly said outside that the Force is going down. It is not so. It is going up. At the present time recruiting is progressing satisfactorily. The figures for the December quarter of 1912 are considerably in excess of those for the same quarter in 1910 and 1911. The figures for re-engagements show a similar improvement. During January the net increase of non-commissioned officers and men amounted to 1291.

On the 2nd of April Colonel Seely rendered the following return of the Territorial Force, proving that the County Associations were right and that he himself was wrong:

Strength of Territorial Army.[11]

	Officers	N.C.O.'s and Men
25th of February 1910 . . .	9,719	266,899
1st of March 1911	9,663	262,507
23rd of February 1912 . . .	9,380	263,624
1st of March 1913	9,291	252,991

[11] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 2, 1913, p. 393.

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A decrease of 428 officers and 13,908 N.C.O.s and men in three years, and showing a deficiency of 1951 officers and 49,065 N.C.O.s and men on the 1st of March last.[12] So much for the present. In military matters, as in many others, it is as well to look ahead.

We have figures which enable us to make an accurate estimate of the number of vacancies which must occur in the ranks of the Territorial Army in the immediate future, that is before October of this year. There are 114,621 non-commissioned officers and men who are due to become time-expired between the first of October 1912 and the 30th of September 1913.[13]

The wastage from causes other than the expiration of the term of service during last year amounted to 27,600.[14] We may assume that during the present year the wastage from similar causes will amount to not less than 25,000. The deficit in the Territorial Force in N.C.O.s and men on the 1st of March last amounted to 49,065.[15] These figures, that is the number of men due to become time-expired, which is a certainty, the present deficit, which is a certainty, and the wastage due to causes other than expiration of term of service, which can be accurately estimated by the experience of previous years, added together, show that there will be 188,686 vacancies for non-commissioned officers and men in the Territorial Force by the 30th of September 1913. In round numbers 190,000 vacancies must be filled by recruits, and by men re-engaging if the Territorial Force is to be up to establishment in October 1913. When Mr. Bennett Goldney brought these figures to the notice of Colonel Seely, the Secretary of State for War could only suggest[16] that somewhere there must be a double count, although he did not indicate where this mistake had occurred, and that moreover, owing to the exceptionally large number of men due to go during the year, it was very difficult to give an approximate estimate of the number of vacancies in the Territorial Army by next October. Colonel Seely seemed unaware of the fact that his own figures, for they are his own, tell their own story. Last year, in round numbers, 57,000 recruits were taken for the Territorial Army. Assuming that 50,000 recruits are obtained for the coming year, and that 38,000, that is one-third of the time-expired men, re-engage for one year, the Territorial Army will then be 100,000 below establishment, and will not number 200,000 men.

[12] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 12, 1913.
[13] *General Annual Report on the British Army*, published in 1913, p. 125.
[14] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 13, 1913, p. 434
[15] *Ibid.* March 12, 1913.
[16] *Ibid.* April 1, 1913, p. 186.

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Lord Haldane, speaking at Newcastle on the 14th of September 1906, is reported to have said that

> if we had sufficient national enthusiasm we might manage to get into the field and maintain an Army of seven, eight, or nine hundred thousand men. That would require great national spirit, but he thought the thing was within compass.[17]

Five years later, when explaining the Army Estimates, Lord Haldane had changed his tune. On the 14th of March 1911 he said 'I indicated that in time of peace, which is the worst enemy to Territorial recruiting, we could hardly hope to have a force of more than 250,000.'[18] Lord Haldane's second thoughts have proved to be perfectly right. This year we shall see a Territorial Army of less than 200,000. But even Lord Haldane's revised estimate of 250,000 could not produce anything like the fourteen Infantry Divisions and fourteen Cavalry Brigades[19] about which we used to hear so much, and for the formation of which more than 300,000 men are required. His difficulty, when dealing with the Estimates for 1911, was how to bring up the numbers of the Territorial Army to the required establishment on mobilisation so as to lull the public mind by still parading the fourteen Divisions and fourteen Cavalry Brigades. He solved the problem by inventing the Territorial Force Reserve. On the 7th of March 1910 he said[20]:

> We have made preparations, which I hope will become effective in a few days, for calling the new Reserve into existence. The effect of that will be not only to mobilise quickly the fourteen Divisions, but also to enable us to supply mature and trained men if mobilisation takes place.

A few months later, on the 27th of June[21] in the same year, he told us that 'the Territorial Force Reserve gives you a bank behind the Territorial Force, upon which you can draw for mobilisation up to the full establishment in the event of war breaking out and to fill up the wastage of war.' We are now in a position to know accurately what balance we have at the Territorial Force Reserve bank, and what deficit that balance has to meet. The balance[22] on the 1st of January last was 884, to meet a deficit in March last of 49,065, with a probable increase to 100,000 by next October. The Territorial Force Reserve practically does not exist.[23]

[17] *The Times*, September 15, 1906.
[18] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 14, 1911, p. 2073.
[19] Cd. 3297, February 25, 1907, p. 8.
[20] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 7, 1910, p. 1169.
[21] *Ibid.* June 27, 1910, p. 719.
[22] Cd. 6616, dated 1913, p. 5.
[23] Statement by Colonel Seely, *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 19, p. 1081.

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This year Colonel Seely anticipates with confidence that in time of war the numbers of the Territorial Army will be augmented by 190,000 National Reservists, 140,000 Rifle Club men, and 105,000 ex-Territorial soldiers, who, so he hopes, will rejoin on mobilisation, giving a grand total of 435,000 additional men, all trained to the use of arms.[24] How many of these men are counted three times over? How many are alive or dead? How many are able-bodied or how many are cripples and invalids? How many are at home or abroad Colonel Seely has no statistics to show. All that we know for certain about them is that not one single man among them is under any obligation to serve, but if we only hope hard enough every one will do so when required. By this mental process the Territorial Force, on the outbreak of war, will spring from less than 200,000 to more than 600,000, and, together with the Regular Army, will give us upwards of 800,000 men. It is impossible to extract from Colonel Seely a definite reply to the question of whether or no there is an ample supply of arms and equipment for these additional hundreds of thousands of men. The question has been twice asked, and the answer twice refused in the House of Commons.[25] Colonel Seely is an apt disciple of Lord Haldane's.

From the table below we see that for the last four years the Territorial Army has been a consistently dwindling force:

	Strength
1st of October 1909	270,041
1st of October 1910	267,096
1st of October 1911	264,163
1st of October 1912	261,433[26]

Lord Haldane, in the House of Lords on the 21st of April, informed us that as regards numbers they did make the Territorial Force very nearly a success; the numbers were going up and up. But, if so, why does the Army annual return show that they were going down and down?

As regards training, the following table will show that as the numbers of the Territorial Force decrease, so the lack of efficiency increases:

Return Showing the Strength of the Territorial Army, and the Number of Officers, N.C.O.s, and Men Absent from Camp.

Year	Strength	Total Absent with and without Leave
1910	267,096	25,995
1911	264,163	33,542
1912	261,433	34,716[27]

[24] *Official Report, House of Commons*, March 19, 1913, p. 1080.
[25] *House of Commons*, March 17, 1913, p. 718, and April 8, 1913, p. 971.
[26] *General Annual Report on British Army*, published in 1913, p. 118.
[27] *Ibid.* p. 119.

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It was originally stated that men in the Territorial Army were to serve for a fixed term of years and to attend camp under penalties if they broke their engagements. The statement has proved quite illusory. The Volunteers were to become, as the Territorial Army, the second line in place of the Militia abolished. But Lord Haldane found, in 1908, that he could not get second line training and duties from third line men. He therefore decided to abandon the fifteen days' camp and the four years' enlistment, and all the other conditions pertaining to troops of the second line. The Financial Secretary to the War Office, at the request of Lord Haldane, wrote to the Press as follows: 'There is no hard and fast compulsory attendance at camp for eight days or fifteen. No one will be fined for non-attendance if there is a good reason.'[28]

There are no statistics to show how many men have left the Territorial Army after having completed the full term of four years.[29] Lord Fortescue, in the House of Lords on the 10th of February last, described how impossible it was for his Association to hold a man to his engagement. The man went first, and the Association found it out afterwards, when the man's brother or his wife came to the regimental store with his uniform in a bundle, saying 'Here are William's regimentals. He has gone away.' If the man is sent after and apprehended as a deserter, recruiting would be ruined, so the man goes. At present there are thousands of men serving in the Territorial Army on a one year's engagement, but how many thousands Colonel Seely has no statistics to show. No military force can be maintained in a satisfactory state when men can leave at any moment without giving notice, and when a great but unknown number of N.C.O.s and men are serving on a one year's engagement. It is impossible to make, except in name, a third line force into a second line force under such conditions of service. That is the reason why the Territorial Army must be, as it now is in reality, a force of the third line, and why we find ourselves with a first and a third line and a gap between the two.

I have shown that as the strength of the Territorial Army decreases so the number absent from annual training increases. The same principle applies to musketry training.

Return of Musketry of the Territorial Army.

Musketry Year	Strength	Number of Men who did not Fire or Failed to Pass the Standard Test
1910-1911	264,163	34,504 [30]
1911-1912	261,433	42,277 [31]

[28] *The Standard*, June 8, 1908.
[29] *Official Report, House of Commons*, February 6, 1913, p. 2425.
[30] Cd. 6505. [31] Cd. 6616.

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This does not include those men who qualified as rifle shots in accordance with Territorial Force Regulations, paragraph 361, sub-paras. 2 and 3, that is, by discharging a certain number of rounds irrespective of hitting the mark. These men qualify to earn grants not by hitting their target, but by missing it the required number of times.

The following War Office letter, dated the 14th of April 1910, substitutes 'qualified' for 'efficient,' and as a despairing effort to twist the meaning of the King's English it is, I think, worthy of quotation. It runs as follows:

> The terms 'efficient' and 'qualified' as applied to the Territorial Force have recently been the subject of consideration. It is thought that the term 'efficient' is somewhat anomalous and misleading, and, seeing that it is not used in its true sense in the Regulations for the Territorial Force, but is generally intended to convey the meaning of qualification for the purpose of earning grants, travelling expenses, ammunition, and other allowances, it has been decided to substitute for it the term 'qualified' in the new revise of these Regulations. The word 'efficient' will therefore, where it occurs in the revised Territorial Force Regulations, only be interpreted in its true literal meaning. As, however, the term 'qualified' will be utilised for the purpose of earning grants and allowances, it will be necessary to eliminate from Musketry Regulations, Part I., the term in so far as it applies to 'qualification' in the standard tests. So far as musketry is concerned, 'qualified' will, therefore, imply that the conditions for obtaining travelling allowance and for expenditure of ammunition have been complied with, while 'passed' will mean the passing of the standard tests.

So these men are returned as qualified to draw their efficiency grant as though they were skilled marksmen.

In the days of the Volunteer Force, if a Volunteer did not fire he did not earn the Government grant. He was returned as non-efficient, and the total number of non-efficient Volunteers always appeared in the Army Annual Return, and there was an end of the matter. We were told, when the Territorial and Reserve Forces Act was passed, that there would be an end of all old Volunteer shams. We were told also that a system of payment by results would be established, and that thus efficiency would be ensured. No general officer commanding would sanction the expenditure of a sixpence of public money upon an untrained or an inefficient unit. We were deeply impressed with the prospect of maintaining this rigid standard of efficiency, which has resulted in the Army Council expunging the word 'efficient' from the revised Territorial Force Musketry Regulations. There was far less sham about the Volunteer musketry of the past than there is about that of the Territorial Army of to-day. It is held by the Army Council that when a man comes to be tried by the ordeal of battle it is better for him to have shot and missed

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than never to have shot at all. I am doubtful. In the first case you have ascertained for a fact that a man is incapable of hitting the mark. He fires with his eyes shut or is in great terror of his rifle, by no means an uncommon occurrence.[32] In the second case, inasmuch as the man has never shot, he may have it in him to become a good rifle shot. But the country which has to rely for its defence upon an Army which has a large percentage of men of both classes in the firing line will be in a parlous state when the day of battle arrives.

The present system of shooting on the range is very different from the bullseye shooting which was such a favourite pastime with the old Volunteer force. Shooting under service conditions is not popular with men of the Territorial Army. They can't do it. They don't like it, and, consequently, they won't sacrifice their half-holidays and very likely incur expense by going to the range. That is the reason why, as the numbers of the Territorial Army decrease, so the number of men in the force untrained in musketry increases.

I do not believe, as the Army Council believe, that an annual musketry course of one hour on the range, without any judging distance practice, will teach a man the use of his rifle for the purposes of war. I have been informed that the present musketry course is held by the authorities to make a man under ordinary circumstances a fairly good shot. It is obvious that the ordinary circumstances of war will compel the Territorial soldier, untrained with his rifle in time of peace, to try and acquire the A B C of rifle shooting by practising at a target which is engaged in shooting back at him. No wonder that Lord Roberts has aptly reminded us that 'It never troubles a wolf how many the sheep be.' If the Territorial troops are used in the absence of the Regular Army, as the Secretary of State for War has told us it is the intention to use them to oppose the Continental invader, and they have boys and untrained men in the ranks, then the present Government must be held responsible for the result of that conflict.

The musketry efficiency of the Territorial Army could easily be tested in the following way: Let the fifteen days of training be devoted to musketry, and let the Territorial battalions, or as many as possible, be put through the musketry course of the Line under the supervision of the musketry staff of the Regular Army, and publish the results compared with the musketry of the Regular Army. The annual musketry course of the Line

[32] A private in the Territorial Army was fined at the Westminster Police Court for failing to make himself efficient. Captain J. Highmore said the man failed to attend the range for his musketry course, his excuse being that he was frightened of his arm. The witness thought he was thoroughly gun-shy.—*The Times*, February 17, 1913.

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takes about twelve days, so that the fifteen days' camp of the Territorial battalion would allow sufficient time for the exercise and for the test.

Lastly, as the strength of the force decreases so does the immaturity of the force increase.

Return Showing the Strength of the Territorial Army and the Number of Men under 19 Years of Age.

1st October, 1911: Strength, 264,163; number, 32,597; Report on British Army, published 1912, p. 123.

1st October, 1912: Strength, 261,433; number, 40,747; Report on British Army, published 1913, p. 123.

1st October, 1913: Owing to the fact that 114,621 men are due to become time-expired the immaturity of the remainder of the force will have greatly increased.

We see, then, from the War Office returns that as the strength of the Territorial Army diminishes so the number of men annually absent from camp increases; so the number who do not fire, or fail in the standard test for musketry, increases; and so the immaturity, that is, the number of boys under nineteen years of age, increases. The following table shows that whilst all those causes are in simultaneous operation to decrease the efficiency of the Territorial force, the estimated cost of the Territorial Army increases:

Estimated Cost of the Territorial Force.

Army Estimates,	1911-1912, p. 47 . . .	£2,727,000
,, ,,	1912-1913, p. 47 . . .	2,751,000
,, ,,	1913-1914, p. 47 . . .	2,785,000

Colonel Seely, when addressing his constituents on the 26th of April last, said, 'The force has undoubtedly increased in efficiency, and is far superior to the force we had eight years ago.'[33] This statement, so far as the Territorial Army is concerned, is contradicted by the figures supplied for the information of Parliament by the Secretary of State for War, and for the accuracy of which Colonel Seely is himself responsible. The Territorial Army in Parliament is shown to be a force decreasing in efficiency. On the platform it is described by the Secretary of State for War to be a force increasing in efficiency. The taxpayer pays his money and takes his choice. What can he want more? Any comparison between the Territorial Army and the Volunteer Force is perfectly futile. The Volunteers were an unpaid force of the third line. The Territorial Army is a paid force, and, in the absence of the Regular Army, becomes our first line of land defence. Volunteers were citizens enrolled and not enlisted. Territorials are soldiers enlisted under the Army

[33] *The Times*, April 28, 1913.

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Act.[34] No one has ever suggested in the past, least of all the Volunteers themselves, that, in the absence of the Regular Army, they could undertake unaided the defence of the United Kingdom. The terms of their enrolment did not admit of their being sent to Ireland.

Lord Haldane made a remarkable comparison in numbers between the old Volunteers and the new Territorial Army in September 1911.[35] He is reported to have said, when speaking in East Lothian, that 'Instead of a nominal 250,000 Volunteers and Yeomanry which they previously possessed, they now had 273,000 Territorials.' I find by referring to the General Annual Report on the British Army, published in 1911, that the total strength of the Yeomanry and Volunteers on the 1st of October 1906, excluding Permanent Staff, was 278,719, and not a nominal 250,000. The strength of the Territorial Army on the 1st of October 1911 was not 273,000 but 264,167. In making the comparison, Lord Haldane had added to the Territorial Army 8833 officers and men who were not present, and at the same time had struck off 28,719 officers and men from the Volunteers and Yeomanry who were actually present and serving. Consequently, Lord Haldane, in making the comparison between the two forces, had credited the Territorial Force with 37,552 men to whom it was in no way entitled. No wonder that a couple of years after we find that the Territorial Force numerically is not the improvement upon the Volunteer Force which we were led to expect would prove to be the case. The Volunteers and Yeomanry, officers, N.C.O.s and men, on the 1st of October 1906 were 278,719, and the Territorial Army on the 31st of March last 253,809 strong, a difference of 24,910 in favour of the Volunteers and Yeomanry. Lord Haldane told us at Birmingham on the 24th of October 1911 that 'He was a believer in spending money on raising the quality of the Force. They had gone up in the last four years from 7*l.* spent on the Volunteer to 11*l.* on the Territorial.'[36] We know now that the cost has not stopped there; as the men in the Territorial Force get fewer so does their cost per head increase. Lord Herschell gave the cost of the Territorial this year as 12*l.* per head[37] no matter whether the man be an efficient or an inefficient soldier. If Lord Haldane and Colonel Seely wish to make comparisons between the old Auxiliary Forces and the new Territorials which shall be favourable to the latter, they would do well to avoid the point of numbers and the point of increased efficiency due to increased expenditure, and rely solely upon the theoretical excellence of their paper organisation.

[34] Clause X., Territorial and Reserve Forces Act, 1907.
[35] *The Daily Telegraph*, September 28, 1911.
[36] *The Birmingham Post*, October 25, 1911.
[37] *Official Report, House of Lords*, April 29, 1913.

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In face of these facts Colonel Seely has informed the House of Commons that he is prepared to defend Great Britain and Ireland by means of the Territorial Army in the absence abroad of the Regular Army.[38]

It is only reasonable to suppose that, when Colonel Seely made that statement, he had ascertained the number of effectives in the Territorial Army available for the field, and that he considered that number to be sufficient. However, when asked in January by Mr. Bennett Goldney if any estimate could be made of the field strength of the Territorial Army, he had replied that 'no accurate figures are available.'[39] His attention had therefore been called to the importance of ascertaining the field strength of the Territorial Army three months before his famous statement on the 11th of April. It seems incredible that any Secretary of State for War could be found ready to make himself responsible for the defence of the United Kingdom, in the absence of the Regular Army, by means of a force regarding the effective war strength of which there were 'no accurate figures available.' As a matter of fact we have figures at hand which supply us and any foreign military attachés with all the necessary information which we require. This makes the answers of the Secretary of State for War both in January and April still more incomprehensible. Why refuse to put together, for the information of Parliament, official figures which tell anyone who troubles to work them out the answer required? The following table shows the effective strength of the Territorial Army in October 1912.

Territorial Field Force.

Strength of the Territorial Force on the 1st of October, 1912. *Report on British Army*, 1913, p. 118		261,433
Number under 19 years of age on the 1st of October, 1912. *Report on British Army*, 1913, p. 123	40,747	
Number of non-combatants. *Official Report, House of Commons*, the 4th of November, 1912, and the 21st of October, 1912, pp. 849 and 1736	12,830	
Number absent from camp without leave. *Report on British Army*, 1913, p. 119 . .	6,056	
Number of trained men who did not pass the Standard Test. Cd. 6616	22,078	
Total non-effectives .		81,711
Leaves effectives available		179,722[40]

[38] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 11, 1913, p. 1579.
[39] *Ibid.* January 28, 1913, p. 1195; April 2, 1913, p. 367.
[40] The number of 179,722 includes men who have engaged to serve abroad on mobilisation.

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Brought forward		179,722
Deduct 10 per cent. for casualties. *Official Report, House of Lords*, the 15th of November, 1910	17,972	
The present Regular Garrison in Ireland when mobilised is, in round numbers, 50,000.[41] Number of Territorials to take the place of the 50,000 Regulars	80,000	
		97,972
Leaves available for garrison duty and Central Field Force in Great Britain .		81,750

We know from this table that on the 1st of October 1912 the effectives available were 179,722. From this number 10 per cent. must be deducted for casualties, and 80,000 allowed for the Garrison and Field Army of Ireland, leaving effectives available for garrison duty and Central Field Force in Great Britain 81,750. As regards the number allowed for the garrison of Ireland, Sir John French estimates that one division of Regulars is equal to three divisions of Territorial troops[42]; consequently, if the fighting value of the garrison in Ireland is to be maintained in time of war, the 50,000 Regulars representing two and a half divisions should be replaced by 150,000 Territorials or seven and a half divisions of Territorial troops. I have allowed only four divisions—that is, 80,000 men. Then on the 1st of January last year there were 1152 officers and 18,903 N.C.O.s and men in the Territorial Army under engagement to serve abroad.[43] All of these, however, are reckoned as part of the Home Force. But unless the Army Council actually prohibit the wearers of the Imperial Service Badge in time of peace from carrying out their declared intention of going abroad with the Regular Army in time of war a large number are sure to do so. If, in the interest of the Territorial Army at home, it is the intention of the Army Council to prohibit these officers and men from serving abroad with the Expeditionary Force, it would only be fair to them to inform them that wearing the Imperial Service Badge in peace is a bar to joining the Regular Army in time of war. Again, in the case of the Territorial Army, the official figure of 10 per cent., which is used for the Regular Army for wastage among effectives on mobilisation, must be largely exceeded for the following reasons. It must not only cover physical unfitness, but also include loss due to desertion, emigration, absence abroad, and inability to undertake embodied service—for instance, men employed in banks, in Government offices, in arsenals, in dockyards, in shipyards, on railways, and on all works from which they cannot be spared in time of war. We must remember that, unlike the old

[41] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 24, 1912, p. 1194.
[42] See p. 38.
[43] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 3, 1913, p. 560.

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Militia, the new Territorial Army has never been embodied; consequently, we have no previous experience to guide us as to the amount of wastage which will occur due to inability to undertake embodied service. We do know that during the South African War when the Volunteers were asked for two months of embodied service, they represented that it was quite impossible for them, owing to their civilian work and duties, to serve so long, and as a result of their representations no unit served for more than two weeks consecutively. As regards the physical unfitness of the Territorial Army they have never been tested. But a circular letter calling for a report upon the physical standard of Volunteers, dated the 11th of July 1905, was issued from the War Office. The result was that out of the Force of 250,000 Volunteers, 180,000 officers and men were medically examined and 29,000 were reported medically unfit—that is, 16 per cent.[44] All these unfit Volunteers were retained in the Force, and the greater part passed into the Territorial Army, because, for the Volunteers who transferred to the Territorial Army, all medical examination was expressly prohibited.

In the days of the Militia on the day of assembly for training all men were inspected by Army surgeons, and unfit men were discharged. If we want to know the truth about the Territorial Force we must apply the same test to that Force which we did not shrink from annually applying to the Militia. The essential points for a genuine medical examination of the Territorial Force are, first, that it should be annual and not take place once only at the moment when the recruit first enlists; and, secondly, that it should be conducted by Army surgeons. This test for physical fitness and the test I have suggested for ascertaining the musketry efficiency are tests which the Government simply dare not apply to the Territorial Force, any more than they dare tell us how many men there are now in the Special Reserve upon whom they rely to serve in time of war who have been rejected as physically unfit to serve in the Regular Army in time of peace. Surely it is better to learn the truth, however disagreeable, about these matters at once rather than to have it taught us in time of war. I have heard it said in the course of debates in Parliament, but never by any military authority,[45] that boys are just as useful for home defence as men. Boys and small boys of the sort which abounds in the Territorial Army cannot do a man's work in peace, and they cannot do it in war either at home or abroad or anywhere else. The assumption that a boy can carry upwards of half his own weight—namely, a rifle, bayonet and ammunition, a great-

[44] *The Army in* 1906, by H. O. Arnold-Forster, p. 237.

[45] 'The military authorities would like soldiers to be not less than nineteen years of age, even for Home defence.'—Earl of Portsmouth, Under Secretary of State for War, *Official Report, House of Lords*, April 29, 1907, p. 483.

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coat, an entrenching tool, and rations, amounting to a load of upwards of sixty pounds, and march and fight, is contrary to all common sense. Boys under nineteen years of age must be struck off the fighting strength of the Territorial Army, as well as men known to be useless with their rifles. It is just as reasonable to assume that this country will be invaded by a force having a big percentage of one-legged men in the ranks, and of men armed with bows and arrows, as to suppose that our invaders will consist to any extent of small boys too weak to carry their kits and men known to be useless with their rifles.

Infantry can be trained far more quickly than any other arm. If the Territorial Infantry has not time to train, how can the Cavalry and Artillery be trained? The Infantry soldier has three weapons—the rifle, the bayonet, and the spade. We know that in 1912, 58,446 recruits and trained men failed in or did not fire the standard test—that is, a quarter of the fighting line are known to be useless with their rifles. The use of the bayonet is not taught in the Territorial Army. More than that, it is deprecated. A War Office letter, dated the 27th of January 1913, says that 'Instruction in bayonet fighting must take place at hours other than and in addition to those selected for obligatory drills.' The war in Turkey has shown that the bayonet is not an obsolete weapon. Then as regards the spade, far the greater number of men in the Territorial Army are town bred, quite unaccustomed to dig, whose soft hands are used to the pen and the typewriter, not to the pick and shovel. It is not the fault of the men in the Infantry of the Territorial Army that they cannot use the rifle, the bayonet and the spade. They have not the time to learn how to use them, nor have they the officers and N.C.O.s to teach them. If the Territorial Infantry have not the time to train how can the Cavalry have time, and what possible use can be made of the Artillery? The answer shows the absolute necessity for the period of embodied training which was insisted upon by Lord Haldane in his Memorandum of 1907. Lord Haldane has now explained that his Memorandum of the 25th of February 1907 did not mean what we took it to mean, and Colonel Seely has dispensed with the period of embodied training. All the same, it was in accordance with the Ministerial declaration expressed by Lord Haldane in his Memorandum of the 25th of February 1907 that County Associations agreed to undertake their responsibilities, and they certainly have some ground for complaining of a breach of faith.

Taking the state of the Territorial Army as shown by the Army Annual Return on the 1st of October 1912, we should be left in Great Britain, after providing for the garrison of Ireland, with an effective field force of Territorials amounting, in round numbers, to 82,000 men, or four divisions. Thus the

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fourteen Infantry divisions and fourteen Cavalry brigades[46] promised for the defence of the United Kingdom come down to four divisions for Great Britain. This at present would be an overestimate for two reasons. First, the Territorial Army on the 1st of October 1912 was a stronger force than it is to-day. Last October it numbered 261,433, and on the 31st of March last 253,809, including officers, a difference of 7624. There has been a further decrease since March, but on the 8th of May last the returns for the 1st of May were not yet complete.[47] It is to be hoped that in June we may be informed of the strength of the Territorial Army on the 1st of May last. Secondly the figure of 10 per cent. allowed for wastage amongst effectives on mobilisation is obviously quite inadequate.

We have been informed in the Memorandum[48] relating to the Army Estimates for 1908-1909 that 'the purpose of this force (the Territorial Army) is twofold. It is designed, in the first place, to compel any hostile Power which may attempt invasion to send a force so large that its transports could not evade our own fleets and flotillas; and, in the second place, to free the Regular Army from the necessity of remaining in these islands to fulfil the functions of home defence. A further result is to permit greater freedom to the Navy, the ships of which need not be tied to the coast, as would inevitably be the case if no military provision at all were made for the defence of these shores. The Territorial Force is thus designed to enable both the Regular Army and the Navy to operate with greater freedom at a distance from these shores in places where the defence of British interests may require their presence, and to facilitate the co-operation of both Services as the lobes of a single brain.'

The Territorial Army is to compel the invader to come with a force of not less than 70,000 men. In that event the Fleet undertake to swallow him up. It is all so easy and so simple, if the invader does just as we expect. But surely the strength of the invasion will depend not upon the value which we attach to our Territorial troops, but upon the military value which the invader puts upon them. Possibly military history may influence him in forming his opinion upon this point. The later phases of the Franco-German War furnish examples of a citizen army opposed to a Regular Army. On the 28th of November 1870, at Beaune-la-Rolande, a French army of 60,000 men, with 138 guns, was opposed to a German force with 11,000 men with seventy guns. Now here was a great opportunity for the citizen army, with a superiority of five and a-half to one in men and two to one in guns, to fall upon the invaders and crush

[46] Cd. 3297, February 25, 1907, para. 27.
[47] *Official Report, House of Commons*, May 8, 1913, p. 2238.
[48] P. 9.

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them by sheer weight of numbers. The result of the action was that the Germans were victorious. The French lost 1300 killed and wounded, and 1800 unwounded prisoners. The German loss was 900 killed and wounded. I take the figures from the German official history of the war compiled by the General Staff.

Now why should the invader trouble to come here with 70,000 men when 15,000 men would be sufficient? Why should he come with an enormous flotilla, just to please Lord Haldane and the General Staff, when he can transport all the men he wants in three or four big liners? It may be said that it is absurd to talk about the invasion of England with 15,000 men. But, given that 15,000 men were once landed, it is not absurd to say that they will, in the absence of the Regular Army, as contemplated by the Secretary of State for War, win their first action. On the contrary, it is precisely what you must expect from the teaching of military history and from the quality and the quantity of the opposing forces. Sir Ian Hamilton in his memo. on the Territorial troops, prepared for Lord Haldane in 1910, writes : 'If defeated they would go absolutely to pieces for a time.'

Colonel Seely, on the 26th of April, when addressing his constituents, is reported to have said : 'A fleet far more numerous and even more vigilant than the one we have could not prevent an occasional shipload of men from landing, and, in the absence of any armed force, they could march through the country and dictate terms of peace.' [49]

According to the War Office Returns, we are left, after providing for the defence of Ireland, with four divisions of effective Territorial troops—in round numbers, 80,000 men. These troops, according to Continental standard, are untrained, and the greater part are of an age considered by military Powers on the Continent quite unfit for field service. The Territorial troops will be scattered throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. Some of them must remain in garrison. It is impossible for the whole four divisions of the Territorial Army to swoop down like an eagle upon the invaders the moment they land. For a few days the invaders must be left either unopposed, or, what would be far better for them and worse for us, engaged in defeating the local Territorial levies reinforced by driblets of troops hastily sent to assist them from the main Army. Now is that prospect likely to cause a Continental Power to come to the conclusion that the invasion of this country is useless, save by a large force transported in a large flotilla? Might they not consider that the great stake they were playing for was well

[49] *The Times*, April 28, 1913.

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worth the risk they incurred? Imagine the consternation throughout the Empire and the wonder throughout the world when it was known that the invasion of England was an accomplished fact, and that the Territorial Army had been defeated in their first action. If any landing in this country of Continental troops is an absolute impossibility, then there is no need to waste money upon the Territorial Force. If it is not an impossibility, then the Territorial Army is not the instrument of war with which we can hope to defend ourselves. No doubt the inquiry now being conducted by the Prime Minister will dispel the fog in which the clear thinking of Lord Haldane has obscured this most important part of the problem of National Defence.

We have been assured by Colonel Seely that as we stand at present the troops left at home after the departure of the Expeditionary Force are quite capable of dealing with 70,000 invaders.[50] We cannot have a better opinion than that of Sir John French on the comparative value of trained and untrained troops. No one can describe the Territorial Army on first mobilisation as a trained field Army. The Secretary of State for War, referring to Sir John French, said: 'The present distinguished Chief of the Imperial General Staff represents the General Staff in a very special degree, owing to the fact that he has special knowledge of military matters, and I have full confidence in him.'[51] We cannot, therefore, have a higher authority. Sir John French estimates that one division of Regulars is equal to three divisions of Territorial troops. In his address to the officers attending the manœuvres in the autumn of 1907, he said: 'It is impossible to estimate the value of Red Territorial troops (three divisions) as compared with Blue Regulars, but it is not too much to assume that the military value of the whole of such troops employed in the northern theatre of war does not equal that of one Regular division.' This means that the Territorial Force ought to outnumber any invading army by three to one.

This brings us to the problem of invasion and to the clear thinking which Lord Haldane has provided for its solution. The Territorial Force was to number 315,000, from which 80,000 must be subtracted for the garrisons and for the field Army in Ireland, leaving for Great Britain 235,000. Allow 20,000 for wastage on mobilisation, and there would be left 215,000 effectives. According to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, this number of Territorial troops should account for 70,000 invaders, which most curiously happens to be precisely the

[50] The strength of the Territorial Force on March 31 was 9299 officers and 244,510 non-commissioned officers and men.

[51] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 30, 1913, p. 1166.

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number fixed by the War Office for the strength of the invading Army.

In April 1908 Lord Haldane informed a representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, in the course of a long interview, that 'There were 250,000 Volunteers and 25,000 Yeomanry, while under the new arrangement there will be 315,000 in the new Territorial Force.' Lord Haldane omitted to explain that the old Auxiliary Forces in November 1906 showed by the Army Annual Return a strength of more than 370,000 men. All these forces were to go into the melting-pot in the confident expectation that even if 55,000 or more were lost in the process, 315,000 would emerge in the new model Army. The experiment has failed. The requisite number is not forthcoming.

In 1911 Lord Haldane invented the Territorial Force Reserve to enable him to mobilise quickly the fourteen divisions. In March 1913 Colonel Seely informed us that the Territorial Force Reserve practically does not exist. In April, Lord Haldane relied upon the National Reserve and told us that the question of numbers did not present insuperable difficulties to his mind,[52] nor need they if we accept the formula by which the number of the invading force is determined according to the strength of the Territorial Army.

The evidence which Sir John French gave before the Royal Commission on the Militia and Volunteers in 1904 has a most important bearing upon the fighting value of the Territorial Army in comparison with that of possible Continental invaders.

Evidence of General Sir John French,

At present (1904) Inspector-General of the Army.

2497. *Q.* (Sir Coleridge Grove): Now, I want to put this case to you—it is a contingency we have had placed before us—namely, that circumstances may arise under which the greater part of our Regular Army is absent from Great Britain, and that during that time we may be invaded, or may expect invasion. Of course, any foreign Power that did invade us would invade us with its very best troops; it would be sure to select these, you may take it for certain?—*A.* (Sir John French): Yes.

2498. *Q.* (Sir Coleridge Grove): Would you be satisfied to meet those troops with our Auxiliary Forces after a year's training; do you think that would be enough, or do you think it ought to be longer?—*A.* (Sir John French): I should think it would be very risky.

Q. (Sir Coleridge Grove): You would prefer not?—*A.* (Sir John French): I should prefer not. I think it would be very risky.

2500. *Q.* (Sir Coleridge Grove): After what period do you think you would be satisfied to do so?—*A.* (Sir John French): A period that would make them equal to Regular troops.

2501. *Q.* (Sir Coleridge Grove): Do you, or do you not, think that the deficiency in training might be to some extent compensated for by superiority of numbers? I mean, that if our Auxiliary Forces considerably outnumbered the invading force, that would make up for their

[52] *Official Report, House of Lords*, February 10, 1913, p. 190.

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having a shorter period of training?—*A.* (Sir John French): Not under a year, I think.

2502. *Q.* (Sir Coleridge Grove): No, but allowing them a year's training?—*A.* (Sir John French): Allowing them a year, then probably superiority in numbers might tell. But there is no doubt about it that the factor of efficiency is far greater than that of numbers.

Sir John French considers a year's training and superior numbers essential for success. Lord Haldane and Colonel Seely now dispense with all preliminary training, and are ready to carry on the new model Army with ever-decreasing numbers. We must remember that the whole 82,000 effective Territorials in Great Britain will not be by any means all rifles for the firing line. Some will be Artillery and Engineers, and Army Service Corps. The value of the Territorial Artillery at a moment's notice is very doubtful. When the invaders arrive the *rôle* of the Territorial Artillery must be to remain at home and not block up the roads and railways; in short, to keep out of the way till peace is restored. On the point of numbers, weak battalions make weak brigades. A battalion 400 strong, no matter how well trained these 400 might be, cannot possibly perform battalion duties which require 800 men adequately to carry out. The battalion would be inefficient on the score of numbers, so the whole division would be inefficient, and, for the same reason, the whole Army. An infantry brigade ought to be upwards of 4000 strong. This can only be effected in the case of the Territorial Army by forming several battalions into one single battalion. This hasty and forced amalgamation of battalions must detract greatly from efficiency.

Colonel Seely, when Under Secretary of State for war, said at a London Rifle Brigade gathering on the 15th of November 1911 that he hoped to be able shortly to lay before Parliament the opinion of General French on the Territorial Force. This, he said, praised highly and in very warm terms the efficiency and strength of the Force.[53] When the Report appeared it was dated the 5th of December 1910.[54] As to the efficiency of the musketry training, General French tells us nothing; and as to the strength of the Force he remarks that 'the numbers have so far not quite satisfied all expectations.' Much has happened since 1910, and in view of the Prime Minister's inquiry a report on the Territorial Force by the Inspector-General of the Home Forces which would tell us the progress made in numbers and in efficiency, both as regards musketry and attendance at camp, during the last few years would be a document of quite exceptional interest.

It is generally believed that on the departure of the whole Expeditionary Force there will be plenty of Regular troops left at home with which to stiffen the Territorial Field Army. As a matter of fact, once the Expeditionary Force has sailed there is

[53] *The Morning Post*, December 20, 1911.
[54] Cd. 5998, 1911.

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nothing at home in the shape of a field army except the Territorial Army. There would be five Infantry battalions, three Regular Cavalry regiments, eight horse Artillery, and nine field Artillery batteries.[55] It is inconceivable that any Government during the stress and excitement of a great war and a threatened invasion should leave London, in which there is a large alien population, without a single Regular battalion of Infantry or regiment of Cavalry, especially when the ranks of the civil police are weakened by Army Reservists rejoining the Colours. Then there is Dublin. Is Dublin to be left without a Regular regiment or battalion, and there are but five Regular battalions and three Cavalry regiments for both London and Dublin? When the obligatory garrisons of Regular troops have been supplied, the margin left over for stiffening the Territorial Field Army is nil.

We have but two lines now in our military forces, and all the Special Reserves belong to the first line, and are counted as soldiers of the Regular Army. This has enabled Lord Haldane to refer to masses of Regular soldiers over 100,000 left at home in battalions after the departure of the Expeditionary Force. We have twenty-seven battalions of the Extra Special Reserve, all declared by the Under Secretary of State for War[56] to be fit to go on foreign service as units by themselves, but none really able to go abroad for lack of officers and men. We may assume that they will remain at home, as needs they must. They might be formed into eight battalions—that is, two brigades at war strength. But they would be at best but a mixed crowd with a field efficiency inferior to that of a Territorial Brigade, assuming that the Territorial Brigade had been trained as a brigade under a Regular staff. These twenty-seven Extra Special Reserve battalions are without any brigade organisation or transport. Then there are the seventy-four third battalions Special Reserve, composed of Special Reservists too young for foreign service, Regular Reservists too old for foreign service, and all the recruits, boys and men, in the Line unfit for foreign service. There would be boys under seventeen and men of over forty in this force, who have, of course, never served together. They would no doubt number from 1200 to 1400 men and boys per battalion. The officers and Regular N.C.O.s are so few that they cannot possibly deal with the number of men, especially the extraordinarily mixed crowd of men, under their command. Finally, Lord Haldane told us on the 20th of March 1912 : ' Of course, they have not got mobilisa-

[55] War Establishments, 1912-13, give the number of units of the Regular Army required for the Expeditionary Force. Army Estimates, 1913-14, give the number of units of the Regular Army serving at home. The difference represents the number of units of the Regular Army left at home on the departure of the Expeditionary Force.

[56] *Official Report, House of Commons*, July 16, 1912, p. 357.

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tion equipment in the way of transport, because they are not intended to be mobile.' That completely disposes of the seventy-four third battalions as a field force.[57] They are not and cannot be mobile. Lord Haldane, speaking in London on the 6th of December 1908, said: 'The Militia had been condemned because it had no transport, and could not move twenty miles from its base.'[58] Lord Haldane has told us that that is precisely the present condition of the Special Reserve battalions—which he nevertheless represents as a mobile field force whenever it suits his purpose to do so. In the Infantry Special Reserve the deficiency on the 1st of March 1913 was 1229 officers and 14,355 N.C.O.s and men[59]—a fact which has never prevented Lord Haldane from constantly parading the Special Reserve battalions as capable of performing all sorts of different duties in different places, and at the same time, in connexion with home defence.

Colonel Seely has told us that under the present conditions when the Expeditionary Force is abroad our margin of safety, though in the opinion of the General Staff adequate, is not large.[60]

When we read Sir John French's evidence before the Royal Commission and consider the state of the Territorial Army as shown by War Office returns, it is difficult to understand where the margin of safety exists at all. In any case we know that the Territorial Force is rapidly shrinking in numbers. We know that more than 114,000 men are due to become time-expired during this year. We know the present deficiency. We know that there must be a wastage due to causes other than expiration of term of service. We know, even if Colonel Seely and the General Staff do not, that this narrow although adequate margin of safety must vanish away in a few months. Surely it would be better at once to recognise the fact and face the situation now instead of waiting helplessly till the inevitable crisis comes in October.

I am aware that this criticism of the Territorial Force is destructive only, and that those who acknowledge the total collapse of the plan cling to it because nothing else appears to be suggested. With your permission I will next month endeavour to put before you an alternative suggestion.

BEDFORD.

Woburn Abbey, May 1913.

[57] *Official Report, House of Lords*, March 20, 1912, p. 565.
[58] *The Morning Post*, December 7, 1908.
[59] *Official Report, House of Commons*, April 7, 1913, p. 817.
[60] *Ibid.* April 11, 1913, p. 1569.

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